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THE LIFE OF  
SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.





THE LIFE OF  
SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

TOGETHER WITH

A JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES

BY JAMES BOSWELL

*A REPRINT OF THE FIRST EDITION*

TO WHICH ARE ADDED MR. BOSWELL'S CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS, ISSUED  
IN 1792; THE VARIATIONS OF THE SECOND EDITION, WITH SOME  
OF THE AUTHOR'S NOTES PREPARED FOR THE THIRD: THE WHOLE

EDITED WITH NEW NOTES BY  
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I SHALL here insert a few of Johnson's sayings, without the formality of dates, as they have no reference to any particular time or place.

"The more a man extends and varies his acquaintance the better." This, however, was meant with a just restriction; for, he on another occasion said to me, "Sir, a man may be so much of everything, that he is nothing of any thing."

"Raising the wages of day-labourers is wrong; for it does not make them live better, but only makes them idler, and idleness is a very bad thing for human nature."

"It is a very good custom to keep a journal for a man's own use; he may write upon a card a day all that is necessary to be written, after he has had experience of life. At first there is a great deal to be written, because there is a great deal of novelty. But when once a man has settled his opinions, there is seldom much to be set down."

"There is nothing wonderful in the journal which we see Swift kept in London, for it contains slight topicks, and it might soon be written."

I praised the accuracy of an account book of a private person whom I mentioned. JOHNSON. "Keeping accounts, Sir, is of no use when a man is spending his own money, and has nobody to whom he is to account. You won't eat less beef to-day, because you have written down what it cost yesterday." I mentioned a lady who thought as he did, so that her husband could not get her

*Cor. et Ad.*—Line 19: For "private person" read "lady." Line 23: For "a" read "another."



to keep an account of the expence of the family, as she thought it enough that she never exceeded the sum allowed her. JOHNSON. 'Sir, it is fit she should keep an account, because her husband wishes it; but I do not see its use.' I maintained that keeping an account has this advantage, that it satisfies a man that his money has not been lost or stolen, which he might sometimes be apt to imagine, were there no written state of his expence; and besides, a calculation of œconomy so as not to exceed one's income, cannot be made without a view of the different articles in figures, that one may see how to retrench in some particulars less necessary than others. This he did not attempt to answer.

Talking of an acquaintance of ours, whose narratives, which abounded in curious and interesting topicks, were unhappily found to be very fabulous; I mentioned Lord Mansfield having said to me, "Suppose we believe one *half* of what he tells." JOHNSON. "Aye; but we don't know *which* half to believe. By his lying we lose not only our reverence for him, but all comfort in his conversation." BOSWELL. "May we not take it as amusing fiction?" JOHNSON. "Sir, the misfortune is, that you will insensibly believe as much of it as you incline."

It is remarkable, that notwithstanding their congeniality in politicks, he never was acquainted with a late eminent noble judge, whom I have heard speak of him as a writer, with great respect.<sup>1</sup>

*Cor. et Ad.*—Line 20: After "incline" read "to believe."

<sup>1</sup> I was at first inclined to believe that Mr. Croker was mistaken when he said Lord Mansfield was alluded to here, as Lord Mansfield was alive when Mr. Boswell wrote, and the word "late" did not apply. But I have received from Mr. Elwin the following note on the point, than which no more admirable illustration of legitimate Boswellian criticism could be found:—"My own opinion is, that Croker is right in supposing the 'late eminent noble judge' to be Lord Mansfield, and that the 'late' applies not to his death, but to his office of 'judge,' he having retired from the bench in 1788. If the person had been dead, Boswell would probably not have scrupled to print the name; and I know no other contemporary judge who was 'eminent, noble,' and of the same politics with Johnson. Northington was hardly of Johnson's school of politics, nor had he ever that general eminence and social position which would have made it 'remarkable' that Johnson should 'never

have been acquainted with him.' It fits in, too, with one phase of Lord Mansfield's mind that Johnson, notwithstanding his eminence, should have 'entertained no exalted opinion of his intellectual character.' Malone relates the first interview that Reynolds had with Mansfield, and says 'he was grievously disappointed in finding this *great* lawyer so *little* at the same time,' (Prior's 'Life of Malone,' p. 382), and Malone himself says of him, 'His own conversation was never very brilliant, and he was always very fond of bad jokes and dull stories' (Prior, p. 348). Cradock also says ('Literary Memoirs,' vol. iv. p. 155), 'I have heard it remarked by his friends, indeed by Lord Sandwich, as a strange circumstance, that in company, though he admitted his occasional *bon-mots*, yet he scarce ever knew him to get clear through any long tale of humour. "True, my lord," said a gentleman present, "that has often struck me too, but he is generally hunting about for fine select

Johnson, I know not upon what degree of investigation, entertained no exalted opinion of his Lordship's intellectual character. Talking of him to me one day, he said, "It is wonderful, Sir, with how little real superiority of mind men can make an eminent figure in publick life." He expressed himself to the same purpose concerning another law Lord,<sup>1</sup> who, it seems, once took a fancy to associate with the wits of London; but with so little success, that Foote said, "What can he mean by coming among us? He is not only dull himself, but the cause of dullness in others." Trying him by the test of his colloquial powers, Johnson had found him very defective. He once said to Sir Joshua Reynolds, "This man now has been ten years about town, and has made nothing of it;" meaning as a companion.\* He said to me, "I never heard any thing from him in company that was at all striking; and depend upon it, Sir, it is when you come close to a man in conversation, that you discover what his real abilities are; to make a speech in a public assembly is a knack. Now I honour Thurlow, Sir; Thurlow is a fine fellow; he fairly puts his mind to yours."<sup>2</sup>

After repeating to him some of his pointed lively sayings, I said, "It is a pity, Sir, you don't always remember your own good things, that you may have a laugh when you will." JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, it is better that I forget them, that I may be reminded of them and have a laugh brought to my recollection."

When I recalled his having said as we sailed upon Lochlomond, "That if he wore anything fine, it should be *very* fine;" I observed that all his thoughts were upon a great scale. JOHNSON. "Depend

\* Knowing as well as I do, what precision and elegance of oratory his Lordship can display, I cannot but suspect that his unfavourable appearance in a social circle, which drew such animadversions upon him, must be owing to a cold affectation of consequence, from being reserved and stiff. If it be so, and he might be an agreeable man if he would, we cannot be sorry that he misses his aim.

Cor. et Ad.—Line 23: After "laugh" read "on their being."

phrases till he is sure to lose the material joke." "Depend upon it, sir," says Johnson, "it is when you come close to a man in conversation, that you discover what his real abilities are;" and the pretentiousness and feebleness of Lord Mansfield's conversation must have been well-known to him by the reports of Reynolds, Malone, and fifty people besides."

<sup>1</sup> The hero of this well-known story is Wedderburne, Lord Loughborough.

<sup>2</sup> "Now that Dr. Johnson is gone to a better world, I bow the intellectual knee to Lord Thurlow, who, with inflexible

wisdom, stops the tide of fashionable reform. It was Johnson who confirmed me in my opinion of that mighty sage of the law and the constitution. Before his promotion to the high office for which he seems to have been formed on purpose, the doctor said of him, 'I honour Thurlow, sir. Thurlow is a fine fellow. He fairly puts his mind to yours.' Long, long may he put his mind against those who would take even one stone out of that venerable fabric which is the wonder of the world." Boswell had already published this anecdote in his "Letter to the People of Scotland, 1785."

upon it, Sir, every man will have as fine a thing as he can get; as a large diamond for his ring." BOSWELL. "Pardon me, Sir; a man of a narrow mind will not think of it, a slight trinket will satisfy him.

'*Nec sufferre queat majoris pondera gemmæ.*'

I told him I should send him some "Essays"<sup>1</sup> which I had written, which I hoped he would be so good as to read, and pick out the good ones. JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, send me only the good ones; don't make *me* pick them."

On Thursday, April 10, I introduced to him, at his house in Bolt-court, the Honourable and Reverend William Stuart,<sup>2</sup> son of the

*Cor. et Ad*—After line 9, read—"I heard him once say, 'Though the proverb "*Nullum nomen adest, si sit prudentia,*" does not always prove true, we may be certain of the converse of it, *Nullum nomen adest, si sit imprudentia*'

"Once when Mr. Seward was going to Bath, and asked his commands, he said, 'Tell Dr. Harrington that I wish he would publish another volume of the "*Nuga antiquæ*;"<sup>3</sup> it is a very pretty book.' Mr. Seward seconded this wish, and recommended to Dr. Harrington to dedicate it to Johnson, and take for his motto, what Catullus says to Cornilius Nepos:

'—————namque tu solebas  
Meas esse aliquid putare NUGAS.'

"As a small proof of his kindliness and delicacy of feeling, the following circumstance may be mentioned: One evening when we were in the street together, and I told him I was going to sup at Mr. Beauclerk's, he said, 'I'll go with you.' After having walked part of the way, seeming to recollect something, he suddenly stopped and said, 'I cannot go,—but *I do not love Beauclerk the less.*'

"On the frame of his portrait, Mr. Beauclerk had inscribed,

'—————Ingenium ingens  
Inculto latet hoc sub corpore.'

After Mr. Beauclerk's death, when it became Mr. Langton's property, he made the inscription be defaced. Johnson said complacently, 'It was kind in you to take it off;' and then after a short pause added, 'and not unkind in him to put it on.'<sup>3</sup>

"He said, 'How few of his friends' houses would a man choose to be at, when he is sick!' He mentioned one or two. I recollect only Thrale's.

"He observed, 'There is a wicked inclination in most people to suppose an old man decayed in his intellects. If a young or middle-aged man, when leaving a company, does not recollect where he laid his hat, it is nothing; but if the same inattention is discovered in an old man, people will shrug up their shoulders, and say, "His memory is going."<sup>4</sup>

"When I once talked to him of some of the sayings which every body repeats, but nobody knows where to find, such as, *Quos DEUS vult perdere, prius dementat*; he told me that he was once offered ten guineas to point out from whence *Semel insanivimus omnes* was taken. He could not do it; but many years afterwards met with it by chance in *Johannes Baptista Mantuanus*.<sup>4</sup>

• "It has since appeared."

"

<sup>1</sup> Entitled "The Hypochondriac," and published in the *London Magazine*.

<sup>2</sup> Later, Primate of Ireland.

<sup>3</sup> This appears to be one of the most

charming touches of character recorded by Mr. Boswell.

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Malone has the following note:—"The words occur, (as Mr. Bindley

Earl of Bute; a gentleman truly worthy of being known to Johnson, being, with all the advantages of high birth, learning, travel, and elegant manners, an exemplary parish priest in every respect.

After some compliments on both sides, the tour which Johnson

"I am very sorry that I did not take a note of an eloquent argument in which he maintained that the situation of Prince of Wales was the happiest of any person's in the kingdom, even beyond that of the Sovereign. I recollect only—the enjoyment of hope,—the high superiority of rank, without the anxious cares of government,—and a great degree of power, both from natural influence wisely used, and from the sanguine expectations of those who look forward to the chance of future favour.

"Sir Joshua Reynolds communicated to me the following particulars :

"Johnson thought the poems published as translations from Ossian, had so little merit, that he said, 'Sir, a man might write such stuff for ever, if he would *abandon* his mind to it.'

"He said, 'A man should pass a part of his time with *the laughers*, by which means any thing ridiculous or particular about him might be presented to his view, and corrected.' I observed, he must have been a bold laugher who would have ventured to tell Dr. Johnson of any of his particularities \*

"Having observed the vain ostentatious importance of many people in quoting the authority of Dukes and Lords, as having been in their company, he said, he went to the other extreme, and did not mention his authority when he should have done it, had it not been that of a Duke or a Lord.

"Dr. Goldsmith said once to Dr. Johnson, that he wished for some additional members to the LITERARY CLUB, to give it an agreeable variety, for (said he) there can now be nothing new among us: we have travelled over one another's minds. Johnson seemed a little angry, and said, 'Sir, you have not travelled over *my* mind, I promise you.' Sir Joshua, however, thought Goldsmith right; observing, that 'when people have lived a great deal together, they know what each of them will say on every subject. A new understanding, therefore, is desirable; because though it may only furnish the same sense upon a question which would have been furnished by those with whom we are accustomed to live, yet this sense will have a different

"I am happy, however, to mention a pleasing instance of his enduring with great gentleness to hear one of his most striking particularities pointed out:—Miss Hunter, a niece of his friend Christopher Smart, when a very young girl, struck by his extraordinary motions, said to him, 'Pray, Dr. Johnson, why do you make such strange gestures?'—'From bad habit, (he replied.) Do you, my dear, take care to guard against bad habits.' This I was told by the young lady's brother at Margate."

observes to me,) in the First Eclogue of Mantuanus, DE HONESTO AMORE, &c.

Id commune malum; semel insanivimus omnes.

"With the following elucidation of the other saying—*Quos Deus* (it should rather be—*Quem Jupiter*) *vult perdere, prius dementat*.—Mr. Boswell was furnished by Mr. Richard How, of Aspley, in Bedfordshire, as communicated to that gentleman, by his friend Mr. John Pitts, late Rector of Great Brickhill, in Buckinghamshire :

"Perhaps no scrap of Latin whatever has been more quoted than this. It occasionally falls even from those who are scrupulous even to pedantry in their Latinity, and will not admit a word into

their compositions, which has not the sanction of the first age. The word *demento* is of no authority, either as a verb active or neuter.—After a long search for the purpose of deciding a bet, some gentlemen of Cambridge found it among the fragments of Euripides, in what edition I do not recollect, where it is given as a translation of a Greek iambick :

Ὁν θεος θέλει ἀπολεσαι, πρωτ' ἀποφρασαι.

The above scrap was found in the handwriting of a suicide of fashion, Sir D. O. some years ago, lying on the table of the room where he had destroyed himself. The suicide was a man of classical acquirements; he left no other paper behind him."

and I had made to the Hebrides was mentioned.—JOHNSON. “I got an acquisition of more ideas by it than by any thing that I remember. I saw quite a different system of life.” BOSWELL. “You would not like to make the same journey again.” JOHNSON. “Why no, Sir;

colouring; and colouring is of much effect in every thing else as well as in painting.”

“Johnson used to say that he made it a constant rule to talk as well as he could, both as to sentiment and expression; by which means, what had been originally effort became familiar and easy. The consequence of this, Sir Joshua observed, was, that his common conversation in all companies was such as to secure him universal attention, as something above the usual colloquial style was expected.

“Yet, though Johnson had this habit in company, when another mode was necessary, in order to investigate truth, he could descend to a language intelligible to the meanest capacity. An instance of this was witnessed by Sir Joshua Reynolds, when they were present at an examination of a little blackguard boy, by Mr. Saunders Welch, the late Westminster Justice. Welch, who imagined that he was exalting himself in Dr. Johnson’s eyes by using big words, spoke in a manner that was utterly unintelligible to the boy; Dr. Johnson perceiving it, addressed himself to the boy, and changed the pompous phraseology into colloquial language. Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was much amused by this procedure, which seemed a kind of reversing of what might have been expected from the two men, took notice of it to Dr. Johnson, as they walked away by themselves. Johnson said, that it was continually the case; and that he was always obliged to *translate* the Justice’s swelling diction, (smiling,) so as that his meaning might be understood by the vulgar, from whom information was to be obtained.

“Sir Joshua once observed to him, that he had talked above the capacity of some people with whom they had been in company together. ‘No matter, Sir, (said Johnson); they consider it as a compliment to be talked to, as if they were wiser than they are. So true is this, Sir, that Baxter made it a rule in every sermon that he preached, to say something that was above the capacity of his audience.’<sup>a</sup>

“Johnson’s dexterity in retort, when he seemed to be driven to an extremity by his adversary, was very remarkable. Of his power in this respect, our common friend, Mr. Windham, of Norfolk, has been pleased to furnish me with an eminent instance. However unfavourable to Scotland, he uniformly gave liberal praise to George Buchanan, as a writer. In a conversation concerning the literary merits of the two countries, in which Buchanan was introduced, a Scotchman, imagining that on this ground he should have an undoubted triumph over him, exclaimed, ‘Ah, Dr. Johnson, what would you have said of Buchanan, had he been an Englishman?’—‘Why, Sir, (said Johnson, after a little pause,) I should *not* have said of Buchanan, had he been an *Englishman*, what I will now say of him as a *Scotchman*,—that he was the only man of genius his country ever produced.’

“And this brings to my recollection another instance of the same nature. I once reminded him that when Dr. Adam Smith was expatiating on the beauty of Glasgow, he had cut him short by saying, ‘Pray, Sir, have you ever seen Brentford?’ and I took the liberty to add, ‘My dear Sir, surely that was *shocking*.’—‘Why, then, Sir, (he replied,) you have never seen Brentford.’

“Though his usual phrase for conversation was *talk*, yet he made a distinction; for when he once told me that he dined the day before at a friend’s house, with ‘a very pretty company;’ and I asked him if there was good conversation, he answered, ‘No, Sir; we had *talk* enough, but no *conversation*; there was nothing *discussed*.’

“Talking of the success of the Scotch in London, he imputed it in a considerable degree to their spirit of nationality. ‘You know, Sir, (said he,) that no Scotchman publishes a book, or has a play brought upon the stage, but there are five hundred people ready to applaud him.’

<sup>a</sup> “The justice of this remark is confirmed by the following story, for which I am indebted to Lord Eliot: A country Parson, who was remarkable for quoting scraps of Latin in his sermons, having died, one of his parishioners was asked how he liked his successor; ‘He is a very good preacher, (was his answer,) but no *latimer*.’”

not the same : it is a tale told. *Gravina*, an Italian critick, observes, that every man desires to see that of which he has read ; but no man desires to read an account of what he has seen. So much does description fall short of reality. Description only excites

“ He gave much praise to his friend, Dr. Burney's elegant and entertaining travels, and told Mr. Seward that he had them in his eye, when writing his ‘Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland.’

“ Such was his sensibility, and so much was he affected by pathetick poetry, that, when he was reading Dr. Beattie's ‘Hermit,’ in my presence, it brought tears into his eyes.<sup>1</sup>

“ He disapproved much of mingling real facts with fiction. On this account he censured a book entitled ‘Love and Madness.’<sup>2</sup>

“ Mr. Hoole told him, he was born in Moorfields, and had received part of his early instruction in Grub-street. ‘Sir, (said Johnson, smiling) you have been regularly educated.’ Having asked who was his instructor, and Mr. Hoole having answered, ‘My uncle, Sir, who was a taylor,’ Johnson, recollecting himself, said, ‘Sir, I knew him ; we called him the *metaphysical taylor*. He was of a club in Old-street, with me and George Psalmanazar, and some others : but pray, Sir, was he a good taylor?’ Mr. Hoole having answered that he believed he was too mathematical, and used to draw squares and triangles on his shop-board, so that he did not excel in the cut of a coat, — ‘I am sorry for it, (said Johnson,) for I would have every man to be master of his own business.’

“ In pleasant reference to himself and Mr. Hoole, as brother authours, he often said, ‘Let you and I, Sir, go together, and eat a beef-steak in Grub-street.’

“ Sir William Chambers, that great Architect,<sup>a</sup> whose works shew a sublimity of genius, and who is esteemed by all who knew him, for his social, hospitable, and generous qualities, submitted the manuscript of his ‘Chinese Architecture,’ to Dr. Johnson's perusal. Johnson was much pleased with it, and said, ‘It wants no addition nor correction, but a few lines of introduction ;’ which he furnished, and Sir William adopted.<sup>b</sup>

“ He said to Sir William Scott, ‘The age is running mad after innovation ; and all the business of the world is to be done in a new way ; men are to be hanged in a new way ; Tyburn itself is not safe from the fury of innovation.’ It having been

<sup>a</sup> “ The Honourable Horace Walpole, now<sup>3</sup> Earl of Orford, thus bears testimony to this gentleman's merit as a writer : Mr. Chambers's ‘Treatise on Civil Architecture,’ is the most sensible book, and the most exempt from prejudices, that ever was written on that science.—Preface to ‘*Anecdotes of Painting in England*.’”

<sup>b</sup> “ The introductory lines are these : ‘It is difficult to avoid praising too little or too much. The boundless panegyricks which have been lavished upon the Chinese learning, policy, and arts, shew with what power novelty attracts regard, and he naturally esteem swells into admiration.’

“ I am far from desiring to be numbered among the exaggerators of Chinese excellence. I consider them as great, or wise, only in comparison with the nations that surround them ; and have no intention to place them in competition either with the antients or with the moderns of this part of the world ; yet they must be allowed to claim our notice as a distinct and very singular race of men : as the inhabitants of a region divided by its situation from all civilized countries, who have formed their own manners, and invented their own arts, without the assistance of example.”

<sup>1</sup> “ The particular passage,” says the younger Boswell, “ which excited this strong emotion was, as I have heard from my father, the third stanza, ‘Tis night,’ &c.

<sup>2</sup> By Sir Herbert Croft ; a series of imaginary letters, supposed to be written by Hackman to Miss Ray.

<sup>3</sup> This is a specimen of the unmeaning “settling” process to which Boswell's text has been submitted. In Mr. Malone's copy, in the British Museum, I find the word “now” altered to “late though Lord Orford was alive when Boswell wrote, and even survived him.”

curiosity: seeing satisfies it. Other people may go and see the Hebrides." BOSWELL. "I should wish to go and see some country totally different from what I have been used to; such as Turkey, where religion and every thing else are different." JOHNSON. "Yes,

argued that this was an improvement.—'No, Sir, (said he, eagerly,) it is *not* an improvement; they object, that the old method drew together a number of spectators. Sir, executions are intended to draw spectators. If they do not draw spectators, they don't answer their purpose. The old method was most satisfactory to all parties; the publick was gratified by a procession; the criminal was supported by it. Why is all this to be swept away?' I perfectly agree with Dr. Johnson upon this head, and am persuaded that executions now, the solemn procession being discontinued, have not nearly the effect which they formerly had. Magistrates both in London, and elsewhere, have, I am afraid, in this, had too much regard to their own ease

"Of Dr. Hurd, Bishop of Worcester, Johnson said to a friend,—'Hurd, Sir, is one of a set of men who account for every thing systematically; for instance, it has been a fashion to wear scarlet breeches; these men would tell you, that according to causes and effects, no other wear could at that time have been chosen' He, however, said of him at another time to the same gentleman, 'Hurd, Sir, is a man whose acquaintance is a valuable acquisition.'

"That learned and ingenious Prelate it is well known published at one period of his life 'Moral and Political Dialogues,' with a woefully whiggish cast. Afterwards, his Lordship having thought better, came to see his error, and republished the work with a more constitutional spirit. Johnson, however, was unwilling to allow him full credit for his political conversion. I remember when his Lordship declined the honour of being Archbishop of Canterbury, Johnson said 'I am glad he did not go to Lambeth; for, after all, I fear he is a Whig in his heart'

"Johnson's attention to precision and clearness in expression was very remarkable. He disapproved of a parenthesis; and I believe in all his voluminous writings, not half a dozen of them will be found. He never used the phrases *the former and the latter*, having observed, that they often occasioned obscurity, he therefore continued to construct his sentences so as not to have occasion for them, and would even rather repeat the same words, in order to avoid them. Nothing is more common than to mistake surnames, when we hear them carelessly uttered for the first time. To prevent this, he used not only to pronounce them slowly and distinctly, but to take the trouble of spelling them; a practice which I have often followed, and which I wish were general.

"Such was the heat and irritability of his blood, that not only did he pare his nails to the quick, but scraped the joints of his fingers with a pen-knife, till they seemed quite red and raw.

"The heterogeneous composition of human nature was remarkably exemplified in Johnson. His liberality in giving his money to persons in distress was extraordinary. Yet there lurked about him a propensity to paltry saving. One day I owed to him, that 'I was occasionally troubled with a fit of narrowness.' 'Why, Sir, (said he,) so am I. *But I do not tell it.*' He has now and then borrowed a shilling of me; and when I asked him for it again, seemed to be rather out of humour. A droll little circumstance once occurred: As if he meant to reprimand my minute exactness as a creditor, he thus addressed me;—'Boswell, *lend me sixpence—not to be repaid.*'

"This great man's attention to small things was very remarkable. As an instance of it, he one day said to me, 'Sir, when you get silver in change for a guinea, look carefully at it; you may find some curious piece of coin.'

"Though a stern *true-born Englishman*, and fully prejudiced against all other nations, he had discernment enough to see, and candour enough to censure, the cold reserve too common among Englishmen towards strangers: 'Sir, (said he,) two men of any other nation who are shewn into a room together, at a house where they are both visitors, will immediately find some conversation. But two Englishmen will probably

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*Second Edition*—After line 9 of note: This title, "*Additions to Dr. Johnson's Life, recollected after the Second Edition was printed.*"

Sir; there are two objects of curiosity the Christian world and the Mahometan world. All the rest may be considered as barbarous."

BOSWELL. "Pray, Sir, is the 'Turkish Spy' a genuine book?"

JOHNSON. "No, Sir. Mrs. Manley, in her Life, says, that her father

go each to a different window, and remain in obstinate silence Sir, we as yet do not enough understand the common rights of humanity."

"Johnson was at a certain period of his life a good deal with the Earl of Shelburne, now Marquis of Lansdown, as he doubtless could not but have a due value for that nobleman's activity of mind, and uncommon acquisitions of important knowledge, however much he might disapprove of other parts of his Lordship's character, which were widely different from his own

"Maurice Morgann, Esq being a particular friend of his Lordship, had once an opportunity of entertaining Johnson for a day or two at Wycombe, when its Lord was absent, and by him I have been favoured with two anecdotes

"One is not a little to the credit of Johnson's candour. Mr Morgann and he had a dispute pretty late at night, in which Johnson would not give up, though he had the wrong side; and in short, both kept the field Next morning, when they met in the breakfasting-room, Dr. Johnson accosted Mr Morgann thus: 'Sir, I have been thinking on our dispute last night, — *You were in the right*'

"The other was as follows: Johnson, for sport perhaps, or from the spirit of contradiction, eagerly maintained that Derrick had merit as a writer. Mr. Morgann argued with him directly, in vain. At length he had recourse to this device. 'Pray, Sir, (said he,) whether do you reckon Derrick or Smart the best poet?' Johnson at once felt himself roused; and answered, 'Sir, there is no settling the point of precedence between a louse and a flea'

"Once, when checking my boasting too frequently of myself in company he said to me, 'Boswell, you often vaunt so much as to provoke ridicule You put me in mind of a man who was standing in the kitchen of an inn with his back to the fire, and thus accosted the person next him, "Do you know, Sir, who I am?" "No, Sir, (said the other,) I have not that advantage." "Sir, (said he,) I am the *great* TWALMLEY, who invented the New Floodgate.'"<sup>b</sup> The Bishop of Killaloe, on my repeating the story to him, defended TWALMLEY, by observing that he was entitled to the epithet of *great*, for Virgil in his groupe of worthies in the Elysian fields—

*Hic manus ob fatiuram pugnando vulnera passi, &c.*

mentions

*Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes*

"He was pleased to say to me one morning when we were left alone in his study, 'Boswell, I think, I am easier with you than with almost any body'

"He would not allow Mr David Hume any credit for his political principles, though similar to his own, saying of him, 'Sir, he was a 'toy by chance.'

"His acute observation of human life made him remark, 'Sir, there is nothing by

<sup>a</sup> "Johnson being asked his opinion of this Essay, answered, 'Why, Sir, we shall have the man come forth again; and as he has proved Falstaff to be no coward, he may prove Iago to be a very good character.'

<sup>b</sup> "What the *great* TWALMLEY<sup>1</sup> was so proud of having invented, was neither more or less than a kind of box-iron for smoothing linen."

*Third Edition.*—Line 28 of note: To "New Floodgate," added "Iron."

<sup>1</sup> Southey, in the "Doctor" (1 vol. ed., p. 310), explains the exact nature of the "great Twalmley's" contrivance, which is vaguely described by Boswell. "His invention," says Southey, "consisted in applying a sliding-door, like a flood-gate, to an ironing-box, flat-irons having till then been used, or box-irons with a door

and bolt." Twalmley's self-importance was probably owing to the success of his invention, which has not been superseded to this hour. His flood-gate ironing box continues in general use for all the purposes for which flat-irons are not convenient.



wrote the two first volumes. And in another book, 'Dunton's Life and Errours,' we find that the rest was written by one *Sault*, at two guineas a sheet, under the direction of Dr. Midgeley."

BOSWELL. "This has been a very factious reign, owing to the

which a man exasperates most people more, than by displaying a superior ability of brilliancy in conversation. They seem pleased at the time; but their envy makes them curse him at their hearts.'

"My readers will probably be surprised to hear that the great Dr. Johnson could amuse himself with so slight and playful a species of composition as a *Charade*. I have recovered one which he made on Dr. Barnard, now Lord Bishop of Killaloe; who has been pleased for many years to treat me with so much intimacy and social ease, that I may presume to call him not only my Right Reverend, but my very dear, Friend. I therefore with peculiar pleasure give to the world a just and elegant compliment thus paid to his Lordship by Johnson.

CHARADE.

'My *first*<sup>a</sup> shuts out thieves from your house or your room,  
My *second*<sup>b</sup> expresses a Syrian perfume.  
My *whole*<sup>c</sup> is a man in whose converse is shar'd  
The strength of a Bar and the sweetness of Nard.'

"Johnson asked Richard Owen Cambridge, Esq. if he had read the Spanish translation of Sallust, said to be written by a Prince of Spain, with the assistance of his tutor, who is professedly the authour of a treatise annexed, on the Phœnician language.

"Mr. Cambridge commended the work, particularly as he thought the Translator understood his author better than is commonly the case with Translators, but said, he was disappointed in the purpose for which he borrowed the book, to see whether a Spaniard could be better furnished with inscriptions from monuments, coins, or other antiquities, which he might more probably find on a coast, so immediately opposite to Carthage, than the Antiquaries of any other countries. JOHNSON. 'I am very sorry you were not gratified in your expectations.' CAMBRIDGE. 'The language would have been of little use, as there is no history existing in that tongue to balance the partial accounts which the Roman writers have left us.' JOHNSON. 'No, Sir. They have not been *partial*, they have told their own story, without shame or regard to equitable treatment of their injured enemy, they had no compunction, no feeling for a Carthaginian. Why, Sir, they would never have borne Virgil's description of Æneas's treatment of Dido, if she had not been a Carthaginian.'

"I gratefully acknowledge this and other communications from Mr. Cambridge, whom, if a beautiful villa on the banks of the Thames, a few miles distant from London, a numerous and excellent library, which he accurately knows and reads, a choice collection of pictures, which he understands and relishes, an easy fortune, an amiable family, an extensive circle of friends and acquaintance, distinguished by rank, fashion, and genius, a literary fame, various, elegant and still increasing, colloquial talents rarely to be found, and with all these means of happiness, enjoying, when well advanced in years, health and vigour of body, serenity and animation of mind, do not entitle to be addressed *fortunate senex*! I know not to whom, in any age, that expression could with propriety have been used. Long may he live to hear and to feel it!"

"Johnson's love of little children, which he discovered upon all occasions, calling them, 'pretty dears,' and giving them sweetmeats, was an undoubted proof of the real humanity and gentleness of his disposition.

"His uncommon kindness to his servants, and serious concern, not only for their comfort in this world, but their happiness in the next, was another unquestionable evidence of what all, who were intimately acquainted with him, knew to be true.

"Nor would it be just under this head, to omit the fondness which he shewed for animals which he had taken under his protection. I never shall forget the indulgence

<sup>a</sup> "Bar."

<sup>b</sup> "Nard."

<sup>c</sup> "Barnard."

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Cambridge died at Twickenham, Sept. 17, 1802, in his eighty-sixth year

too great indulgence of Government." JOHNSON. "I think so, Sir. What at first was lenity, grew timidity. Yet this is reasoning *à posteriori*, and may not be just. Supposing a few had at first been punished, I believe faction would have been crushed; but it might have been said, that it was a sanguinary reign. A man cannot tell *à priori* what will be best for Government to do. This reign has been very unfortunate. We have had an unsuccessful war but that does not prove that we have been ill governed. One side or other must prevail in war, as one or other must win at play. When we beat Louis, we were not better governed; nor were the French better governed when Louis beat us."

On Saturday, April 12, I visited him, in company with Mr. Windham, of Norfolk, whom, though a Whig, he highly valued. One of the best things he ever said was to this gentleman; who, before he set out for Ireland as Secretary to Lord Northington, when Lord Lieutenant, expressed to the Sage some modest and virtuous doubts, whether he could bring himself to practise those arts which

with which he treated Hodge, his cat; for whom he himself used to go out and buy oysters, lest the servants, having that trouble, should take a dislike to the poor creature. I am, unluckily one of those who have an antipathy to a cat, so that I am uneasy when in the room with one, and I own, I frequently suffered a good deal from the presence of this same Hodge. I recollect him one day scrambling up Dr. Johnson's breast, apparently with much satisfaction, while my friend smiling and half-whistling, rubbed down his back, and pulled him by the tail; and when I observed he was a fine cat, saying, 'why, yes, Sir, but I have had cats whom I liked better than this,' and then as if perceiving Hodge to be out of countenance, adding, 'but he is a very fine cat, a very fine cat indeed.'

"This reminds me of the ludicrous account which he gave Mr. Langton, of the despicable state of a young gentleman of good family. 'Sir, when I heard of him last, he was running about town shooting cats.' And then in a sort of kindly reverence, he bethought himself of his own favourite cat, and said, 'But Hodge shan't be shot; no, no, Hodge shall not be shot.'

"He thought Mr. Beauclerk made a shrewd and judicious remark to Mr. Langton, who, after having been for the first time in company with a well known wit about town, was warmly admiring and praising him. 'See him again,' said Beauclerk.

"His respect for the Hierarchy, and particularly the Dignitaries of the Church, has been more than once exhibited in the course of this work. Mr. Seward saw him presented to the Archbishop of York, and described his *Bow to an ARCH-BISHOP* as such a studied elaboration of homage, such an extension of limb, such a flexion of body, as have seldom or ever been equalled.

"I cannot help mentioning with much regret, that by my own negligence I lost an opportunity of having the history of my family from its founder Thomas Boswell, in 1504, recorded and illustrated by Johnson's pen. Such was his goodness to me, that when I presumed to solicit him for so great a favour, he was pleased to say, 'Let me have all the materials you can collect, and I will do it both in Latin and English, then let it be printed, and copies of it be deposited in various places for security and preservation.' I can now only do the best I can to make up for this loss, keeping my great Master steadily in view. Family histories, like the *imagines majorum* of the ancients, excite to virtue; and I wish that they who really have blood, would be more careful to trace and ascertain its course. Some have affected to laugh at the history of the house of Yvery: it would be well if many others would transmit their pedigrees to posterity, with the same accuracy and generous zeal, with which the Noble Lord who compiled that work has honoured and perpetuated his ancestry."

it is supposed a person in that situation has occasion to employ. "Don't be afraid, Sir, (said Johnson, with a pleasant smile,) you will soon make a very pretty rascal."<sup>1</sup>

He talked to-day a good deal of the wonderful extent and variety of London, and observed, that men of curious enquiry might see in it such modes of life as very few could even imagine. He in particular recommended to us to *explore Wapping*, which we resolved to do, and certainly shall.

Mr. Lowe the painter, who was with him, was very much distressed that a large picture which he had painted was refused to be received into the exhibition of the Royal Academy. Mrs. Thrale knew Johnson's character so superficially, as to represent him as unwilling to do small acts of benevolence; and mentions, in particular, that he would hardly take the trouble to write a letter in favour of his friends. The truth, however, is, that he was remarkable, in an extraordinary degree, for what she denies to him; and, above all, for this very sort of kindness, writing letters for those to whom his solicitations might be of service. He now gave Mr. Lowe the following, of which I was diligent enough, with his permission, to take copies at the next coffee-house, while Mr. Windham was so good as to stay by me.

*To Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS.*

"SIR,—Mr. Lowe considers himself as cut off from all credit and all hope, by the rejection of his picture from the Exhibition. Upon this work he has exhausted all his powers, and suspended all his expectations: and certainly, to be refused an opportunity of

*Cor. et Ad*—Line 5: *Dele* "and certainly shall," and on "do" put the following note:—"We accordingly carried our scheme into execution, in October, 1792; but whether from that uniformity which has in modern times, in a great degree, spread through every part of the metropolis, or from our want of sufficient exertion, we were disappointed."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> From Mr. Windham's notes it appears that the phrase about "making a very pretty rascal" was not spoken, but was part of some written advice given by Johnson to his friend. "I have no great timidity in my own disposition, and am no encourager of it in others. Never be afraid to think yourself fit for any thing for which your friends thank you fit . . . You will become an able negotiator, a very young rascal. . . . No one in Ireland wears even the mask of incorruption. No one professes to do for sixpence what he can get a shilling for doing. . . . Set sail and see where the winds and the

waves will carry you. . . . *Every day will improve another—Dies diem docet—by observing at night where you have failed in the day, and by resolving to fail no more.*—*Windham's Diary.*

<sup>2</sup> The expedition was made on October 23rd, according to Mr. Windham's Diary. He was no less disgusted than Mr. Boswell. "I let myself foolishly be drawn by Boswell to explore, as he called it, Wapping, instead of going to see the battle between Ward and Stanyard, which turned out a very good one, and which would have served as a very good introduction to Boswell's diary."

taking the opinion of the publick, is in itself a very great hardship. It is to be condemned without a trial.

“If you could procure the revocation of this incapacitating edict, you would deliver an unhappy man from great affliction. The Council has sometimes reversed its own determination; and I hope, that by your interposition this luckless picture may be got admitted. I am, &c

“April 12, 1783.”

“SAM JOHNSON.

To Mr. BARRY.

“SIR,—Mr Lowe’s exclusion from the Exhibition gives him more trouble than you and the other gentlemen of the Council could imagine or intend. He considers disgrace and ruin as the inevitable consequence of your determination.

“He says, that some pictures have been received after rejection; and if there be any such precedent, I earnestly intreat that you will use your interest in his favour. Of his work, I can say nothing: I pretend not to judge of painting; and this picture I never saw: but I conceive it extremely hard to shut out any man from the possibility of success; and therefore I repeat my request that you will propose the re-consideration of Mr. Lowe’s case; and if there be any among the Council with whom my name can have any weight, be pleased to communicate to them the desire of, Sir,

“Your most humble servant,

“April 12, 1783.”

“SAM. JOHNSON.

Such intercession was too powerful to be resisted, and Mr. Lowe’s performance was admitted at Somerset-house. The subject, as I recollect, was the Deluge, at that point of time when the water was verging to the top of the last uncovered mountain. Near to the spot was seen the last of the antediluvian race, exclusive of those who were saved in the ark of Noah. This was one of those giants, then the inhabitants of the earth, who had still strength to swim, and with one of his hands held aloft his infant child. Upon the small remaining dry spot appeared a famished lion, ready to spring at the child and devour it. Mr. Lowe told me that Johnson said to him, “Sir, your picture is noble and probable.”—“A compliment, indeed, (said Mr. Lowe,) from a man who cannot lie, and cannot be mistaken.”<sup>1</sup>

About this time he wrote to Mrs. Lucy Porter, mentioning his bad health, and that he intended a visit to Lichfield. “It is (says he) with no great expectation of amendment that I make every

<sup>1</sup> Northcote, however, who had seen it, pronounced it to be “execrable.”

year a journey into the country; but it is pleasant to visit those whose kindness has been often experienced."

On April 18, (being Good-Friday,) I found him at breakfast, in his usual manner upon that day, drinking tea without milk, and eating a cross-bun to prevent faintness; we went to St. Clement's church, as formerly. When we came home from church he placed himself on one of the stone seats at his garden-door, and I took the other, and thus in the open air and in a placid frame, he talked away very easily. JOHNSON. "Were I a country gentleman, I should not be very hospitable, I should not have crowds in my house." BOSWELL. "Sir Alexander Dick tells me, that he remembers having a thousand people in a year to dine at his house; that is reckoning each person one each time that he dined there." JOHNSON. "That, Sir, is about three a day." BOSWELL. "How your statement lessens the idea." JOHNSON. "That, Sir, is the good of counting. It brings everything to a certainty which before floated in the mind indefinitely." BOSWELL. "But *Omne ignotum pro magnifico est*. One is sorry to have this diminished." JOHNSON. "Sir, you should not allow yourself to be delighted with error." BOSWELL. "Three a day seem but few." JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, he who entertains three a day does very liberally. And if there is a large family the poor entertain those three, for they eat what the poor would get; there must be superfluous meat; it must be given to the poor, or thrown out." BOSWELL. "I observe in London, that the poor go about and gather bones, which I understand are manufactured." JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir; they boil them, and extract a grease from them for greasing wheels and other purposes. Of the best pieces they make a mock ivory, which is used for hafts to knives, and various other things. The coarser pieces they burn and pound them, and sell the ashes." BOSWELL. "For what purpose, Sir?" JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, for making a furnace for the chymists for melting iron. A paste made of burnt bones will stand a stronger heat than any thing else. Consider, Sir, if you are to melt iron, you cannot line your pot with brass, because it is softer than iron and would melt sooner; nor with iron, for though malleable iron is harder than cast iron, yet it would not do; but a paste of burnt bones will not melt." BOSWELL. "Do you know, Sir, I have discovered a manufacture to a great extent, of what you only piddle at—scraping and drying the peel of oranges. At a place in Newgate-street, there is a prodigious

*Cor. et Ad.* - Last line: On "oranges" put the following note:—"It is suggested to me by an anonymous Annotator on my Work, that the reason why Dr. Johnson collected the peels of squeezed oranges, may be found in the 358th Letter in Mrs. Piozzi's Collection, where it appears that he recommended 'dried orange-peel, finely powdered,' as a medicine."

quantity done, which they sell to the distillers." JOHNSON. "Sir, I believe they make a higher thing out of them than a spirit; they make what is called orange-butter, the oil of the orange inspissated, which they mix perhaps with common pomatum, and make it fragrant. The oil does not fly off in the drying."

BOSWELL. "I wish to have a good walled garden." JOHNSON. "I don't think it would be worth the expence to you. We compute in England, a park-wall at a thousand pounds a mile; now a garden wall must cost at least as much. You intend your trees should grow higher than a deer will leap. Now let us see—for a hundred pounds you could only have forty-four square yards, which is very little; for two hundred pounds, you may have eighty-four square yards, which is very well. But when will you get the value of two hundred pounds of walls in your climate? No, Sir, such contention with nature is not worth while. I would plant an orchard, and have plenty of such fruit as ripen well in your country. My friend, Dr. Madan, of Ireland, said, that in an orchard there should be enough to eat, enough to lay up, enough to be stoken, and enough to rot upon the ground. Cherries are an early fruit, you may have them; and you may have the early apples and pears" BOSWELL. "We cannot have nonpareils." JOHNSON. "Sir, you can no more have nonpareils than you can have grapes." BOSWELL. "We have them, Sir; but they are very bad." JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, never try to have a thing merely to shew that you *cannot* have it. For ground that would let for forty shillings you may have a large orchard; and you see it costs you only forty shillings. Nay, you may graze the ground when the trees are grown up, you cannot while they are young." BOSWELL. "Is not a good garden a very common thing in England, Sir?" JOHNSON. "Not so common, Sir, as you imagine. In Lincolnshire there is hardly an orchard; in Staffordshire very little fruit." BOSWELL. "Has Langton no orchard?" JOHNSON. "No, Sir." BOSWELL. "How so, Sir?" JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, from the general negligence of the county. He has it not, because nobody else has it." BOSWELL. "A hot-house is a certain thing; I may have that." JOHNSON. "A hot-house is pretty certain; but you must first build it, then you must keep fires in it, and you must have a gardener to take care of it." BOSWELL. "But if I have a gardener at any rate." JOHNSON. "Why, yes." BOSWELL. "I'd have it near my house; there is no need to have it in the orchard." JOHNSON. "Yes, I'd have it near my house—I would plant a great many currants; the fruit is good, and they make a pretty sweet-meat."

I record this minute detail, which some may think trifling, in order to shew clearly how this great man, whose mind could grasp such large and extensive subjects as he has shewn in his literary labours, was yet well-informed in the common affairs of life, and loved to illustrate them.

Mr. Walker, the celebrated master of elocution came, and then we went up stairs into the study. I asked him if he had taught many clergymen. JOHNSON. "I hope not." WALKER. "I have taught only one, and he is the best reader I ever heard, not by my teaching, but by his own natural talents." JOHNSON. "Were he the best reader in the world, I would not have it told that he was taught." Here was one of his peculiar prejudices. Could it be any disadvantage to the clergyman, to have it known that he was taught an easy and graceful delivery? BOSWELL. "Will you not allow, Sir, that a man may be taught to read well?" JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, so far as to read better than he might do without being taught, yes. Formerly it was supposed that there was no difference in reading, but that one read as well as another." BOSWELL. "It is wonderful to see old Sheridan as enthusiastick about oratory as ever." WALKER. "His enthusiasm as to what oratory will do may be too great. But he reads well." JOHNSON. "He reads well, but he reads low; and you know it is much easier to read low than to read high; for when you read high you are much more limited, your loudest note can be but one, and so in proportion to loudness. Now some people have occasion to speak to an extensive audience, and must speak loud to be heard." WALKER. "The art is to read strong, though low."

Talking of the origin of language—JOHNSON. "It must have come by inspiration. A thousand, nay a million of children could not invent a language. While the organs are pliable, there is not understanding enough to form a language: by the time that there is understanding enough, the organs are become stiff. We know that after a certain age we cannot learn to pronounce a new language. No foreigner, who comes to England when advanced in life, ever pronounces English tolerably well; at least such instances are very rare. When I maintain that language must have come by inspiration, I do not mean that inspiration is required for rhetorick, and all the beauties of language; for when once man has language, we can conceive that he may gradually form modifications of it. I mean only, that inspiration seems to me to be necessary to give man the faculty of speech; to inform him that he may have speech; which I think he could no more find out without inspiration, than cows or hogs would think of such a faculty." WALKER. "Do you think, Sir,

that there are any perfect synonymes in any language?" JOHNSON. "Originally there were not; but by using words negligently, or in poetry, one word comes to be confounded with another."

He talked of Dr. Dodd "A friend of mine (said he) came to me and told me, that a lady wished to have Dodd's picture in a bracelet, and asked me for a motto. I said, I could think of no better than *Currat Lex*. I was very willing to have him pardoned, that is, to have the sentence changed to transportation: but, when he was once hanged, I did not wish he should be made a saint."

Mrs. Burney, wife of his friend Dr. Burney, came in, and he seemed to be entertained with her conversation

Garrick's funeral was talked of as extravagantly expensive<sup>1</sup> Johnson, from his dislike to exaggeration, would not allow that it was distinguished by any extraordinary pomp. "Were there not six horses in each coach?" said Mrs. Burney. JOHNSON. "Madam, there were no more six horses than six phœnixes."<sup>2</sup>

Mrs. Burney wondered that some very beautiful new buildings should be erected in Moorfields, in so shocking a situation as between Bedlam and St. Luke's Hospital; and said, she could not live there. JOHNSON. "Nay, Madam, you see nothing there to hurt you. You no more think of madness by having windows that look to Bedlam, than you think of death by having windows that look to a church-yard." MRS. BURNEY. "We may look to a church-yard, Sir; for it is right that we should be kept in mind of death" JOHNSON. "Nay, Madam, if you go to that it is right that we should be kept in mind of madness, which is occasioned by too much indulgence of imagination. I think a very moral use may be made of these new buildings. I would have those who have heated imaginations live there, and take warning." MRS. BURNEY. "But, Sir, many of the poor people that are mad have become so from disease, or from distressing events. It is, therefore, not their faults, but their misfortune; and, therefore, to think of them is a melancholy consideration."

Time passed on in conversation till it was too late for the service of the church at three o'clock. I took a walk, and left him alone for some time; then returned, and we had coffee and conversation again by ourselves.

I stated the character of a noble friend of mine, as a curious case

<sup>1</sup> The funeral expenses were long left unpaid, and the undertaker all but ruined.—*Boswell's Letters*.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Croker says there were six horses; but the fact is not mentioned in the mi-

nute account of the funeral given by Davies. The programme of the funeral, in the Garrick Club, shows that each of the six mourning coaches was drawn by six horses.



for his opinion:—"He is the most inexplicable man to me that I ever knew. Can you explain him, Sir? He is, I really believe, noble-minded, generous, and princely. But his most intimate friends may be separated from him for years, without his ever asking a question concerning them. He will meet them with a formality, a coldness, a stately indifference; but when they come close to him, and fairly engage him in conversation, they find him as easy, pleasant, and kind as they could wish. One then supposes that what is so agreeable will soon be renewed; but stay away from him for half a year, and he will neither call on you, nor send to inquire about you." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, I cannot ascertain his character exactly, as I do not know him; but I should not like to have such a man for my friend. He may love study, and wish not to be interrupted by his friends; *Amici fures temporis*. He may be a frivolous man, and be so much occupied with petty pursuits, that he may not want friends. Or he may have a notion that there is a dignity in appearing indifferent, while he in fact may not be more indifferent at his heart than another."

We went to evening prayers at St. Clement's, at seven, and then parted.

On Sunday, April 20, being Easter-day, after attending solemn service at St Paul's, I came to Dr. Johnson, and found Mr. Lowe, the painter, sitting with him. Mr. Lowe mentioned the great number of new buildings of late in London, yet that Dr. Johnson had observed, that the number of inhabitants was not increased. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, the bills of mortality prove that no more people die now than formerly; so it is plain no more live. Births are nothing, for not one tenth of the people of London are born there." BOSWELL. "I believe, Sir, a great many of the children born in London die early." JOHNSON. "Why yes, Sir." BOSWELL. "But those who do live are as stout and strong people as any. Dr. Price says, they must be naturally stronger to get through." JOHNSON. "That is system, Sir. A great traveller observes, that it is said there are no weak or deformed people among the Indians; but he with much sagacity assigns the reason of this, which is, that the hardship of their life as hunters and fishers, does not allow weak or diseased children to grow up. Now had I been an Indian I must have died early, my eyes would not have served me to get food. I indeed now could fish, give me English tackle; but had I been an Indian I must have starved, or they would have knocked me on the head when they saw I could do nothing." BOSWELL. "Perhaps they

would have taken care of you ; we are told they are fond of oratory, you would have talked to them." JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, I should not have lived long enough to be fit to talk ; I should have been dead before I was ten years old. Depend upon it, Sir, a savage when he is hungry will not carry about with him a looby of nine years old, who cannot help himself. They have no affection, Sir." BOSWELL. "I believe natural affection of which we hear so much, is very small." JOHNSON. "Sir, natural affection is nothing. But affection from principle and established duty is sometimes wonderfully strong." LOWE. "A hen, Sir, will feed her chickens in preference to herself." JOHNSON. "But we don't know that the hen is hungry ; let the hen be fairly hungry, and I'll warrant she'll peck the corn herself. A cock, I believe, will feed hens instead of himself ; but we don't know that the cock is hungry." BOSWELL. "And that, Sir, is not from affection but gallantry. But some of the Indians have affection." JOHNSON. "Sir, that they help some of their children is plain ; for some of them live which could not do without being helped."

I dined with him ; the company were, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Desmoulins, and Mr. Lowe. He seemed not to be well, talked little, grew drowsy soon after dinner and retired, upon which I went away.

Having next day gone to Mr. Burke's seat in the country, from whence I was recalled by an express, that a near relation of mine<sup>1</sup> had killed his antagonist in a duel, and was himself dangerously wounded, I saw little of Dr. Johnson till Monday, April 28, when I spent a considerable part of the day with him, and introduced the subject, which chiefly occupied my mind. JOHNSON. "I do not see, Sir, that fighting is absolutely forbidden in Scripture ; I see revenge forbidden, but not self-defence." BOSWELL. "The Quakers say it is, 'Unto him that smiteth thee on one cheek, offer also the other.'" JOHNSON. "But stay, Sir, the text is meant only to have the effect of moderating passion, it is plain that we are not to take it in a literal sense. We see this from the context, where there are other recommendations, which I warrant you the Quaker will not take literally, as for instance, 'From him that would borrow of thee, turn thou not away.' Let a man whose credit is bad come to a Quaker, and say, 'Well, Sir, lend me a hundred pounds ;' he'll find him as unwilling as any other man. No, Sir, a man may shoot the man who invades his character, as he may shoot him who attempts

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<sup>1</sup> Mr. Cunningham, who killed his adversary, Mr. Riddell, of the Late Guards.

to break into his house" So in 1745, my friend, Tom Cumming, the Quaker, said, he would not fight, but he would drive an ammunition-cart; and we know that the Quakers have sent flannel waistcoats to our soldiers, to enable them to fight better. BOSWELL. "When a man is the aggressor, and by ill-usage forces on a duel, in which he is killed, have we not little ground to hope that he is gone into a state of happiness?" JOHNSON. "Sir, we are not to judge determinately of the state in which a man leaves this life. He may in a moment have repented effectually, and it is possible may have been accepted by God. There is in 'Camden's Remains,' an epitaph upon a very wicked man, who was killed by a fall from his horse, in which he is supposed to say,

' Between the stirrup and the ground,  
I mercy asked, I mercy found.'

BOSWELL. "Is not the expression in the Burial-service, 'In the *sure* and *certain* hope of a blessed resurrection;' too strong to be used indiscriminately, and, indeed, sometimes when those over whose bodies it is said, have been notoriously profane?" JOHNSON. "It is sure and certain *hope*, Sir; not *belief*." I did not insist further; but cannot help thinking that less positive words would be more proper.

Talking of a man who was grown very fat, so as to be incom-

*Cor. et Ad.*—Line 1: On "house" put the following note:—"I think it necessary to caution my readers against concluding that in this or any other conversation of Dr. Johnson, they have his serious and deliberate opinion on the subject of duelling. In my Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, 3 edit. p. 386, it appears that he made this frank confession: 'Nobody at times, talks more laxly than I do;' and, *ibid* p. 231, 'He fairly owned he could not explain the rationality of duelling.' We may, therefore, infer, that he could not think that justifiable, which seems so inconsistent with the spirit of the Gospel. At the same time it must be confessed, that from the prevalent notions of honour, a gentleman who receives a challenge is reduced to a dreadful alternative. A remarkable instance of this is furnished by a clause in the will of the late Colonel Thomas, of the Guards, written the night before he fell in a duel, September 3, 1783: 'In the first place, I commit my soul to Almighty GOD, in hopes of his mercy and pardon for the irreligious step I now (in compliance with the unwarrantable customs of this wicked world) put myself under the necessity of taking;'"

*Ibid.*—Line 21: On "proper" put the following note:—"Upon this objection the Reverend Mr. Ralph Churton, Fellow of Brazenose College, Oxford, has favoured me with the following satisfactory observation. 'The passage in the Burial-service does not mean the resurrection of the person interred, but the general resurrection; it is in sure and certain hope of *the* resurrection; not *his* resurrection. Where the deceased is really spoken of, the expression is very different,—'as our hope is this our brother doth,' [rest in Christ;] a mode of speech consistent with every thing but absolute certainty that the person departed doth *not* rest in Christ, which no one can be assured of, without immediate revelation from Heaven. In the first of these places also, 'eternal life' does not necessarily mean eternity of bliss, but merely the eternity of the state, whether in happiness or in misery, to ensue upon the resurrection; which is probably the sense of 'the life everlasting,' in the Apostles Creed. See Wheatly and Bennet on the Common Prayer."

moded with corpulency; he said, "He eats too much, Sir." BOSWELL. "I don't know, Sir, you will see one man fat who eats moderately, and another lean who eats a great deal." JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, whatever may be the quantity that a man eats, it is plain that if he is too fat, he has eaten more than he should have done. One man may have a digestion that consumes food better than common; but it is certain that solidity is increased by putting something to it." BOSWELL. "But may not solids swell and be distended?" JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir, they may swell and be distended; but that is not fat."

We talked of the accusation against a gentleman<sup>1</sup> for supposed delinquencies in India. JOHNSON. "What foundation there is for accusation I know not, but they will not get at him. Where bad actions are committed at so great a distance, a delinquent can obscure the evidence till the scent becomes cold; there is a cloud between, which cannot be penetrated, therefore all distant power is bad. I am clear that the best plan for the government of India is a despotick governour; for if he be a good man it is evidently the best government; and supposing him to be a bad man, it is better to have one plunderer than many. A governour whose power is checked, lets others plunder that he himself may be allowed to plunder. But if despotick, he sees that the more he lets others plunder the less there will be for himself, so he restrains them; and though he himself plunders, the country is a gainer, compared with being plundered by numbers."

I mentioned the very liberal payment which had been received for reviewing; and, as evidence of this, that it had been proved in a trial that Dr. Shebbeare had received six guineas a sheet for that kind of literary labour. JOHNSON. "Sir, he might get six guineas for a particular sheet, but not *communibus sheetibus*." BOSWELL. "Pray, Sir, by a sheet of review is it meant that it shall be all of the writer's own composition; or are extracts, made from the book reviewed, deducted?" JOHNSON. "No, sir: it is a sheet, no matter of what." BOSWELL. "I think that it is not reasonable." JOHNSON. "Yes, sir, it is. A man will more easily write a sheet all his own than read an octavo volume to get extracts." To one of Johnson's wonderful fertility of mind, I believe writing was really easier than reading and extracting; but with ordinary men the case is very different. A great deal, indeed, will depend upon the care and judgement with which the extracts are made. I can suppose the operation to be tedious and difficult: but in many instances we

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<sup>1</sup> Mr. Warren Hastings.

must observe crude morsels cut out of books as if at random, and when a large extract is made from one place, it surely may be done with very little trouble. One, however, I must acknowledge, might be led, from the practice of Reviewers, to suppose that they take a pleasure in original writing; for we often find that, instead of giving an accurate account of what has been done by the authour whose work they are reviewing, which is surely the proper business of a literary journal, they produce some plausible and ingenious conceits of their own, upon the topicks which have been discussed.

Upon being told that old Mr. Sheridan, indignant at the neglect of his oratorical plans, had threatened to go to America;—JOHNSON. “I hope he will go to America.” BOSWELL. “The Americans don’t want oratory.” JOHNSON. “But we can want Sheridan.”

On Monday, April 29, I found him at home in the forenoon, and Mr. Seward with him. Horace having been mentioned;—BOSWELL. “There is a great deal of thinking in his works. One finds there almost every thing but religion.” SEWARD. “He speaks of his returning to it in his Ode *Parcus Deorum cultor et infrequens.*” JOHNSON. “Sir, he was not in earnest. This was merely poetical.” BOSWELL. “There are, I am afraid, many people who have no religion at all.” SEWARD. “And sensible people too.” JOHNSON. “Why, Sir, not sensible in that respect. There must be either a natural or a moral stupidity, if one lives in a total neglect of so very important a concern.” SEWARD. “I wonder that there should be people without religion.” JOHNSON. “Sir, you need not wonder at this, when you consider how large a proportion of almost every man’s life is passed without thinking of it. I myself was for some years totally regardless of religion. It had dropped out of my mind. It was at an early part of my life. Sickness brought it back, and I hope I have never lost it since.” BOSWELL. “My dear Sir, what a man must you have been without religion! Why you must have gone on drinking, and swearing, and—” JOHNSON. (with a smile) “I drank enough and swore enough, to be sure.” SEWARD. “One should think that sickness, and the view of death, would make more men religious.” JOHNSON. “Sir, they do not know how to go about it. They have not the first notion. A man who has never had religion before, no more grows religious when he is sick, than a man who has never learnt figures can count when he has need of calculation”

I mentioned a worthy friend<sup>1</sup> of ours whom we valued much, but

*Second Edition* —Line 14: “April 28;” and “forenoon” alter to “morning.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> No doubt Mr. Langton.

observed that he was too ready to introduce religious discourse upon all occasions. JOHNSON. "Why yes, Sir, he will introduce religious discourse without seeing whether it will end in instruction and improvement, or produce some profane jest. He would introduce it in the company of Wilkes, and twenty more such."

I mentioned Dr. Johnson's excellent distinction between liberty of conscience and liberty of teaching. JOHNSON. "Consider, Sir, if you have children whom you wished to educate in the principles of the Church of England, and there comes a Quaker who tries to pervert them to his principles; you would drive away the Quaker. You would not trust to the predomination of right, which you believe is in your opinions, you would keep wrong out of their heads. Now the vulgar are the children of the State. If any one attempts to teach them doctrines contrary to what the State approves, the magistrate may and ought to restrain him." SEWARD. "Would you restrain private conversation, Sir?" JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, it is difficult to say where private conversation begins, and where it ends. If we three should discuss even the great question concerning the existence of a Supreme Being by ourselves, we should not be restrained; for that would be to put an end to all improvement. But if we should discuss it in the presence of ten boarding-school girls, and as many boys, I think the magistrate would do well to put us in the stocks, to finish the debate there."

Lord Hailes had sent him a present of a curious little printed poem, on repairing the University of Aberdeen, by David Malloch, which he thought would please Johnson, as affording clear evidence that Mallet had appeared even as a literary character by the name of Malloch; his changing which to one of softer sound, had given Johnson occasion to introduce him into his Dictionary, under the article *Alias*. This piece was, I suppose, one of Mallet's first essays. It is preserved in his works, with several variations. Johnson now read aloud, from the beginning of it, where there were some common-place assertions as to the superiority of ancient times. "How false is all this to say that in ancient times learning was not a disgrace to a Peer as it is now. In ancient times a Peer was as ignorant as any one else. He would have been angry to have it thought he could write his name. Men in ancient times dared to stand forth with a degree of ignorance with which nobody would dare now to stand forth. I am always angry when I hear ancient times praised at the expence of modern times. There is now a great deal more learning in the world than there was formerly, for it is universally diffused. You have, perhaps, no man who knows as much Greek and Latin as Bentley; or no man who

knows as much mathematicks as Newton; but you have many more men who know Greek and Latin, and who know mathematicks."

On Thursday, May 1, I visited him in the evening along with young Mr. Burke. He said, "It is strange that there should be so little reading in the world, and so much writing. People in general do not willingly read, if they can have any thing else to amuse them. There must be an external impulse; emulation, or vanity, or avarice. The progress which the understanding makes through a book, has more pain than pleasure in it. Language is scanty, and inadequate to express the nice gradations and mixtures of our feelings. No man reads a book of science from pure inclination. The books that we do read with pleasure are light compositions, which contain a quick succession of events. However, I have this year read all Virgil through. I read a book of the *Æneid* every night, so it was done in twelve nights, and I had great delight in it. The *Georgicks* did not give me so much pleasure, except the fourth book. The *Eclogues* I have almost all by heart. I do not think the story of the *Æneid* interesting. I like the story of the *Odyssey* much better; and this not on account of the wonderful things which it contains; for there are wonderful things enough in the *Æneid*;—the ships of the Trojans turned to sea-nymphs—the tree at Polydorus's tomb dropping blood. The story of the *Odyssey* is interesting, as a great part of it is domestick. It has been said, there is pleasure in writing, particularly in writing verses. I allow you may have pleasure from writing after it is over, if you have written well; but you don't go willingly to it again. I know when I have been writing verses, I have run my finger down the margin to see how many I had made, and how few I had to make."

He seemed to be in a very placid humour, and although I have no note of the particulars of young Mr. Burke's conversation, it is but justice to mention in general, that it was such that Dr. Johnson said to me afterwards, "He did very well indeed; I have a mind to tell his father."

I have no minute of any interview with Johnson till Thursday, May 15, when I find what follows:—BOSWELL "I wish much to

*Cor. et Ad.*—After line 34 read—

"TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

"DEAR SIR,—The gentleman who waits on you with this, is Mr Cruikshanks, who wishes to succeed his friend Dr. Hunter, as Professor of Anatomy in the Royal Academy. His qualifications are very generally known, and it adds dignity to the institution that such men are candidates. I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

"May 2, 1783."

"SAM. JOHNSON.

be in Parliament, Sir." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, unless you come resolved to support any administration, you would be the worse for being in Parliament, because you would be obliged to live more expensively." BOSWELL. "Perhaps, Sir, I should be the less happy for being in Parliament. I never would sell my vote, and I should be vexed if things went wrong." JOHNSON. "That's cant, Sir. It would not vex you more in the house, than in the gallery. Publick affairs vex no man." BOSWELL. "Have not they vexed yourself a little, Sir? Have not you been vexed by all the turbulence of this reign, and by that absurd vote of the House of Commons, 'That the influence of the Crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished?'" JOHNSON. "Sir, I have never slept an hour less, nor eat an ounce less meat. I would have knocked the factious dogs on the head, to be sure; but I was not *vexed*." BOSWELL. "I declare, Sir, upon my honour, I did imagine I was vexed, and took a pride in it. But it *was*, perhaps, cant, for I own I neither eat less nor slept less." JOHNSON. "My dear friend, clear your *mind* of cant. You may *talk* as other people do. You may say to a man, 'Sir, I am your most humble servant.' You are *not* his most humble servant. You may say, 'These are sad times, it is a melancholy thing to be reserved to such times.' You don't mind the times. You tell a man, 'I am sorry you had such bad weather the last day of your journey, and were so much wet.' You don't care six-pence whether he was wet or dry. You may *talk* in this manner; it is a mode of talking in Society: but don't *think* foolishly."

I talked of living in the country. JOHNSON. "Don't set up for what is called hospitality; it is a waste of time, and a waste of money; you are eat up, and not the more respected for your liberality. If your house be like an inn, nobody cares for you. A man who stays a week with another, makes him a slave for a week." BOSWELL. "But there are people, Sir, who make their houses a home to their guests, and are themselves quite easy." JOHNSON. "Then, Sir, home must be the same to the guests, and they need not come."

Here he discovered a notion common enough in persons not much accustomed to entertain company, that there must be a degree of elaborate attention otherwise company will think themselves neglected; and such attention is no doubt very fatiguing. He proceeded, "I would not, however, be a stranger in my own county; I would visit my neighbours, and receive their visits; but I would not be in haste to return visits. If a gentleman comes to see me, I tell him he does me a great deal of honour. I do not



go to see him perhaps for ten weeks, then we are very complaisant to each other. No, Sir, you will have much more influence by giving or lending money where it is wanted, than by hospitality."

On Saturday, May 17, I saw him for a short time. Having mentioned that I had that morning been with old Mr. Sheridan, he remembered their former intimacy with a cordial warmth, and said to me, "Tell Mr. Sheridan, I shall be glad to see him and shake hands with him."<sup>1</sup> BOSWELL. "It is to me very wonderful that resentment should be kept up so long." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, it is not altogether resentment that he does not visit me; it is partly falling out of the habit—partly disgust, as one has at a drug that has made him sick. Besides, he knows that I laugh at his oratory."

Another day I spoke of one of our friends, of whom he, as well as I, had a very high opinion. He expatiated in his praise; but added, "Sir, he is a cursed Whig, a *bottomless* Whig, as they all are now."

I mentioned my expectations from the interest of an eminent person then in power, adding, "but I have no claim but the claim of friendship"<sup>2</sup> However, some people will go a great way from

<sup>1</sup> This was one of the earliest of these little acts of reparation which mark the tenderness of Johnson's character. His death was not far off, and he was setting his house in order.

<sup>2</sup> Not Lord Mountstuart, as Mr. Croker speculates, but Mr. Burke, who had just been appointed to the Pay Office. As we have seen, Boswell was hoping for advancement through his interest. There were so "many eminent persons" to whom Boswell was looking for interest and promotion that it sometimes becomes difficult to discover who was his special patron. Lords Eglinton, Marchmont, Thurlow, and Mountstuart "my Mæcenas," and, finally, Mr. Pitt and Lord Lonsdale were his chief patrons. As he took up each of these he became rapturous in their public praise. He thus says of Lonsdale—"Let not the Scottish spirit be bowed; let Lowther come forth and support us! We are his neighbours, *Paries proximus ardet*. We all know what he can do: He upon whom the thousands of Whitehaven depend for three of the elements: He whose soul is all great—whose resentment is terrible—but whose liberality is boundless. I know that he is dignified by having hosts of enemies. But I have fixed his character in my mind upon no slight

enquiry. I have traversed Cumberland and Westmoreland. I have sojourned at Carlisle and at Kirdal. I know of the *Lonsdale Club* at Lancaster—*Lowther!* be kindly entreated! 'come over to Macedonia and help us.'"—(*Letter to People of Scotland*.) Lord Lonsdale every day showed him more and more regard, and three of his friends assured Mr. Boswell that he might expect a seat in Parliament from his interest. Such patronage promised well, and he received some stately congratulations from Bishop Percy on the enjoyment of such favour. To this important nobleman, who "when he pleased, had great power in any administration," Mr. Boswell was later indebted for the Recordership of Carlisle. It will be worth while seeing how disastrously this connection ended for poor Mr. Boswell.

"Carlisle, 21st June, 1790.

"MY DEAR TEMPIE,—At no period during our long friendship have I been more unhappy than at present. The day on which I was obliged to set out from London, I had an hour allowed me, after a most shocking conversation with Lord Lonsdale. . . . It was to inform you that, upon his seeing me by no means in good humour, he challenged it roughly.

that motive." JOHNSON. "Sir, they will go all the way from that motive." A gentleman talked of retiring. "Never think of that," said Johnson. The gentleman urged, "I should then do no ill." JOHNSON. "Nor no good either. Sir, it would be a civil suicide."

On Monday, May 26, I found him at tea, and the celebrated Miss Burney, the authour of "Evelina and Cecilia" with him. I asked if there would be any speakers in parliament, if there were no places to be obtained? JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir. Why do you speak here? Either to instruct and entertain, which is a benevolent motive, or for distinction, which is a selfish motive." I mentioned "Cecilia." JOHNSON. (with an air of animated satisfaction) "Sir, if you talk of 'Cecilia,' talk on."

We talked of Mr. Barry's exhibition of his pictures. JOHNSON "Whatever the hand may have done, the mind has done its part. There is a grasp of mind there which you find no where else."\*

I asked whether a man naturally virtuous, or one who has overcome wicked inclinations is the best. JOHNSON. "Sir, to *you*, the man who has overcome wicked inclinations is not the best. He has more merit to *himself*. I would rather trust my money to a man who has no hands, and so a physical impossibility to steal, than to a man of the most honest principles. There is a witty

\* In Mr Barry's punted analysis, or description of these pictures, he speaks of Johnson's character in the highest terms

and said, 'I suppose you thought I was to bring you into Parliament, I never had any such intention.' In short he expressed himself in the most degrading manner, in presence of a low man from Carlisle, and one of his menial servants! The miserable state of low spirits I had, as you too well know, laboured under for some time before, made me almost sink under such unexpected insulting behaviour. He insisted rigorously on my having solicited the office of Recorder of Carlisle; and that I could not, without using him ill, resign it, until the duties which were now required of it were fulfilled, and without a sufficient time being given for the election of a successor. Thus was I dragged away, as wretched as a convict; and in my fretfulness I used such expressions as irritated him almost to fury, so that he used such expressions towards me that I should have, according to the irrational laws of honour sanctioned by the world, been under the necessity of risking my life, had not an explanation taken place

This happened during the first stage. The rest of the journey was barely tolerable: we got to Lancaster on Saturday night, and there I left him to the turmoil of a desperate attempt in electioneering. I proceeded to Carlisle last night, and today have been signing orders as to poor's rates. I am alone at an inn, in wretched spirits, and ashamed and sunk on account of the disappointment of hopes, which led me to endure such grievances. I deserve all that I suffer . . . . I am quite in a fever. O my old and most intimate friend, what a shocking state am I now reduced to! I entreat of you, if you possibly can, to afford me some consolation, directed to me here, and pray do not divulge my mortification. I will endeavour to appear indifferent; and, as I now resign my Recordership, I shall gradually get rid of all communication with this brutal fellow. . . . .

"Ever most affectionately yours,  
"JAMES BOSWELL."

satirical story of Foote. He had a small bust of Garrick placed upon his bureau. 'You may be surprized (said he) that I allow him to be so near my gold; but you will observe he has no hands.'

On Friday, May 29, being to set out for Scotland next morning, I passed a part of the day with him in more than usual earnestness, as his health was in a more precarious state than at any time when I had parted from him. He however was quick and lively, and critical as usual. I mentioned one who was a very learned man. JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir, he has a great deal of learning; but it never lies straight. There is never one idea by the side of another; 'tis all entangled. and then he drives it so awkwardly upon conversation."

I stated to him an anxious thought, by which a sincere Christian might be disturbed, even when conscious of having lived a good life, so far as is consistent with human infirmity; he might fear that he should afterwards fall away, and be guilty of such crimes as would render all his former religion vain. "Could there be, upon this awful subject, such a thing as balancing of accounts? Suppose a man who has led a good life for seven years, commits an act of wickedness, and instantly dies; will his former good life have any effect in his favour?" JOHNSON. "Sir, if a man has led a good life for seven years, and then is hurried by passion to do what is wrong, and is suddenly carried off, depend upon it he will have the reward of his seven years' good life; GOD will not take a catch of him. Upon this principle Richard Baxter believes, that a Suicide may be saved. 'If (says he) it should be objected that what I maintain may encourage suicide, I answer, I am not to tell a lie to prevent it.'" BOSWELL. "But does not the text say, 'As the tree falls, so it must lye?'" JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir; as the tree falls. But—(after a little pause)—that is meant as to the general state of the tree, not what is the effect of a sudden blast." In short, he interpreted the expression as referring to condition, not to position. The common notion, therefore, seems to be erroneous; and Shenstone's witty remark on Divines trying to give the tree a jerk upon a death-bed, to make it lye favourably, is not well founded.

I asked him what works of Richard Baxter's I should read. He said, "Read any of them; they are all good."

He said, "Get as much force of mind as you can. Live within your income. Always have something saved at the end of the year. Let your imports be more than your exports, and you'll never go far wrong."

I assured him, that in the extensive and various range of his

acquaintance there never had been any one who had a more sincere respect and affection for him than I had. He said, "I believe it, Sir. Were I in distress, there is no man to whom I should sooner come than to you. I should like to come and have a cottage in your park, toddle about, live mostly on milk, and be taken care of by Mrs Boswell. She and I are good friends now ; are we not ?"

Talking of devotion, he said, "Though it be true that 'God dwelleth not in temples made with hands,' yet in this state of being our minds are more piously affected in places appropriated to divine worship, than in others. Some people have a particular room in their house where they say their prayers, of which I do not disapprove, as it may animate their devotion."

He embraced me, and gave me his blessing, as usual when I was leaving him for any length of time. I walked from his door to-day with a fearful apprehension of what might happen before I returned.

*To the Right Honourable WILLIAM WINDHAM.*

"SIR,—The bringer of this letter is the father of Miss Philips, a singer, who comes to try her voice on the stage at Dublin.

"Mr. Philips is one of my old friends, and as I am of opinion that neither he nor his daughter will do any thing that can disgrace their benefactors, I take the liberty of entreating you to countenance and protect them so far as may be suitable to your station and character ; and shall consider myself as obliged by any favourable notice which they shall have the honour of receiving from you. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

"SAM JOHNSON.

"London, May 31, 1783."

The following is another instance of his active benevolence :

*To Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS.*

"DEAR SIR,—I have sent you some of my god-son's performances, of which I do not pretend to form any opinion. When I took the liberty of mentioning him to you, I did not know what I have since been told, that Mr. Moser had admitted him among the

*Cor. et Ad*—Line 18. On "Philips" put the following note :—"Now the celebrated Mrs. Crouch"

*Ibid.*—Line 23 : On "station" put the following note :—"Mr Windham was at this time in Dublin, Secretary to the Earl of Northampton, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland."

*Ibid.*—Line 31 : On "god-son's" put the following note :—"Young Paterson, the son of Mr. Samuel Paterson."

Students of the Academy. What more can be done for him I earnestly entreat you to consider; for I am very desirous that he should derive some advantage from my connection with him. If you are inclined to see him, I will bring him to wait on you at any time that you shall be pleased to appoint. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

“SAM. JOHNSON.

“June 2, 1783.”

My anxious apprehensions at parting with him this year proved to be but too well founded; for not long afterwards he had a dreadful stroke of the palsy, of which there are very full and accurate accounts in letters written by himself, which shew with what composure his steady piety enabled him to behave.

*To the Reverend Dr. JOHN TAYLOR*

“DEAR SIR,—It has pleased GOD, by a paralytick stroke in the night, to deprive me of speech.

“I am very desirous of Dr. Heberden’s assistance, as I think my case is not past remedy. Let me see you as soon as it is possible. Bring Dr. Heberden with you, if you can; but come yourself at all events. I am glad you are so well, when I am so dreadfully attacked.

“I think that by a speedy application of stimulants much may be done. I question if a vomit, vigorous and rough, would not rouse the organs of speech to action. As it is too early to send, I will try to recollect what I can, that can be suspected to have brought on this dreadful distress.

“I have been accustomed to bleed frequently for an asthmatick complaint, but have forborne for some time by Dr. Pepys’s persuasion, who perceived my legs beginning to swell. I sometimes alleviate a painful, or more properly an oppressive constriction of my chest, by opiates; and have lately taken opium frequently, but

*Cor. et Ad.*—Line 13: After “composure” read, “of mind and resignation to the Divine Will.”

*Erratum.*—Before the letter to the Reverend Dr. Taylor, insert—

“TO MR. EDMUND ALLEN.

“DEAR SIR,—It has pleased GOD, this morning, to deprive me of the powers of speech; and as I do not know but that it may be his further good pleasure to deprive me soon of my senses, I request you will on the receipt of this note, come to me, and act for me, as the exigencies of my case may require.

“I am,

“Sincerely your’s,

“SAM. JOHNSON.”

*Second Edition.*—After last line of notes, read “June 17, 1783.”

the last, or two last times, in smaller quantities My largest dose is three grains, and last night I took but two You will suggest these things (and they are all that I can call to mind) to Dr Heberden I am, &c.

“SAM JOHNSON.

“June 17, 1783.”

Two days after he wrote thus to Mrs. Thrale : \*

“On Monday the 16th I sat for my picture, and walked a considerable way with little inconvenience. In the afternoon and evening I felt myself light and easy, and began to plan schemes of life. Thus I went to bed, and in a short time waked and sat up, as has been long my custom, when I felt a confusion and indistinctness in my head, which lasted, I suppose, about half a minute. I was alarmed, and prayed God, that however he might afflict my body, he would spare my understanding. This prayer, that I might try the integrity of my faculties, I made in Latin verse. The lines were not very good, but I knew them not to be very good: I made them easily, and concluded myself to be unimpaired in my faculties.

“Soon after I perceived that I had suffered a paralytick stroke, and that my speech was taken from me. I had no pain, and so little dejection in this dreadful state, that I wondered at my own apathy, and considered that perhaps death itself, when it should come, would excite less horreur than seems now to attend it.<sup>1</sup>

“In order to rouse the vocal organs, I took two drachms. Wine has been celebrated for the production of eloquence. I put myself into violent motion, and I think repeated it; but all was vain. I then went to bed, and, strange as it may seem, I think, slept. When I saw light, it was time to contrive what I should do. Though God stopped my speech, he left me my hand, I enjoyed a mercy which was not granted to my dear friend Lawrence, who now perhaps overlooks me ‘as I am writing, and rejoices that I have what he wanted. My first note was necessarily to my servant, who came in talking,

\* Vol II p 268, of Mrs Thrale's Collection.

<sup>1</sup> In the *Malomana* is the following contemporary note of this event:—“When Dr. Johnson was struck with the palsy a few days ago (June, 1783), after the first shock was over and he had time to recollect himself, he attempted to speak in English. Unable as he found himself to pronounce the words, he tried what he could do with Latin, but here he found equal difficulty. He then attempted Greek, and could utter a few

words, but slowly and with pain. In the evening he called for paper, and wrote a *Latin Hymn*, addressed to the Creator, the prayer of which was that so long as the Almighty should suffer him to live, he should be pleased to allow him the enjoyment of his understanding; that his intellectual powers and his body should expire together,—a striking instance of fortitude, piety, and resignation!”

and could not immediately comprehend why he should read what I put into his hands.

"I then wrote a card to Mr. Allen, that I might have a discreet friend at hand, to act as occasion should require. In penning this note, I had some difficulty; my hand, I knew not how nor why, made wrong letters. I then wrote to Dr. Taylor to come to me, and bring Dr. Heberden; and I sent to Dr. Brocklesby, who is my neighbour. My physicians are very friendly and give me great hopes; but you may imagine my situation. I have so far recovered my vocal powers, as to repeat the Lord's Prayer with no very imperfect articulation. My memory, I hope, yet remains as it was; but such an attack produces solicitude for the safety of every faculty."

*To Mr THOMAS DAVIES.*

"DEAR SIR,—I have had, indeed, a very heavy blow; but GOD, who yet spares my life, I humbly hope will spare my understanding, and restore my speech. As I am not at all helpless, I want no particular assistance, but am strongly affected by Mrs. Davies's tenderness; and when I think she can do me good, shall be very glad to call upon her. I had ordered friends to be shut out, but one or two have found the way in; and if you come you shall be admitted: for I know not whom I can see that will bring more amusement on his tongue, or more kindness in his heart. I am, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"June 18, 1783"

It gives me great pleasure to preserve such a memorial of Johnson's regard for Mr. Davies, to whom I was indebted for my introduction to him.\* He indeed loved Davies cordially, of which I shall give the following little evidence. One day, when he had treated him with too much asperity, Tom, who was not without pride and spirit, went off in a passion; but he had hardly reached home, when Frank, who had been sent after him, delivered this note:—"Come, come, dear Davies, I am always sorry when we quarrel; send me word that we are friends."

*To JAMES BOSWELL, Esq.*

"DEAR SIR,—Your anxiety about my health is very friendly, and very agreeable with your general kindness. I have, indeed, had a very frightful blow. On the 17th of last month, about three in the

\* Poor Derrick, however, though he did not himself introduce me to Dr. Johnson as he promised, had the merit of introducing me to Davies, the immediate introducer.

morning, as near as I can guess, I perceived myself almost totally deprived of speech. I had no pain. My organs were so obstructed, that I could say *no*, but could scarcely say *yes*. I wrote the necessary directions, for it pleased God to spare my hand, and sent for Dr. Heberden and Dr. Brocklesby. Between the time in which I discovered my own disorder, and that in which I sent for the doctors, I had, I believe, in spite of my surprize and solicitude, a little sleep, and Nature began to renew its operations. They came, and gave the directions which the disease required, and from that time I have been continually improving in articulation. I can now speak, but the nerves are weak, and I cannot continue discourse long; but strength, I hope, will return. The physicians consider me as cured. I was last Sunday at church. On Tuesday I took an airing to Hampstead, and dined with the Club, where Lord Palmerston was proposed, and, against my opinion, was rejected.\* I design to go next week with Mr. Langton to Rochester, where I purpose to stay about ten days, and then try some other air. I have many kind invitations. Your brother has very frequently enquired after me. Most of my friends have, indeed, been very attentive. Thank dear Lord Hailes for his present.

“I hope you found at your return every thing gay and prosperous, and your lady, in particular, quite recovered and confirmed. Pay her my respects.

“I am, dear Sir, your most humble servant,

“SAM. JOHNSON.

“London, July 3, 1783.”

*To Mrs. LUCY PORTER, in Lichfield.*

“DEAR MADAM,—The account which you give of your health is but melancholy. May it please GOD to restore you. My disease affected my speech, and still continues, in some degree, to obstruct my utterance; my voice is distinct enough for awhile, but the organs being still weak are quickly weary: but in other respects I am, I think, rather better than I have lately been; and can let you know my state without the help of any other hand.

“In the opinion of my friends, and in my own, I am gradually mending. The physicians consider me as cured; and I had leave, four days ago, to wash the cantharides from my head. Last Tuesday I dined at the Club.

“I am going next week into Kent, and purpose to change the air frequently this summer; whether I shall wander so far as Staf-

\* His Lordship was soon after chosen, and is now a member of the Club.



fordshire I cannot tell. I should be glad to come. Return my thanks to Mrs. Cobb, and Mr. Pearson, and all that have shewn attention to me.

"Let us, my dear, pray for one another, and consider our sufferings as notices mercifully given us to prepare ourselves for another state.

"I live now but in a melancholy way. My old friend Mr. Levett is dead, who lived with me in the house, and was useful and companionable; Mrs. Desmoulins is gone away; and Mrs. Williams is so much decayed, that she can add little to another's gratifications. The world passes away, and we are passing with it; but there is, doubtless, another world, which will endure for ever. Let us all fit ourselves for it. I am, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"London, July 5. 1783."

Such was the general vigour of his constitution, that he recovered from this alarming and severe attack with wonderful quickness; so that in July he was able to make a visit to Mr. Langton at Rochester, where he passed about a fortnight, and made little excursions as easily as at any time of his life. In August he went as far as the neighbourhood of Salisbury, to Heale, the seat of William Bowles, Esq. a gentleman whom I have heard him praise for exemplary religious order in his family. In his diary I find a short but honourable mention of this visit:—"August 28, I came to Heale without fatigue. 30. I am entertained quite to my mind."

To Dr. BROCKLESBY.

"Heale, near Salisbury, Aug. 29, 1783.

"DEAR SIR,—Without appearing to want a just sense of your kind attention, I cannot omit to give an account of the day which seemed to appear in some sort perilous. I rose at five, and went out at six, and having reached Salisbury about nine, went forward a few miles in my friend's chariot. I was no more wearied with the journey, though it was a high hung rough coach, than I should have been forty years ago. We shall now see what air will do. The country is all a plain; and the house in which I am, so far as I can judge from my window, for I write before I have left my chamber, is sufficiently pleasant.

"Be so kind as to continue your attention to Mrs. Williams; it is great consolation to the well, and still greater to the sick, that they find themselves not neglected; and I know that you will be desirous

of giving comfort even where you have no great hope of giving help.

"Since I wrote the former part of the letter, I find that by the course of the post I cannot send it before the thirty-first. I am, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON."

While he was here he had a letter from Dr. Brocklesby, acquainting him of the death of Mrs. Williams, which affected him a good deal. Though for several years her temper had not been complacent, she had valuable qualities, and her departure left a blank in his house. Upon this occasion he, according to his habitual course of piety, composed a prayer.\*

I shall here insert a few particulars concerning him, with which I have been favoured by one of his friends.

"He had once conceived the design of writing the Life of Oliver Cromwell, saying, that he thought it must be highly curious to trace his extraordinary rise to the supreme power, from so obscure a beginning. He at length laid aside his scheme, on discovering that all that can be told of him is already in print; and that it is impracticable to procure any authentick information in addition to what the world is already possessed of."

"He had likewise projected, but at what part of his life is not known, a work to show how small a quantity of REAL FICTION there is in the world; and how the same images, with very little variation, have served all the authours who have ever written"

"His thoughts in the latter part of his life were frequently employed on his deceased friends. He often muttered these, or such like sentences, 'Poor man! and then he died.'"

"Speaking of a certain literary friend, 'He is a very pompous puzzling fellow, (says the Doctor;) he lent me a letter once that somebody had written to him, no matter what it was about; but he wanted to have the letter back, and expressed a mighty value for it, he hoped it was to be met with again, he would not lose it for a thousand pounds. I layed my hand upon it soon afterwards, and

\* Prayers and Meditations, p 226.

*Cor. et Ad.*—Line 21: On "of" put the following note:—"Mr. Malone observes, 'This, however, was entirely a mistake, as appears from the Memoirs published by Mr. Noble. Had Johnson been furnished with the materials which the industry of that gentleman has procured, and with others which, it is believed, are yet preserved in manuscript, he would, without doubt, have produced a most valuable and curious history of Cromwell's life'"<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Finally, Mr. Carlyle's picturesque life of the Protector shows that there was almost "an opulence of material."

gave it him. I believe I said, I was very glad to have met with it. O then he did not know that it signified any thing. So you see, when the letter was lost it was worth a thousand pounds, and when it was found it was not worth a farthing.'"<sup>1</sup>

"The style and character of his conversation is pretty generally known; it was certainly conducted in conformity with a precept of Lord Bacon, but it is not clear, I apprehend, that this conformity was either perceived or intended by Johnson. The precept alluded to is as follows: 'In all kinds of speech, either pleasant, grave, severe, or ordinary, it is convenient to speak leisurely, and rather drawingly than hastily: because hasty speech confounds the memory, and oftentimes, besides the unseemliness, drives a man either to stammering, a non-plus, or harping on that which should follow; whereas a slow speech confirmeth the memory, addeth a conceit of wisdom to the hearers, besides a seemliness of speech and countenance.' Dr. Johnson's method of conversation was certainly calculated to excite attention, and to amuse or instruct, (as it happened,) without wearying or confusing his company. He was always most perfectly clear and conspicuous; and his language was so accurate, and his sentences so neatly constructed, that his conversation might have been all printed without any correction. At the same time, it was easy and natural; the accuracy of it had no appearance of labour, constraint, or stiffness; he seemed more correct than others by the force of habit and the customary exercises of his powerful mind."

"He spoke often in praise of French literature. 'The French are excellent in this, (he would say,) they have a book on every subject.' From what he had seen of them he denied them the praise of superiour politeness, and mentioned, with very visible disgust, the custom they have of spitting on the floors of their apartment. 'This (says the Doctor) is as gross a thing as can well be done, and one wonders how any man, or set of men, can persist in so offensive a practice for a whole day together; one should expect that the first effort toward civilization would remove it even amongst savages.'"

"Baxter's 'Reasons of the Christian Religion,' he thought contained the best collection of the evidences of the divinity of the Christian system."

"Chymistry was always an interesting pursuit with Dr. Johnson.

*Cor. et Ad.*—Line 19: For "conspicuous" read "perspicuous."

*Ibid.*—Line 31: For "says" read "said."

<sup>1</sup> This seems very like a trait of Sir John Hawkins.

Whilst he was in Wiltshire, he attended some experiments that were made by a physician at Salisbury, on the new kinds of air. In the course of the experiments frequent mention being made of Dr. Priestley, Dr. Johnson knit his brows, and in a stern manner enquired, 'Why do we hear so much of Dr. Priestley?'\* He was

\* I do not wonder at Johnson's displeasure when the name of Dr. Priestley was mentioned, for I know no writer who has been suffered to publish more pernicious doctrines. I shall instance only three. First, *Materialism*, by which *mind* is denied to human nature, which, if believed, must deprive us of every elevated principle. Secondly, *Necessity*; or the doctrine that every action, whether good or bad, is included in an unchangeable and unavoidable system; a notion utterly subversive of moral government. Thirdly, that we have no reason to think that the *future* world, (which, as he is pleased to *inform* us, will be adapted to our merely improved nature,) will be materially different from *this*, which, if believed, would sink wretched mortals into despair, as they could no longer hope for the "rest that remaineth for the people of God," or for that happiness which is revealed to us as something beyond our pre-ent conceptions; but would feel themselves doomed to a continuation of the uneasy state under which they now groan. I say nothing of the petulant intemperance with which he dares to insult the venerable establishments of his country.

*Cor et Ad.*—To the note on Dr. Priestley, add as follows—"As a specimen of his writings, I shall quote the following passage, which appears to me equally absurd and impious, and which might have been retorted upon him by the men who were prosecuted for burning his house. 'I cannot, (says he,) as a *necessarian*, [meaning *necessitarian*,] hate *any man*, because I consider him as *being*, in all respects, just what God has *made him to be*; and also as *doing with respect to me*, nothing but what he was *expressly designed and appointed to do*: GOD being the *only cause*, and men nothing more than the *instruments* in his hands to *execute all his pleasure*.'—Illustrations of Philosophical Necessity, p. 111.

"The Reverend Dr. Parr, in a late tract, appears to suppose that *Dr. Johnson not only endured, but almost solicited, an interview with Dr. Priestley*. In justice to Dr. Johnson, I declare my firm belief that he never did. My illustrious friend was particularly resolute in not giving countenance to men whose writings he considered as pernicious to society. I was present at Oxford when Dr. Price, even before he had rendered himself so generally obnoxious by his zeal for the French revolution, came into a company where Johnson was, who instantly left the room. Much more would he have reproached Dr. Priestley.

"Whoever wishes to see a perfect delineation of this *Literary Jack of all Trades*, may find it in an ingenious tract, entitled, 'A SMALL WHOLE-LENGTH OF DR. PRIESTLEY,' printed for Rivingtons in St. Paul's Church-Yard"<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This note led to a vindication of his statement by Dr. Parr, in a letter to the editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, March, 1795, the purport of which Mr. Croker strangely misapprehends, declaring that the evidence produced by Dr. Parr established the very contrary of what he had asserted. The reader shall judge:—"I beg leave to state generally," writes Mr. Bearcroft to Dr. Parr, "that, sometime in April or May last, I heard Dr. Priestley remind Mr. Paradise of the particular civility with which, according to his account, Dr. Johnson had behaved when they formerly dined together at the house of Mr. Paradise. I will, moreover, add, that having mentioned the subject to Mr. Paradise this afternoon,

though he told me that he did not clearly recollect the motive by which he had been induced to bring Dr. Johnson and Dr. Priestley together, he very well remembered Dr. Johnson's having been previously informed that Dr. Priestley would be one of the company, and his having manifested great civility to the latter. Mr. Samuel Rogers" (no doubt the poet) "heard that the interview was *not solicited* by Dr. Priestley; and that if any overture was made for that purpose, it came from Dr. Johnson. Dr. Parr was also told by Dr. Priestley that he had never sought the interview, and that he met Dr. Johnson under the idea that Dr. Johnson wished to see him." Boswell seems to deny that Johnson ever

very properly answered, 'Sir, because we are indebted to him for these important discoveries.' On this, Dr. Johnson appeared well content; and replied, 'Well, well, I believe we are; and let every man have the honour he has merited.'

"A friend was one day, about two years before his death, struck with some instance of Dr. Johnson's great candour. 'Well, Sir, (said he,) I will always say that you are a very candid man.'—'Will you, (replied the Doctor) I doubt then you will be very singular. But, indeed, Sir, (continued he,) I look upon myself to be a man very much misunderstood. I am not an uncandid, nor am I a severe man. I sometimes say more than I mean in jest, and people are apt to believe me serious: however, I am more candid than I was when I was younger. As I know more of mankind I expect less of them, and am ready now to call a man a *good man*, upon easier terms than I was formerly.'

On his return from Heale he wrote to Dr. Burney. "I came home on the 18th at noon to a very disconsolate house. You and I have lost our friends, but you have more friends at home. My domestick companion is taken from me. She is much missed, for her acquisitions were many, and her curiosity universal; so that she partook of every conversation. I am not well enough to go much out; and to sit, and eat, or fast alone, is very wearisome. I always mean to send my compliments to all the ladies."

His fortitude and patience met with severe trials during this year. The stroke of the palsy has been related circumstantially; but he was also afflicted with the gout, and was besides troubled with a complaint which not only was attended with immediate inconvenience, but threatened him with a painful chirurgical operation, from which most men would shrink. The complaint was a *sarcocele*, which Johnson bore with uncommon firmness, and was not at all frightened while he looked forward to amputation. He was attended by Mr. Pott and also Mr. Cruikshank. I have before me a letter of the 30th of July this year, to Mr. Cruikshank, in which he says, "I am going to put myself into your hands;" and another, accompanying a set of his "Lives of the Poets," in which he says, "I beg your acceptance of these volumes, as an acknowledgement of the great favours which you have bestowed on, Sir, your most obliged and most humble servant." I have in my posses-

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met Priestley, or would sit in the room with him. Dr. Parr proves that he met him with cordiality. Parr, too, does not say "solicited," but "almost solicited,"

meaning that when Johnson could have avoided meeting him, he preferred to stay.

sion several more letters from him to Mr. Cruikshank, and also to Dr. Mudge at Plymouth, which it would be improper to insert, as they are filled with unpleasing technical details. I shall, however, extract from his letters to Dr. Mudge such passages as shew either a felicity of expression, or the undaunted state of his mind.

"My conviction of your skill, and my belief of your friendship, determine me to intreat your opinion and advice."—"In this state I with great earnestness desire you to tell me what is to be done. Excision is doubtless necessary to the cure, and I know not any means of palliation. The operation is doubtless painful; but is it dangerous? The pain I hope to endure with decency; but I am loth to put life into much hazard."—"By representing the gout as an antagonist to the palsy, you have said enough to make it welcome. This is not strictly the first fit, but I hope it is as good as the first; for it is the second that ever confined me; and the first was ten years ago, much less fierce and fiery than this."—"Write, dear Sir, what you can, to inform or encourage me. The operation is not delayed by any fears or objections of mine."

Happily the complaint abated without his being put to the torture of amputation. But we must surely admire the manly resolution which he discovered while it hung over him.

To BENNET LANGTON, *Esq.*

"DEAR SIR,—You may very reasonably charge me with insensibility of your kindness, and that of Lady Rothes, since I have suffered so much time to pass without paying any acknowledgement. I now, at last, return my thanks; and why I did it not sooner I ought to tell you. I went into Wiltshire as soon as I well could, and was there much employed in palliating my own malady. Disease produces much selfishness. A man in pain is looking after ease; and lets most other things go as chance shall dispose of them. In the mean time I have lost a companion, to whom I have had recourse for domestick amusement for thirty years, and whose variety of knowledge never was exhausted; and now return to a habitation vacant and desolate. I carry about a very troublesome and dangerous complaint, which admits no cure but by the surgical knife. Let me have your prayers. I am, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"London, Sept. 29, 1783."

In his next letter to the same gentleman he writes, "The gout has within these four days come upon me with a violence which I never experienced before. It made me helpless as an infant."—And in the following, having mentioned Mrs. Williams, says,

“Whose death following that of Levett, has now made my house a solitude. She left her little substance to a charity-school. She is, I hope, where there is neither darkness, nor want, nor sorrow.”

I wrote to him, begging to know the state of his health, and mentioned that “Baxter’s Anacreon, which is in the library at Auchinleck, was, I find, collated by my father in 1727, with the M. S. belonging to the University of Leyden, and he has made a number of Notes upon it. Would you advise me to publish a new edition of it?”

His answer was dated September 30.—“You should not make your letters such rarities, when you know, or might know, the uniform state of my health. It is very long since I heard from you; and that I have not answered is a very insufficient reason for the silence of a friend.—Your Anacreon is a very uncommon book; neither London nor Cambridge can supply a copy of that edition. Whether it should be reprinted, you cannot do better than consult Lord Hailes.—Besides my constant and radical disease, I have been for these ten days much harrassed with the gout, but that has now remitted. I hope GOD will yet grant me a little longer life, and make me less unfit to appear before him.”

He this autumn received a visit from the celebrated Mrs. Siddons. He gives this account of it in one of his letters to Mrs. Thrale:—“Mrs. Siddons, in her visit to me, behaved with great modesty and propriety, and left nothing behind her to be censured or despised. Neither praise nor money, the two powerful corrupters of mankind, seem to have depraved her. I shall be glad to see her again. Her brother Kemble calls on me, and pleases me very well. Mrs. Siddons and I talked of plays; and she told me her intention of exhibiting this winter the characters of Constance, Catherine, and Isabella, in Shakspeare.”

Mr. Kemble has favoured me with the following minute of what passed at this visit. ✓

“When Mrs. Siddons came into the room, there happened to be no chair ready for her, which he observing, said with a smile, ‘Madam, you who so often occasion a want of seats to other people, will the more easily excuse the want of one yourself.’

“Having placed himself by her, he with great good humour entered upon a consideration of the English drama; and, among other enquiries, particularly asked her which of Shakspeare’s characters she was most pleased with. Upon her answering that she thought the character of Queen Catherine in Henry the Eighth the most natural. ‘I think so too, Madam, (said he;) and whenever

you perform it I will once more hobble out to the theatre myself.' Mrs. Siddons promised she would do herself the honour of acting his favourite part for him; but many circumstances happened to prevent the representation of King Henry the Eighth during the Doctor's life.

"In the course of the evening he thus gave his opinion upon the merits of some of the principal performers whom he remembered to have seen upon the stage. 'Mrs. Porter, in the vehemence of rage, and Mrs. Clive in the sprightliness of humour, I have never seen equalled. What Clive did best, she did better than Garrick; but could not do half so many things well, she was a better romp than any I ever saw in nature. Pritchard, in common life, was a vulgar idiot; she would talk of her *gown*: but, when she appeared upon the stage, seemed to be inspired by gentility and understanding. I once talked with Colley Cibber, and thought him ignorant of the principles of his art. Garrick, Madam, was no declaimer; there was not one of his own scene-shifters who could not have spoken *To be, or not to be*, better than he did; yet he was the only actor I ever saw whom I could call a master both in tragedy and comedy; though I liked him best in comedy. A true conception of character, and natural expression of it were his distinguishing excellencies.' Having expatiated, with his usual force and eloquence, on Mr Garrick's extraordinary eminence as an actor, he concluded with this compliment to his social talents: 'And after all, Madam, I thought him less to be envied on the stage than at the head of a table.'"

Johnson, indeed, had thought more upon the subject of acting than might be generally supposed. Talking of it one day to Mr. Kemble, he said, "Are you, Sir, one of those enthusiasts who believe yourself transformed into the very character you represent?" Upon Mr. Kemble's answering that he had never felt so strong a persuasion himself; "To be sure not, Sir, (said Johnson). The thing is impossible. And if Garrick really believed himself to be that monster Richard the Third, he deserved to be hanged every time he performed it."

*Cor. et Ad.*—Last line: Add, "My worthy friend, Mr. John Nichols, was present when Mr. Henderson, the actor, paid a visit to Dr. Johnson; and was received in a very courteous manner.—See 'Gentleman's Magazine,' June, 1791

I found among Dr. Johnson's papers, the following letter to him, from the celebrated Mrs. Bellamy:

"TO DR. JOHNSON.

"SIR,—The flattering remembrance of the partiality you honoured me with, some years ago, as well as the humanity you are known to possess, has encouraged me to solicit your patronage at my Benefit.



A pleasing instance of the generous attention of one of his friends has been discovered by the publication of Mrs. Thrale's collection of Letters. In a letter to one of the Miss Thrales,<sup>a</sup> he writes, "A friend, whose name I will tell when your mamma has tried to guess it, sent to my physician to enquire whether this long train of illness had brought me into difficulties for want of money, with an invitation to send to him for what occasion required. I shall write this night to thank him, having no need to borrow." And afterwards, in a letter to Mrs. Thrale, "Since you cannot guess, I will tell you, that the generous man was Gerard Hamilton. I returned him a very thankful and respectful letter."<sup>b</sup>

I applied to Mr. Hamilton, by a common friend, and he has been so obliging as to let me have Johnson's letter to him upon this occasion, to adorn my collection.

*To the Right Honourable WILLIAM GERARD HAMILTON.*

"DEAR SIR,—Your kind enquiries after my affairs, and your generous offers have been communicated to me by Dr. Brocklesby. I return thanks with great sincerity, having lived long enough to know what gratitude is due to such friendship; and entreat that my refusal may not be imputed to sullenness or pride. I am, indeed, in no want. Sickness is, by the generosity of my physicians, of little expence to me. But if any unexpected exigence should press me, you shall see, dear Sir, how cheerfully I can be obliged to so much liberality. I am, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"Nov. 19, 1783."

I find in this, as in former years, notices of his kind attention to Mrs. Gardiner, who, though in the humble station of a tallow-chandler upon Snow-hill, was a woman of excellent good sense,

"By a long Chancery suit, and a complicated train of unfortunate events, I am reduced to the greatest distress; which obliges me, once more, to request the indulgence of the publick.

"Give me leave to solicit the honour of your company, and to assure you, if you grant my request, the gratification I shall feel, from being patronized by Dr. Johnson, will be infinitely superiour to any advantage that may arise from the Benefit; as I am, with the profoundest respect, Sir,

"Your most obedient, humble servant,

"No. 10, Duke-street, St. James's,  
May 11, 1783."

"G. A. BELLAMY.

I am happy in recording these particulars, which prove that my illustrious friend lived to think much more favourably of Players than he appears to have done in the early part of his life.

<sup>a</sup> Vol. II. p. 328.

<sup>b</sup> Ibid. p. 342.

pious, and charitable. She told me, she had been introduced to him by Mrs. Masters the poetess, whose volumes he revised, and, it is said, illuminated here and there with a ray of his own genius. Mrs. Gardiner was very zealous for the support of a Welch charity-school; and Johnson this year, I find, obtained for it a sermon from the late Bishop of St Asaph, Dr. Shipley, whom he, in one of his letters to Mrs. Thrale, characterises as "knowing and conversible," and whom all who knew his Lordship, even those who differed from him in politics, remember with much respect. ✓

The Earl of Carlisle having written a tragedy entitled "THE FATHER'S REVENGE," some of his Lordship's friends applied to Mrs. Chapone, to prevail on Dr. Johnson to read and give his opinion of it, which he accordingly did, in a letter to that lady. Sir Joshua Reynolds having informed me that this letter was in Lord Carlisle's possession, though not fortunate enough to have the honour of being known to his Lordship, trusting to the general courtesy of literature, I wrote to him, requesting the favour of a copy of it, and to be permitted to insert it in my life of Dr. Johnson. His Lordship was so good as to comply with my request, and has thus enabled me to enrich my work with a very fine piece of writing, which displays at once the critical skill and politeness of my illustrious friend, and perhaps the curiosity which it will excite, may induce the noble and elegant authour to gratify the world by the publication\* of a performance, of which Dr. Johnson has spoken in such terms.

*To Mrs. CHAPONE.*

"MADAM,—By sending the tragedy to me a second time,<sup>b</sup> I think that a very honourable distinction has been shewn me, and I did not delay the perusal, of which I am now to tell the effect.

"The construction of the play is not completely regular; the stage is too often vacant, and the scenes are not sufficiently connected. This, however, would be called by Dryden only a mechanical defect; which takes away little from the power of the poem, and which is seen rather than felt.

"A rigid examiner of the diction might, perhaps, wish some words changed, and some lines more vigorously terminated. But from such petty imperfections what writer was ever free?

"The general form and force of the dialogue is of more importance. It seems to want that quickness of reciprocation which cha-

\* A few copies only of this tragedy have been printed, and given to the authour's friends.

<sup>b</sup> Dr. Johnson, having been very ill when the tragedy was first sent to him, had declined the consideration of it.

racterises the English drama, and is not always sufficiently fervid or animated.

“Of the sentiments, I remember not one that I wished omitted. In the imagery I cannot forbear to distinguish the comparison of joy succeeding grief to light rushing on the eye accustomed to darkness. It seems to have all that can be desired to make it please. It is new, just, and delightful.\*

“With the characters, either as conceived or preserved, I have no fault to find; but was much inclined to congratulate a writer who, in defiance of prejudice and fashion, made the Archbishop a good man, and scorned all thoughtless applause, which a vicious churchman would have brought him.

“The catastrophe is affecting. The Father and Daughter both culpable, both wretched, and both penitent, divide between them our pity and our sorrow.

“Thus, Madam, I have performed what I did not willingly undertake, and could not decently refuse. The noble writer will be pleased to remember, that sincere criticism ought to raise no resentment, because judgement is not under the controul of will; but involuntary criticism, as it has still less of choice, ought to be more remote from possibility of offence. I am, &c.

“SAM. JOHNSON.

“Nov. 28, 1783.”

I consulted him on two questions, of a very different nature: one, whether the unconstitutional influence exercised by the Peers of Scotland in the election of the representatives of the Commons, by means of fictitious qualifications, ought not to be resisted?—the other, What, in propriety and humanity, should be done with old horses unable to labour? I gave him some account of my life at Auchinleck; and expressed my satisfaction that the gentlemen of the county had, at two publick meetings, elected me their *Præses*, or Chairman.

To JAMES BOSWELL, *Esq.*

“DEAR SIR,—Like all other men who have great friends, you begin to feel the pangs of neglected merit, and all the comfort that I can give you is, by telling you that you have probably more pangs to feel, and more neglect to suffer. You have, indeed, begun to

\* “I could have borne my woes; that stranger Joy  
Wounds while it smiles:—The long imprison'd wretch,  
Emerging from the night of his damp cell,  
Shrinks from the sun's bright beams; and that which flings  
Gladness o'er all, to him is agony.”

complain too soon; and I hope I am the only confidant of your discontent. Your friends have not yet had leisure to gratify personal kindness; they have hitherto been busy in strengthening their ministerial interest. If a vacancy happens in Scotland, give them early intelligence, and as you can serve Government as powerfully as any of your probable competitors, you may make in some sort a warrantable claim.

“Of the exaltations and depressions of your mind you delight to talk, and I hate to hear. Drive all such fancies from you.

“On the day when I received your letter, I think, the foregoing page was written; to which, one disease or another has hindered me from making any additions. I am now a little better. But sickness and solitude press me very heavily. I could bear sickness better, if I were relieved from solitude.

“The present dreadful confusion of the publick ought to make you wrap yourself up in your hereditary possessions, which, though less than you may wish, are more than you can want; and in an hour of religious retirement return thanks to God, who has exempted you from any strong temptation to faction, treachery, plunder, and disloyalty.

“As your neighbours distinguish you by such honours as they can bestow, content yourself with your station, without neglecting your profession. Your estate and the Courts will find you full employment; and your mind well occupied will be quiet.

“The usurpation of the nobility, for they apparently usurp all the influence they gain by fraud, and misrepresentation, I think it certainly lawful, perhaps your duty to resist. What is not their own they have only by robbery.

“Your question about the horses gives me more perplexity. I know not well what advice to give you. I can only recommend a rule which you do not want—give as little pain as you can. I suppose that we have a right to their service while their strength lasts; what we can do with them afterwards I cannot so easily determine. But let us consider. Nobody denies that man has a right first to milk the cow, and to sheer the sheep, and then to kill them for his table. May he not, by parity of reason, first work a horse, and then kill him the easiest way, that he may have the means of another horse, or food for cows and sheep? Man is influenced in both cases by different motives of self-interest. He that rejects the one must reject the other.

“I am, &c.

“SAM. JOHNSON.

“London, Dec. 24, 1783.”

“A happy and pious Christmas; and many happy years to you, your lady, and children.”

The late ingenious Mr. Mickle, some time before his death, wrote me a letter concerning Dr. Johnson, in which he mentions, “I was upwards of twelve years acquainted with him, was frequently in his company, always talked with ease to him, and can truly say, that I never received from him one rough word.”

In this letter he relates his having, while engaged in translating the *Lusiad*, had a dispute of considerable length with Johnson, who, as usual declaimed upon the misery and corruption of a sea life, and used this expression:—“It had been happy for the world, Sir, if your hero Gama, Prince Henry of Portugal, and Columbus, had never been born, or that their schemes had never gone farther than their own imaginations.”—“This sentiment (says Mr. Mickle,) which is to be found in his ‘Introduction to the World displayed,’ I, in my Dissertation prefixed to the *Lusiad*, have controverted; and though authours are said to be bad judges of their own works, I am not ashamed to own to a friend, that that dissertation is my favourite above all that I ever attempted in prose. Next year, when the *Lusiad* was published, I waited on Dr. Johnson, who addressed me with one of his good-humoured smiles:—‘Well, you have remembered our dispute about Prince Henry, and have cited me too. You have done your part very well indeed; you have made the best of your argument: but I am not convinced yet.’

“Before publishing the *Lusiad*, I sent Mr. Hoole a proof of that part of the introduction, in which I make mention of Dr. Johnson, yourself, and other well-wishers to the work, begging it might be shewn to Dr. Johnson. This was accordingly done; and in place of the simple mention of him which I had made, he dictated to Mr. Hoole the sentence as it now stands.

“Dr. Johnson told me in 1772, that about twenty years before that time, he himself had a design to translate the *Lusiad*, of the merit of which he spoke highly, but had been prevented by a number of other engagements.”

Mr. Mickle reminds me in this letter of a conversation, when dining one day at Mr. Hoole’s with Dr. Johnson, when Mr. Nicol, the King’s bookseller, and I attempted to controvert the maxim, “Better that ten guilty should escape, than one innocent person suffer;” and were answered by Dr. Johnson with great power of reasoning and eloquence. I am very sorry that I have no record of that day; but I well recollect my illustrious friend’s having ably shewn, that unless civil institutions insure protection to the inno

cent, all the confidence which mankind should have in them would be lost.

I shall here mention what should properly have appeared in my account of last year, though the controversy was not closed till this. The Reverend Mr. Shaw, a native of one of the Hebrides, having entertained doubts of the authenticity of the poems ascribed to Ossian, divested himself of national bigotry; and having travelled in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, and also in Ireland, in order to furnish himself with materials for a Gaelick Dictionary, which he afterwards compiled, was so fully satisfied that Dr. Johnson was in the right upon the question, that he fairly published a pamphlet, stating his conviction, and the proofs and reasons on which it was founded. A person at Edinburgh, of the name of Clark, answered this pamphlet with much zeal, and much abuse of its authour. Johnson took Mr. Shaw under his protection, and gave him his assistance in writing a reply, which has been admired by the best judges, and by many been considered as conclusive. A few paragraphs, which sufficiently mark their great authour, shall be selected.

“My assertions are, for the most part, purely negative: I deny the existence of Fingal, because in a long and curious peregrination through the Gaelick regions I have never been able to find it. What I could not see myself I suspect to be equally invisible to others; and I suspect with the more reason, as among all those who have seen it no man can shew it.

“Mr. Clark compares the obstinacy of those who disbelieve the genuineness of Ossian to a blind man, who should dispute the reality of colours, and deny that the British troops are cloathed in red. The blind man’s doubt would be rational, if he did not know by experience, that others have a power which he himself wants: but what perspicacity has Mr. Clark which Nature has withheld from me or the rest of mankind?

“The true state of the parallel must be this. Suppose a man, with eyes like his neighbours, was told by a boasting corporal, that the troops, indeed, wore red clothes for their ordinary dress, but that every soldier had likewise a suit of black velvet, which he put on when the King reviews them. This he thinks strange, and desires to see the fine clothes, but finds nobody in forty thousand men that can produce either coat or waistcoat. One, indeed, has left them in his chest at Port Mahon; another has always heard that he ought to have velvet clothes somewhere; and a third has heard somebody say, that soldiers ought to wear velvet. Can the

enquirer be blamed if he goes away believing that a soldier's red coat is all that he has?

"But the most obdurate incredulity may be shamed or silenced by facts. To overpower contradictions, let the soldier shew his velvet coat, and the Fingalist the original of Ossian.

"The difference between us and the blind man is this:—the blind man is unconvinced, because he cannot see; and we, because though we can see, we find that nothing can be shown."

Notwithstanding the complication of disorders under which Johnson now laboured, he did not resign himself to despondency and discontent, but with wisdom and spirit endeavoured to console and amuse his mind with as many innocent enjoyments as he could procure. Sir John Hawkins has mentioned the cordiality with which he insisted that such of the members of the old club in Ivy-lane as survived should meet again and dine together, which they did, twice at a tavern, and once at his house: and in order to insure himself society in the evening for three days in the week, he instituted a Club at the Essex Head, in Essex-street, then kept by Samuel Greaves, an old servant of Mr. Thrale's.

*To Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS.*

"DEAR SIR,—It is inconvenient to me to come out, I should else have waited on you with an account of a little evening Club which we are establishing in Essex-street, in the Strand, and of which you are desired to be one. It will be held at the Essex Head, now kept by an old servant of Thrale's. The company is numerous, and, as you will see by the list, miscellaneous. The terms are lax, and the expences light. Mr. Barry was adopted by Dr. Brocklesby, who joined with me in forming the plan. We meet thrice a week, and he who misses forfeits two-pence.

"If you are willing to become a member, draw a line under your name. Return the list. We meet for the first time on Monday at eight. I am, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"Dec. 4, 1783."

It did not suit Sir Joshua to be one of this club.<sup>1</sup> But when I

<sup>1</sup> There is a rough draught of a character of Johnson by Reynolds, given in the life of the painter by Leslie and Taylor, which, as Mr. Elwin points out to me, shows why "it did not suit Sir Joshua to be of this club." "Besides the presence of Barry, who had been specially

insolent to him, Reynolds seems from the 'character' to have thought that several of the members were not fit associates. 'Any company,' he says, speaking of Johnson, 'was better than none,' by which he connected himself with many mean persons whose presence he could com-

mention only Mr. Daines Barrington, Dr. Brocklesby, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Cooke, Mr. Joddrel, Mr. Paradise, Dr. Horsley, Mr. Windham,<sup>a</sup> I shall sufficiently obviate the misrepresentation of it by Sir John Hawkins, as if it had been a low ale-house association, by which Johnson was degraded.<sup>1</sup> Johnson himself, like his name-sake Old Ben, composed the Rules of his Club.<sup>b</sup>

*Cor. et Ad*—Line 1 : After "Mr. Murphy," read "Mr. John Nichols."

<sup>a</sup> I was in Scotland when the Club was founded, and during all the winter. Johnson, however, declared I should be a member, and invented a word upon the occasion : "Boswell (said he) is a very clubable man." When I came to town I was proposed by Mr Barrington, and chosen. I believe there are few societies where there is better conversation or more decorum. Several of us resolved to continue it after our great founder was removed by death. Other members were added; and now, above six years since that loss, we go on happily.

<sup>b</sup> RULES.

"To-day deep thoughts with me resolve to drench  
In mirth, which after no repeating draws." MILTON.

"The Club shall consist of four-and-twenty.

"The meetings shall be on the Monday, Thursday, and Saturday of every week; but in the week before Easter there shall be no meeting

"Every member is at liberty to introduce a friend once a week, but not oftener.

"Two members shall oblige themselves to attend in their turn every night from eight to ten, or to procure two to attend in their room.

"Every member present at the Club shall spend at least six-pence; and every member who stays away shall forfeit three-pence

"The master of the house shall keep an account of the absent members; and deliver to the President of the night a list of the forfeits incurred.

"When any member returns after absence, he shall immediately lay down his forfeits, which if he omits to do, the President shall require

"There shall be no general reckoning, but every man shall adjust his own expenses.

"The night of indispensable attendance will come to every member once a month. Whoever shall for three months together omit to attend himself, or by substitution, nor shall make any apology in the fourth month, shall be considered as having abdicated the Club.

"When a vacancy is to be filled, the name of the candidate, and of the member recommending him, shall stand in the Club-room three nights. On the fourth he

mand. For this purpose he established a club at a little ale-house in Essex-street, composed of a strange mixture of very learned and very ingenious odd people. Of the former were Dr. Heberden, Mr. Windham, Mr. Boswell, Mr. Steevens, Mr. Paradise. Those of the latter I do not think proper to enumerate—(*Life of Reynolds*, vol. ii. p. 455). I do not suppose that the persons whose company Johnson sought were 'mean' in a bad sense of the word, and what Reynolds evidently thought a defect in his character, I take to have been a merit. He had pride of intellect, but, to his credit, he was free from the pride of station. Reynolds, though a mild and amiable man, was, perhaps, more jealous of his social

position"—(*Letter of Rev. W. Elwin*) It may be said, too, that this rather vindicates Hawkins' description, which Boswell found fault with, Sir Joshua using nearly the same words, "a little ale-house."

<sup>1</sup> The following is Hawkins's malevolent account of this club. It is evident that his own exclusion, which was no doubt insisted on by the members, had prejudiced him. "I was not made privy to this his intention, but, all circumstances considered, it was no matter of surprise to me when I heard, as I did from a friend of mine, that the great Dr. Johnson had, in the month of December, 1783, formed a six-penny club, at an ale-house in Essex-street, and that, though some of the members thereof were per-



In the end of this year he was seized with a spasmodick asthma of such violence, that he was confined to the house in great pain, being sometimes obliged to sit all night in his chair, a recumbent posture being so hurtful to his respiration, that he could not endure lying in bed; and there came upon him at the same time that oppressive and fatal disease, a dropsy. It was a very severe winter, which probably aggravated his complaints; and the solitude in which Mr. Levett and Mrs. Williams had left him, rendered his life very gloomy. Mrs. Desmoulins, who still lived, was herself so very ill that she could contribute very little to his relief. He, however, had none of that unsocial shyness which we commonly see in people afflicted with sickness. He did not hide his head in abstraction; he did not deny himself to the visits of his friends and acquaintances; but at all times, when he was not overcome by sleep, was ready for conversation as in his best days.

may be chosen by ballot; six members, at least being, present, and two-thirds of the ballot being in his favour; or the majority, should the numbers not be divisible by three.

“The master of the house shall give notice, six days before, to each of those members whose turn of necessary attendance is come.

“The notice may be in these words:—‘Sir, On—— the —— of ——, will be your turn of presiding at the Essex Head. Your company is therefore earnestly requested.’

“One penny shall be left by each member for the waiter.”

Johnson’s definition of a club in this sense in his Dictionary is, “An assembly of good fellows, meeting under certain conditions.”

sons of note, strangers, under restrictions, for three pence each night, might, three nights in a week, hear him talk, and partake of his conversation. I soon afterwards learned from the doctor the nature of, as also the motives to this institution, which, as to him, was novel, in this respect, that, as the presidency passed in rotation, he was oftener excluded from, than entitled to enjoy, that pre-eminence which, at all times, and in all convivial assemblies, was considered as his right.

“The more intimate of Johnson’s friends looked on this establishment, both as a sorry expedient to kill time, and a degradation of those powers which had administered delight to circles, composed of persons, of both sexes, distinguished as well by their rank, as by their talents for polite conversation. It was a mortification to them, to associate in idea the clink of the tankard, with moral disquisition and literary investigation.”

Johnson had, only a month before, tried to restore the old Ivy-lane club. Hawkins gives a dismal description of the failure:—“‘What a man am I!’

said he to me, in the month of November following, ‘who have got the better of three diseases, the palsy, the gout, and the asthma, and can now enjoy the conversation of my friends, without the interruptions of weakness or pain!’—To these flattering testimonies I must add, that in this seeming spring-tide of his health and spirits, he wrote me the following note:

“‘DEAR SIR,—As Mr. Ryland was talking with me of old friends, and past times, we warmed ourselves into a wish, that all who remained of the club should meet and dine at the house which once was Hoiseman’s in Ivy-lane. I have undertaken to solicit you, and therefore desire you to tell on what day next week you can conveniently meet your old friends

“‘I am, Sir,

“‘Your most humble servant,

“‘SAM JOHNSON.

“‘Bolt-court, Nov. 22, 1783.’

“‘Our intended meeting was prevented

*To Mrs. LUCY PORTER, in Lichfield*

“DEAR MADAM,—You may perhaps think me negligent that I have not written to you again upon the loss of your brother; but condolences and consolations are such common and such useless things, that the omission of them is no great crime; and my own diseases occupy my mind, and engage my care. My nights are miserably restless, and my days, therefore, are heavy. I try, however, to hold up my head as high as I can.

“I am sorry that your health is impaired; perhaps the spring and the summer may, in some degree, restore it; but if not, we must submit to the inconveniencies of time, as to the other dispensations of Eternal Goodness. Pray for me, and write to me, or let Mr Pearson write for you. I am, &c.

“SAM. JOHNSON.

“London, Nov. 29, 1783.”

And now I am arrived at the last year of the life of SAMUEL JOHNSON, an year in which, although passed in severe indisposition, he nevertheless gave many evidences of the continuance of those wondrous powers of mind, which raised him so high in the intellectual world. His conversation and his letters of this year were in no respect inferiour to those of former years.

The following is a remarkable proof of his being alive to the most minute curiosities of literature.

*To Mr. DILLY, Bookseller in the Poultry.*

“SIR,—There is in the world a set of books, which used to be sold by the booksellers on the bridge, and which I must entreat you

by a circumstance, which the following note will explain :

“‘DEAR SIR,—In perambulating Ivy lane, Mr. Ryland found neither our landlord Horseman, nor his successor. The old house is shut up, and he liked not the appearance of any near it: he, therefore bespoke our dinner at the Queen’s Arms, in St. Paul’s church yard, where, at half an hour after three, your company will be desired to-day, by those who remain of our former society.

“Your humble servant,

“‘Dec. 3.’ “SAM. JOHNSON.

“With this invitation I cheerfully complied, and met, at the time and place appointed, all who could be mustered of our society, namely, Johnson, Mr. Ryland, and Mr. Payne of the bank. When we were collected, the thought that we were so few, occasioned some melancholy

reflections, and I could but compare our meeting, at such an advanced period of life as it was to us all, to that of the four old men in the ‘Senile Colloquium’ of Erasmus. We dined, and in the evening regaled with coffee. At ten, we broke up, much to the regret of Johnson, who proposed staying; but finding us inclined to separate, he left us with a sigh that seemed to come from his heart, lamenting that he was retiring to solitude and cheerless meditation.

“Johnson had proposed a meeting, like this, once a month, and we had one more; but, the time approaching for a third, he began to feel a return of some of his complaints, and signified a wish, that we would dine with him at his own house, and, accordingly, we met there, and were very cheerfully entertained by him.”

to procure me. They are called, *Burton's Books*; the title of one is, *Admirable Curiosities, Rarities, and Wonders in England*. I believe there are about five or six of them; they seem very proper to allure backward readers; be so kind as to get them for me, and send me them with the best printed edition of 'Baxter's Call to the Unconverted.' I am, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"Jan. 6, 1784"

His attention to the Essex Head Club appears from the following letter to Mr. Alderman Clark, a gentleman for whom he deservedly entertained a great regard.

To RICHARD CLARK, *Esq.*

"DEAR SIR,—You will receive a requisition, according to the rules of the Club, to be at the house as President of the night. This turn comes once a month, and the member is obliged to attend, or send another in his place. You were enrolled in the Club by my invitation, and I ought to introduce you; but as I am hindered by sickness, Mr. Hoole will very properly supply my place as introducer, or yours as President. I hope in milder weather to be a very constant attendant. I am, Sir, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"Jan. 27, 1784."

"You ought to be informed, that the forfeits began with the year, and that every night of non-attendance incurs the mulct of three-pence, that is, nine-pence a week."

On the 8th of January I wrote to him, anxiously enquiring as to his health, and enclosing my "Letter to the People of Scotland, on the present State of the Nation."—"I trust (said I) that you will be liberal enough to make allowance for my differing from you on two points,<sup>1</sup> [the Middlesex Election and the American War] when my

*Cor. et Ad.*—After letter to Mr. Dilly, read—

"TO MR. PERKINS.

"DEAR SIR,—I was very sorry not to see you, when you were so kind as to call on me; but to disappoint friends, and if they are not very good-natured, to disoblige them, is one of the evils of sickness. If you will please to let me know which of the afternoons in this week I shall be favoured with another visit by you and Mrs. Perkins, and the young people, I will take all the measures that I can to be pretty well at that time. I am, dear Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"Jan. 21, 1784."

"SAM. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> "When pleading at the bar of the House of Commons in a question concerning taxation, I avowed that opinion,

declaring that the man in the world for whom I have the highest respect had not been able to convince me that *taxation*

general principles of government are according to your own heart, and when, at a crisis of doubtful event I stand forth with honest zeal as an ancient and faithful Baron. My reason for introducing those two points was, that as my opinions with regard to them had been declared at the periods when they were least favourable, I might have the credit of a man who is not a worshipper of ministerial power."

To JAMES BOSWELL, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,—I hear of many inquiries which your kindness has disposed you to make after me. I have long intended you a long letter, which perhaps the imagination of its length hindered me from beginning. I will, therefore, content myself with a shorter.

"Having promoted the institution of a new Club in the neighbourhood, at the house of an old servant of Thrale's, I went thither to meet the company, and was seized with a spasmodick asthma so violent, that with difficulty I got to my own house, in which I have been confined eight or nine weeks, and from which I know not when I shall be able to go even to church. The asthma, however, is not the worst. A dropsy gains ground upon me; my legs and thighs are very much swollen with water, which I should be content if I could keep there, but I am afraid that it will soon be higher. My nights are very sleepless and very tedious. And yet I am extremely afraid of dying.<sup>1</sup>

"My physicians try to make me hope, that much of my malady is the effect of cold, and that some degree at least of recovery is to be expected from vernal breezes and summer suns. If my life is prolonged to autumn, I should be glad to try a warmer climate; though how to travel with a diseased body, without a companion to conduct me, and with very little money, I do not well see. Ramsay has recovered his limbs in Italy; and Fielding was sent to Lisbon, where, indeed, he died; but he was, I believe, past hope when he went. Think for me what I can do.

"I received your pamphlet, and when I write again may perhaps tell you some opinion about it; but you will forgive a man struggling with disease his neglect of disputes, politicks, and pamphlets. Let me have your prayers. My compliments to your lady, and young

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was no tyranny. My principles being of a Tory cast—that is to say, those of a steady Royalist—it grieved me to the heart that our most gracious sovereign should be advised by evil counsellors to assent to severe measures against an im-

mense body of his subjects."—*Letter to the People of Scotland.*

<sup>1</sup> At this time, according to Hawkins, he was solemnly preparing himself for death, making his will, &c.

ones. Ask your physicians about my case; and desire Sir Alexander Dick to write me his opinion.

“I am, dear Sir, &c.

“SAM. JOHNSON.

“Feb. 11, 1784.”

To Mrs. LUCY PORTER, *in Lichfield.*

“MY DEAREST LOVE,—I have been extremely ill of an asthma and dropsy, but received, by the mercy of GOD, sudden and unexpected relief last Thursday, by the discharge of twenty pints of water. Whether I shall continue free, or shall fill again, cannot be told. Pray for me.

“Death, my dear, is very dreadful; let us think nothing worth our care but how to prepare for it:¹ what we know amiss in ourselves let us make haste to amend, and put our trust in the mercy of GOD, and the intercession of our SAVIOUR. I am, dear Madam,

“Your most humble servant,

“SAM. JOHNSON.

“Feb. 23, 1784.”

To JAMES BOSWELL, *Esq.*

“DEAR SIR,—I have just advanced so far towards recovery as to read a pamphlet; and you may reasonably suppose that the first pamphlet which I read was yours. I am very much of your opinion,

¹ Johnson was now thinking of “setting his house in order,” and provided for a poor creature that was dependent on him. There is something inexpressibly touching in the letters which he wrote on this business, and which only recently came to light in the pages of *Notes and Queries*:—

“MADAM” (he wrote to Mrs. Rogers, a clergyman’s wife),—“A very dangerous and enervating distemper admonishes me to make my will. One of my cares is for poor Phebe Herne, to whom your worthy mother left so kind a legacy. When I am gone, who shall pay the cost of her maintenance? I have not much to leave, but if you, Madam, will be pleased to undertake it, I can leave you an hundred pounds. But I am afraid that is hardly an equivalent, for my part has annually amounted to twelve pounds or more. The payment to the house is twelve shillings a week, and some cloaths must be had, however few or coarse. Be pleased, Madam, to let me know your resolution

on my proposal, and write soon, for the time may be very short.”

The lady agreed to comply with his wishes in a charming letter:—

“SIR,—I received your letter yesterday with the most sincere concern. I hope it will please GOD yet to prolong a life so valuable to the publick, as well as to your private friends. In the meantime your kind and generous desire to provide for those that must experience such a loss ought, I am sure, to be complied with, and Mr. Rogers desires me to inform you that he will accept of the hundred pounds, and will, so far, be answerable for Mrs. Herne’s maintenance: as to secure her an annuity of 23*l.*, instead of that we now pay her, which will make a certain provision for her in case of accident to us.”

On the faith of this arrangement he left 100*l.* for the care of the girl. Sir J. Hawkins supplies the sequel.

and, like you, feel great indignation at the indecency with which the King is every day treated. Your paper contains very considerable knowledge of the history and of the constitution, very properly produced and applied. It will certainly raise your character,\* though perhaps it may not make you a Minister of State.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I desire you to see Mrs. Stewart once again, and tell her, that in the letter-case was a letter relating to me, for which I will give her, if she is willing to give it me, another guinea. The letter is of consequence only to me. I am, dear Sir, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"London, Feb. 27, 1784."

In consequence of Johnson's request that I should ask our physicians about his case, and desire Sir Alexander Dick to send his opinion, I transmitted him a letter from that very amiable Baronet, then in his eighty-first year, with his faculties as entire as ever; and mentioned his expressions to me in the note accompanying it: "With my most affectionate wishes for Dr. Johnson's recovery, in which his friends, his country, and all mankind have so deep a stake:" and at the same time a full opinion upon his case by Dr. Gillespie, who, like Dr. Cullen, had the advantage of having passed

\* I sent it to Mr. Pitt, with a letter, in which I thus expressed myself: "My principles may appear to you too monarchical; but I know and am persuaded, they are not inconsistent with the true principles of liberty. Be this as it may, you, Sir, are now the Prime Minister, called by the Sovereign to maintain the rights of the Crown, as well as those of the people, against a violent faction. As such, you are entitled to the warmest support of every good subject in every department." He answered, "I am extremely obliged to you for the sentiments you do me the honour to express, and have observed with great pleasure the *zealous and able support* given to the CAUSE OF THE PUBLICK in the work you were so good to transmit to me."<sup>1</sup>

*Cor. et Ad.*—Line 3: *Dele* "the" before "history"

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Boswell's political advocacy is amusingly coloured by devotion to men of the most opposite parties. Thus in his recently published pamphlet on the India Bill: "I have mentioned former circumstances, perhaps, of too much egotism to show that I am no time server; and at this moment friends to whom I am attached by affection, gratitude and interest, are zealous for the measure which I deem so alarming. Let me add that a dismissal of the Portland administration will probably disappoint an object which I have more ardently at heart." Yet a few years later Mr Pitt was found to be "an insolent fellow. The excellent Langton says, it is disgraceful, it is utterly in Pitt, not to reward and attach to

his administration a man of my popular and pleasing talents, whose merits he has acknowledged in a letter under his own hand. He did not answer several letters which I wrote at intervals, requesting to wait upon him. I lately wrote to him, that such behaviour to me was certainly not generous." He wrote again to say, that if he did not hear in ten days he should consider that the minister was resolved "to have no further communication with him." "*About two months have elapsed and he has made no sign.*"—*Letter to Temple.*

Yet the same year, 1789, he was singing the "Grocer of London," at the London J  
of cou

through the gradations of surgery and pharmacy, and by study and practice had attained to such skill, that my father settled on him two hundred pounds a year for five years, and fifty pounds a year during his life, as an *honorarium* to secure his particular attendance. The opinion was conveyed in a letter to me beginning, "I am sincerely sorry for the bad state of health your very learned and illustrious friend, Dr. Johnson, labours under at present."

To JAMES BOSWELL, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,—Presently after I had sent away my last letter, I received your kind medical packet. I am very much obliged both to you and your physicians for your kind attention to my disease. Dr. Gillespie has sent an excellent *consilium medicum*, all solid practical experimental knowledge. I am at present, in the opinion of my physicians (Dr. Heberden and Dr. Brocklesby) as well as my own, going on very hopefully. I have just begun to take vinegar of squills. The powder hurt my stomach so much, that it could not be continued.

"Return Sir Alexander Dick my sincere thanks for his kind letter; and bring with you the rhubarb\* which he so tenderly offers me.

"I hope dear Mrs. Boswell is now quite well, and that no evil, either real or imaginary, now disturbs you. I am, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"London, March 2, 1784."

I also applied to three of the eminent physicians who had chairs in our celebrated school of medicine at Edinburgh, Doctors Cullen, Hope, and Monro, to each of whom I sent the following letter:

"DEAR SIR,—Dr. Johnson has been very ill for some time; and in a letter of anxious apprehension he writes to me, 'Ask your physicians about my case.'

"This, you see, is not authority for a regular consultation: but I have no doubt of your readiness to give your advice to a man so eminent, and who, in his *Life of Garth*, has paid your profession a just and elegant compliment: 'I believe every man has found in physicians great liberality and dignity of sentiment, very prompt effusions of beneficence, and willingness to exert a lucrative and where there is no hope of lucre.'

"Dr. Johnson is aged seventy-four. Last summer he had a stroke

\* From his garden at Prestonfield, where he cultivated that plant with such success, that he was presented with a gold medal by the Society of London for the Encouragement of Arts and Sciences.

Cor. et Ad.—Last line of note: For "and Sciences" read "Manufactures and Commerce."

of the palsy, from which he recovered almost entirely. He had, before that, been troubled with a catarrhus cough. This winter he was seized with a spasmodick asthma, by which he has been confined to his house for about three months. Dr. Brocklesby writes to me, that upon the least admission of cold, there is such a constriction upon his breast, that he cannot lye down in his bed, but is obliged to sit up all night, and gets rest, and sometimes sleep, only by means of laudanum and syrup of poppies; and that there are œdematous tumours on his legs and thighs. Dr. Brocklesby trusts a good deal to the return of mild weather. Dr. Johnson says, that a dropsy gains ground upon him; and he seems to think that a warmer climate would do him good. I understand he is now rather better, and is using vinegar of squills. I am, with great esteem, dear Sir,

“Your most obedient humble servant,

“JAMES BOSWELL.

“March 7, 1784.”

All of them paid the most polite attention to my letter, and its venerable object. Dr. Cullen's words concerning him were, “It would give me the greatest pleasure to be of any service to a man whom the publick properly esteem, and whom I esteem and respect as much as I do Dr. Johnson.” Dr. Hope's, “Few people have a better claim on me than your friend, as hardly a day passes that I do not ask his opinion about this or that word” Dr. Monro's, “I most sincerely join you in sympathizing with that very worthy and ingenious character, from whom his country has derived much instruction and entertainment.”

Dr. Hope corresponded with his friend Dr. Brocklesby. Doctors Cullen and Monro wrote their opinions and prescriptions to me, which I afterwards carried with me to London, and, so far as they were encouraging, communicated to Johnson. The liberality on one hand, and grateful sense of it on the other, I have great satisfaction in recording.

To JAMES BOSWELL, *Esq.*

“DEAR SIR,—I am too much pleased with the attention which you and your dear lady\* show to my welfare, not to be diligent in letting you know the progress which I make towards health. The dropsy, by GOD's blessing, has now run almost totally away by natural evacuation; and the asthma, if not irritated by cold, gives me little trouble. While I am writing this, I have not any sensa-

\* Who had written him a very kind letter.



tion of debility or disease. But I do not yet venture out, having been confined to the house from the thirteenth of December, now a quarter of a year.

"When it will be fit for me to travel as far as Auchinleck, I am not able to guess; but such a letter as Mrs. Boswell's might draw any man, not wholly motionless, a great way. Pray tell the dear lady how much her civility and kindness have touched and gratified me.

"Our parliamentary tumults have now begun to subside, and the King's authority is in some measure re-established. Mr. Pitt will have great power; but you must remember, that what he has to give must, at least for some time, be given to those who gave, and those who preserve his power. A new minister can sacrifice little to esteem or friendship; he must, till he is settled, think only of extending his interest.

\* \* \* \* \*

"If you come hither through Edinburgh, send for Mrs. Stewart, and give from me another guinea for the letter in the old case, to which I shall not be satisfied with my claim, till she gives it me.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Here Mr. Croker has discovered what may be called "a mare's nest" connected with this little commission. He fancied that Johnson was anxious to get into his possession some compromising piece of evidence relating to some early fraud, though, he strangely adds, "the contradictions and mystery of the case incline me to suspect that Johnson may have taken some personal share in the disaffected movements of that period (1745)!" This theory is solemnly worked out; but the misapprehension upon which it is founded is so extraordinary, that it is worth while giving the whole passage:—

"In 1779, he (Boswell) states that he had, as desired by Johnson, 'discovered the sister of Stuart, and given her a guinea for an old pocket-book of her brother's which Dr Johnson had retained.' But this must have been a total mistake on the part of Boswell; for it appears that the sister had the pocket-book or letter-case in her own possession, and that it was for obtaining it that Johnson offered the guinea. This matter was probably explained in some letters not given; for in April, 1780 (p 643), Johnson expresses 'satisfaction at the success of Boswell's transaction with Mrs. Stuart,' by which it may be inferred that Boswell had obtained the

letter-case from her, but the negotiation was not terminated; for four years after, in 1784 (p. 748), Johnson writes to Boswell, '*I desire you to see Mrs. Stuart once again, and say that in the letter-case was a letter relating to me for which I will give her, if she is willing to give it to me, another guinea; the letter is of consequence only to me.*' (p 750.) The reader now sees that the retention by Johnson of Stewart's old pocket-book, and the scrupulous honesty of paying a guinea in lieu of it, was a total misapprehension on the part of Boswell, and that Johnson really wanted to obtain the pocket-book, which he seems to have gotten, for the sake of a letter it contained which he seems not to have gotten. But what letter could this be of consequence to Dr. Johnson, when on the verge of the grave, yet so long neglected by him; for Stewart had been dead many years? Boswell's original error and his subsequent silence on the subject are very strange."

There is yet a third passage above, "Send for Mrs. Stewart, and give, from me, another guinea for the letter in the old case, to which I shall not be satisfied with my claim till she gives it to me." It is almost absurd dwelling on such a trifle, but the meaning is plain. The whole is merely evidence of John-

“ Please to bring with you Baxter’s Anacreon ; and if you procure heads of Hector Boece, the historian, and Arthur Johnston, the poet, I will put them in my room, or any other of the fathers of Scottish literature.

“ I wish you an easy and happy journey, and hope I need not tell you that you will be welcome to, dear Sir, your most affectionate humble servant,

“ SAM. JOHNSON

“ London, March 18, 1784.”

I wrote to him, March 28, from York, informing him that I had a high gratification in the triumph of monarchical principles over aristocratical influence, in that great county, in an address to the King ; that I was thus far on my way to him, but that news of the dissolution of Parliament having arrived, I was to hasten back to my own county, where I had carried an address to his Majesty by a great majority,<sup>1</sup> and had some intention of being a candidate to represent the county in Parliament.

To JAMES BOSWELL, *Esq.*

“ DEAR SIR,—You could do nothing so proper as to haste back when you found the Parliament dissolved. With the influence which your address must have gained you, it may reasonably be expected that your presence will be of importance, and your activity of effect.

“ Your solicitude for me gives me that pleasure which every man feels from the kindness of such a friend ; and it is with delight I relieve it by telling, that Dr. Brocklesby’s account is true, and that I am, by the blessing of God, wonderfully relieved.

“ You are entering upon a transaction which requires much pru-

son’s tender scrupulousness. The letter-case of his old assistant he *had* retained, and paid for. Later, he found a letter relating to himself in the pocket, for which, “ if she is willing to give to me,” *i. e.*, to allow him to keep, he will pay another guinea. He renews this offer (p. 58) “ for the letter in the old case, to which I shall not be satisfied with my claim till she gives it to me,” *i. e.*, allows him to retain it. <sup>3</sup> Mr. Croker was deluded by the ambiguity of these words, “ gives it to me,” into supposing that pocket-book and letter had never left the woman’s hands, that Mr. Boswell was “ under a total misapprehension,” and that only some terrible mystery in Johnson’s life could make the matter consistent.

<sup>1</sup> In the year after Johnson’s death the indefatigable Mr. Boswell got up an address from his tenants, which he presented in person. “ At the Court at St James’s, June 24, the following address was presented to the King by James Boswell, Esq., being introduced by the Lord-in-Waiting. It was most graciously received, and Mr. Boswell had afterwards the honour to kiss his majesty’s hand :—

“ *The humble address of the tenants and others residing upon the estate of James Boswell, Esq., of Auchinleck, Ayrshire.*”

“ Signed by 289 men all fit to bear arms in defence of their king and country.”

dence. You must endeavour to oppose without exasperating; to practise temporary hostility, without producing enemies for life. This is, perhaps, hard to be done; yet it has been done by many, and seems most likely to be effected by opposing merely upon general principles, without descending to personal or particular censures or objections. One thing I must enjoin you, which is seldom observed in the conduct of elections;—I must entreat you to be scrupulous in the use of strong liquors. One night's drunkenness may defeat the labours of forty days well employed. Be firm, but not clamorous; be active, but not malicious; and you may form such an interest, as may not only exalt yourself, but dignify your family.

"We are, as you may suppose, all busy here. Mr. Fox resolutely stands for Westminster, and his friends say will carry the election. However that be, he will certainly have a seat. Mr. Hoole has just told me, that the city leans towards the King.

"Let me hear, from time to time, how you are employed,<sup>1</sup> and what progress you make.

"Make dear Mrs. Boswell, and all the young Boswells, the sincere compliments of, Sir, your affectionate humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"London, March 30, 1784."

To Mr. Langton he wrote with that cordiality which was suitable to the long friendship which had subsisted between him and that gentleman.

March 27. "Since you left me, I have continued in my own opinion, and in Dr. Brocklesby's, to grow better with respect to all my formidable and dangerous distempers; though to a body battered and shaken as mine has lately been, it is to be feared that weak attacks may be sometimes mischievous. I have, indeed, by standing carelessly at an open window, got a very troublesome cough, which it has been necessary to appease by opium, in larger quantities than I like to take, and I have not found it give way so readily as I expected; its obstinacy, however, seems at last disposed to submit to the remedy, and I know not whether I should then have

<sup>1</sup> How Mr. Boswell was employed will be seen from what follows.—"I intend," he wrote to Percy, March 8, 1784. "to be in London about the end of this month, chiefly to attend upon Dr. Johnson with respectful attention. . . . I wish to publish, as a regale to him, a neat little volume, 'The Praises of Dr. Johnson by contemporary Writers.' It will be

about the size of Selden's 'Table Talk,' of which your Lordship made me a present, with an inscription on the blank leaf in front, which does me honour. It is placed in the library at Auchinleck. Will your Lordship take the trouble to send me a note of the writers you recollect have praised our much respected friend?"

a right to complain of any morbid sensation. My asthma is, I am afraid, constitutional and incurable; but it is only occasional, and unless it be excited by labour or by cold, gives me no molestation, nor does it lay very close siege to life; for Sir John Floyer, whom the physical race consider as authour of one of the best books upon it, panted on to ninety, as was supposed; and why were we content with supposing a fact so interesting, of a man so conspicuous, because he corrupted, at perhaps seventy or eighty, the register, that he might pass for younger than he was? He was not much less than eighty, when to a man of rank who modestly asked him his age, he answered, 'Go look;' though he was in general a man of civility and elegance.

"The ladies, I find, are at your house all well, except Miss Langton, who will probably soon recover her health by light suppers. Let her eat at dinner as she will, but not take a full stomach to bed. Pay my sincere respects to the two principal ladies in your house; and when you write to dear Miss Langton in Lincolnshire, let her know that I mean not to break our league of friendship, and that I have a set of Lives for her, when I have the means of sending it."

April 8. "I am still disturbed by my cough; but what thanks have I not to pay, when my cough is the most painful sensation that I feel? and from that I expect hardly to be released, while winter continues to gripe us with so much pertinacity. The year has now advanced eighteen days beyond the equinox, and still there is very little remission of the cold. When warm weather comes, which surely must come at last, I hope it will help both me and your young lady.

"The man so busy about addresses is neither more nor less than our own Boswell, who had come as far as York towards London, but turned back on the dissolution, and is said now to stand for some place. Whether to wish him success, his best friends hesitate.

"Let me have your prayers for the completion of my recovery; I am now better than I ever expected to have been. May God add to his mercies the grace that may enable me to use them according to his will. My compliments to all."

April 13. "I had this evening a note from Lord Portmore,\*

\* To which Johnson returned this answer:

*To the Right Honourable Earl of PORTMORE.*

"DR. JOHNSON acknowledges with great respect the honour of Lord Portmore's notice. He is better than he was; and will, as his Lordship directs, write to Mr. Langton.

"Bolt-court, Fleet-street, Apr. 13, 1784."

desiring that I would give you an account of my health. You might have had it with less circumduction. I am, by GOD's blessing, I believe, free from all morbid sensations, except a cough which is only troublesome. But I am still weak, and can have no great hope of strength till the weather shall be softer. The summer, if it be kindly, will, I hope, enable me to support the winter. GOD, who has so wonderfully restored me, can preserve me in all seasons.

"Let me enquire in my turn after the state of your family, great and little. I hope Lady Rothes and Miss Langton are both well. That is a good basis of content. Then how goes George on with his studies? How does Miss Mary? And how does my own Jenny? I think I owe Jenny a letter, which I will take care to pay. In the mean time tell her that I acknowledge the debt.

"Be pleased to make my compliments to the ladies. If Mrs. Langton comes to London, she will favour me with a visit, for I am not well enough to go out."

*To OZIAS HUMPHREY, Esq.*

"SIR,—Mr. Hoole has told me with what benevolence you listened to a request which I was almost afraid to make, of leave to a young painter,<sup>b</sup> to attend you from time to time in your painting-room, to see your operations, and receive your instructions.

"The young man has perhaps good parts, but has been without a regular education. He is my god-son, and therefore I interest myself in his progress and success, and shall think myself much favoured if I receive from you a permission to send him.

"My health is, by GOD's blessing, much restored, but I am not yet allowed by my physicians to go abroad; nor, indeed, do I think myself yet able to endure the weather. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"April 5, 1784."

<sup>a</sup> The eminent painter, representative of the ancient family of Homfrey (now spelled Humphrey) in the west of England; who, as appears from their arms which they have invariably used, have been (as I have seen authenticated by the best authority) one of those among the Knights and Esquires of honour who are represented by Holingshead as having issued from the Tower of London on couriers apparelled like the justes, accompanied by ladies of honour, leading every one a Knight, with a chain of gold, passing through the streets of London into Smithfield, on Sunday; three o'clock in the afternoon, being the first Sunday after Michaelmas, in the fourteenth year of King Richard the Second. This family once enjoyed large possessions, but, like others, have lost them in the progress of ages. Their blood, however, remains to them well ascertained; and they may hope, in the revolution of events to recover that rank in society for which, in modern times, fortune seems to be an indispensable requisite.

<sup>b</sup> Son of Mr. Samuel Paterson, eminent for his knowledge of books.

*To the same.*

“Sir,—The bearer is my god-son, whom I take the liberty of recommending to your kindness; which I hope he will deserve by his respect to your excellence, and his gratitude for your favours. I am, Sir,

“Your most humble servant,

“SAM. JOHNSON.

“April 10, 1784.”

*To the same.*

“Sir,—I am very much obliged by your civilities to my god-son, but must beg of you to add to them the favour of permitting him to see you paint, that he may know how a picture is begun, advanced, and completed.

“If he may attend you in a few of your operations, I hope he will shew that the benefit has been properly conferred, both by his proficiency and his gratitude. At least I shall consider you as enlarging your kindness to, Sir,

“Your humble servant,

“SAM. JOHNSON.

“May 31, 1784.”

*To the Reverend Dr. TAYLOR, Ashbourne, Derbyshire.*

“DEAR SIR,—What can be the reason that I hear nothing from you? I hope nothing disables you from writing. What I have seen, and what I have felt, gives me reason to fear every thing. Do not omit giving me the comfort of knowing, that after all my losses I have yet a friend left.

“I want every comfort. My life is very solitary and very cheerless. Though it has pleased GOD wonderfully to deliver me from the dropsy, I am yet very weak, and have not passed the door since the 13th of December. I hope for some help from warm weather, which will surely come in time.

“I could not have the consent of the physicians to go to church yesterday; I therefore received the holy Sacrament at home, in the room where I communicated with dear Mrs. Williams, a little before her death. O! my friend, the approach of death is very dreadful. I am afraid to think on that which I know I cannot avoid. It is vain to look round and round for that help which cannot be had. Yet we hope and hope, and fancy that he who has lived to-day may live to-morrow. But let us learn to derive our hope only from GOD.

“In the mean time, let us be kind to one another. I have no

friend now living, but you and Mr. Hector, that was the friend of my youth. Do not neglect, dear Sir, yours affectionately,

“SAM. JOHNSON.

“London, Easter-Monday,  
“April 12, 1784.”

What follows is a beautiful specimen of his gentleness and complacency to a young lady his god-child, one of the daughters of his friend Mr. Langton, then I think in her seventh year. He took the trouble to write it in a large round hand, nearly resembling printed characters, that she might have the satisfaction of reading it herself. The original lies before me, but shall be faithfully restored to her; and I dare say will be preserved by her as a jewel as long as she lives.<sup>1</sup>

*To Miss JANE LANGTON, in Rochester, Kent.*

“MY DEAREST MISS JENNY,—I am sorry that your pretty letter has been so long without being answered; but, when I am not pretty well, I do not always write plain enough for young ladies. I am glad, my dear, to see that you write so well, and hope that you mind your pen, your book, and your needle, for they are all necessary. Your books will give you knowledge, and make you respected; and your needle will find you useful employment when you do not care to read. When you are a little older, I hope you will be very diligent in learning arithmetick; and, above all, that through your whole life you will carefully say your prayers, and read your bible. I am, my dear,

“Your most humble servant,

“SAM. JOHNSON.

“May 10, 1784.”

On Wednesday, May 5, I arrived in London, and next morning had the pleasure to find Dr. Johnson greatly recovered. I but just saw him; for a coach was waiting to carry him to Islington, to the house of his friend the Reverend Mr. Strahan, where he went sometimes for the benefit of good air, which, notwithstanding his having formerly laughed at the general opinion upon the subject, he now acknowledged was conducive to health.

One morning afterwards, when I found him alone, he communicated to me, with solemn earnestness, a very remarkable circumstance which had happened in the course of his illness, when he was much distressed by the dropsy. He had shut himself up, and

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<sup>1</sup> It is interesting to know that some sixty years later, Mr. Croker was shown this letter, framed and glazed, by the person to whom it was addressed.

employed a day in particular exercises of religion,—fasting, humiliation, and prayer. On a sudden he obtained extraordinary relief, for which he looked up to heaven with grateful devotion. He made no direct inference from this fact; but from his manner of telling it, I could perceive that it appeared to him as something more than an incident in the common course of events. For my own part, I have no difficulty to avow that cast of thinking, which by many modern pretenders to wisdom, is called *superstitious*. But here I think even men of pretty dry rationality may believe, that there was an intermediate interposition of divine Providence, and that “the fervent prayer of this righteous man” availed.<sup>a</sup>

On Sunday, May 9, I found Colonel Vallancy, the celebrated antiquarian and engineer of Ireland, with him. On Monday the 10th, I dined with him at Mr. Paradise’s, where was a large company; Mr. Bryant, Mr. Joddrel, Mr. Hawkins Browne, &c. On Thursday the 13th I dined with him at Mr. Joddrel’s, with another large company; the Bishop of Exeter, Lord Monboddo,<sup>b</sup> Mr. Murphy, &c.

On Saturday, May 15, I dined with him at Dr. Brocklesby’s where were Colonel Vallancy, Mr. Murphy, and that ever-cheerful companion Mr. Devaynes,<sup>1</sup> apothecary to his Majesty. Of these

<sup>a</sup> Upon this subject there is a very fair and judicious remark in the Life of Dr. Abernethy, in the first edition of the *Biographia Britannica*, which I should have been glad to see in his Life which has been written for the second edition of that valuable work. “To deny the exercise of a particular providence in the Deity’s government of the world is certainly impious: yet nothing serves the cause of the scoffer more than an incautious forward zeal in determining the particular instances of it.”

In confirmation of my sentiments, I am also happy to quote that sensible and elegant writer Mr. *Melmoth*, in Letter VIII. of his collection, published under the name of *Fitzosborne*. “We may safely assert, that the belief of a particular Providence is founded upon such probable reasons as may well justify our assent. It would scarce, therefore, be wise to renounce an opinion which affords so firm a support to the soul, in those seasons wherein she stands in most need of assistance, merely because it is not possible, in questions of this kind, to solve every difficulty which attends them.”

<sup>b</sup> I was sorry to observe Lord Monboddo avoid any communication with Dr. Johnson. I flattered myself that I had made them very good friends, (see “Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides,” third edition, page 67.) but unhappily his Lordship had re-umed and cherished a violent prejudice against my illustrious friend, to whom I must do the justice to say, there was on his part not the least anger, but a good-humoured sportiveness. Nay, though he knew of his Lordship’s disposition towards him, he was even kindly, as appeared from his inquiring of me after him, by an abbreviation of his name, “Well, how does *Monny*?”

*Cor. et Ad.*—Last line but two of note: For “disposition” read “indisposition.”

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Windham was also of the party. In an obituary notice of Mr. Boswell, in the *Scots Magazine*, and evidently written by one who knew him, it was noted that after this year his convivial habits brought him into company that did “not always accord

with his sense of dignity and propriety.” This relish of “ever-cheerful companions” led him to compose ludicrous songs for elections, “which he sung in a manner that procured him no respect.”



days and others on which I saw him, I have no memorials, except the general recollection of his being able and animated in conversation, and appearing to relish society as much as the youngest man. I find only these three small particulars:—One, when a person was mentioned who said, “I have lived fifty-one years in this world without having had ten minutes of uneasiness;” he exclaimed, “The man who says so lies. He attempts to impose on human credulity.” The Bishop of Exeter in vain observed, that men were very different. His Lordship’s manner was not impressive, and I learnt afterwards that Johnson did not find out that the person who talked to him was a Prelate; if he had, I doubt not that he would have treated him with more respect; for once talking of George Psalmanazar, whom he revered for his piety, he said, “I should as soon think of contradicting a bishop.” One of the company<sup>1</sup> provoked him greatly by doing what he could least of all bear, which was quoting something of his own writing, against what he then maintained. “What, Sir, (cried the gentleman,) do you say to

‘The busy day, the peaceful night,  
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by?’”

Johnson having thus had himself presented as giving an instance of a man who had lived without uneasiness was much offended, for he looked upon such quotation as unfair. His anger burst out in an unjustifiable retort, insinuating that the gentleman’s remark was a sally of ebriety; “Sir, there is one passion I would advise you to command. When you have drunk out that glass, don’t drink another.” Here was exemplified what Goldsmith said of him, with the aid of a very witty image from one of Cibber’s Comedies, “There is no arguing with Johnson; for if his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt end of it.”—Another, when a gentleman of eminence in the literary world was violently censured for attacking people by anonymous paragraphs in news-papers;<sup>2</sup> he from the spirit of contradiction as I thought, took up his defence, and said, “Come, come, this is not so terrible a crime; he means only to vex them a little. I do not say that I should do it; but there is a great difference between him and me; what is fit for Hephæstion is not fit for Alexander.”—Another, when I told him that a young and handsome Countess had said to me, “I should

<sup>1</sup> This was probably Mr. Boswell himself.

<sup>2</sup> No doubt George Steevens. An in-

stance in point was his attack on ‘Kemble and Mrs Siddons.

think that to be praised by Dr. Johnson would make one a fool all one's life;" and that I answered, "Madam, I shall make him a fool to-day, by repeating this to him," he said, "I am too old to be made a fool; but if you say I am, I shall not deny it. I am much pleased with a compliment, especially from a pretty woman."

On the evening of Saturday, May 15, he was in fine spirits, at our Essex-Head-Club. He told us, "I dined yesterday at Mrs. Garrick's, with Mrs. Carter, Miss Hannah More, and Miss Fanny Burney. Three such women are not to be found. I know not where I could find a fourth, except Mrs. Lennox, who is superiour to them all." BOSWELL. "What! had you them all to yourself, Sir?" JOHNSON. "I had them all as much as they were had, but it might have been better had there been more company there." BOSWELL. "Might not Mrs. Montagu have been a fourth?" JOHNSON. "Sir, Mrs. Montagu does not make a trade of her wit. But Mrs. Montagu is a very extraordinary woman; she has a constant stream of conversation, and it is always impregnated; it has always meaning." BOSWELL. "Mr. Burke has a constant stream of conversation." JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir, if a man were to go by chance at the same time with Burke under a shed, to shun a shower, he would say this is an extraordinary man. If Burke should go into a stable to see his horse drest, the ostler would say we have had an extraordinary man here." BOSWELL. "Foote was a man who never failed in conversation. If he had gone into a stable—" JOHNSON. "Sir, if he had gone into a stable, the ostler would have said here has been a comical fellow; but he would not have respected him." BOSWELL. "And, Sir, the ostler would have answered him, would have given him as good as he brought, as the common saying is." JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir, and Foote would have answered the ostler.—When Burke does not descend to be merry his conversation is very superiour indeed. There is no proportion between the powers which he shews in serious talk and in jocularly. When he lets himself down to that, he is in the kennel" I have in another place<sup>a</sup> opposed, and I hope with success, Dr. Johnson's very singular and erroneous notion as to Mr. Burke's pleasantry. Mr. Windham now said low to me, that he differed from our great friend in this observation; for that Mr. Burke was often very happy in his merriment. It would not have been right for either of us to have contradicted Johnson at this time, in a Society all of whom did not know and value Mr. Burke as much as we did. It might have occasioned something more rough, and at any rate would probably have checked the flow of Johnson's good-

<sup>a</sup> "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," edit 3, p. 20.

humour. He called to us with a sudden air of exultation, as the thought started into his mind, "O! Gentlemen, I must tell you a very great thing. The Empress of Russia has ordered the 'Rambler' to be translated into the Russian language.\* So I shall be read on the banks of the Wolga. Horace boasts that his fame would extend as far as the banks of the Rhone; now the Wolga is farther from me than the Rhone was from Horace." BOSWELL. "You must certainly be pleased with this, Sir." JOHNSON. "I am pleased, Sir, to be sure. A man is pleased to find he has succeeded in that which he has endeavoured to do."

One of the company mentioned his having seen a noble person driving in his carriage, and looking exceedingly well notwithstanding his great age. JOHNSON. "Ah, Sir, that is nothing. Bacon observes that a stout healthy old man is like a tower undermined."

On Sunday, May 16, I found him alone; he talked of Mrs. Thrale with much concern, saying, "Sir, she has done every thing wrong, since Thrale's bridle was off her neck;" and was proceeding to mention some circumstances which have since been the subject of publick discussion, when he was interrupted by the arrival of Dr. Douglas, now Bishop of Carlisle.

Dr. Douglas, upon this occasion, refuted a mistaken notion which is very common in Scotland, that the ecclesiastical discipline of the Church of England, though duly enforced, is insufficient to preserve the morals of the clergy, inasmuch as all delinquents may be screened by appealing to the Convocation, which being never authorized by the King to sit for the dispatch of business, the appeal never can be heard. Dr. Douglas observed that this was founded upon ignorance; for that the Bishops have sufficient power to maintain discipline, and that the sitting of the Convocation was wholly immaterial in this respect, it being not a Court of judicature, but like a parliament, to make Canons and regulations as times may require.

Johnson, talking of the fear of death, said, "Some people are not afraid, because they look upon salvation as the effect of an absolute decree, and think they feel in themselves the marks of sanctification. Others, and those the most rational in my opinion, look upon salvation as conditional; and as they never can be sure that they have complied with the conditions, they are afraid"

In one of his little manuscript diaries, about this time, I find

\* I have since heard that the report was not well-founded; but the elation discovered by Johnson in the belief that it was true, showed a noble ardour for literary fame.

a short notice, which marks his amiable disposition more certainly than a thousand studied declarations.—“Afternoon spent cheerfully and elegantly, I hope without offence to GOD or man, though in no holy duty, yet in the general exercise and cultivation of benevolence”

On Monday, May 17, I dined with him at Mr Dilly's, where were Colonel Vallancy, Reverend Dr. Gibbons, and Mr. Capel Lofft, who, though a most zealous Whig, has a mind so full of learning and knowledge, and so much in exercise in various exertions, and withal so much liberality, that the stupendous powers of the literary Goliath, though they did not frighten this little David of popular spirit, could not but excite his admiration. There was also Mr Braithwaite of the Post-office, that amiable and friendly man, who, with modest and unassuming manners, has associated with many of the wits of the age. Johnson was very quiescent to-day. Perhaps too I was indolent. I find nothing more of him in my notes, but that when I mentioned that I had seen in the King's library sixty-three editions of my favourite Thomas à Kempis, amongst which it was in eight languages, Latin, German, French, Italian, Spanish, English, Arabick, and Armenian, he said, he thought it unnecessary to collect many editions of a book, which were all the same, except as to the paper and print; he would have the original, and all the translations, and all the editions which had any variations in the text. He approved of the famous collection of editions of Horace by Douglas, mentioned by Pope, who is said to have had a closet filled with them; and he said, every man should try to collect one book in that manner, and present it to a publick library.

On Tuesday, May 17, I saw him for a short time in the morning. I told him that the mob had called out, as the King passed, “No Fox—No Fox,” which I did not like. He said, “They were right, Sir.” I said, I thought not, for it seemed to be making Mr Fox the King's competitor. There being no audience, so that there could be no triumph in a victory, he fairly agreed with me. I said it might do very well, if explained thus: “Let us have no Fox;” understanding it as a prayer to his Majesty not to appoint that gentleman minister.

On Wednesday, May 19, I sat a part of the evening with him, by ourselves. I observed, that the death of our friends might be a consolation against the fear of our own dissolution, because we might have more friends in the other world than in this. He perhaps felt this as a reflection upon his apprehension as to death; and

said, with heat, "How can a man know *where* his departed friends are, or whether they will be his friends in the other world? How many friendships have you known formed upon principles of virtue? Most friendships are formed by caprice or by chance, mere confederacies in vice or leagues in folly"

We talked of our worthy friend Mr. Langton. He said, "I know not who will go to Heaven if Langton does not. Sir, I could almost say, *St anima mea cum Langtono.*" I mentioned a very eminent friend as a virtuous man JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir, but ——— has not the evangelical virtue of Langton. ———, I am afraid, would not scruple to pick up a wench."<sup>1</sup>

He however charged Mr. Langton with what he thought want of judgement upon an interesting occasion. "When I was ill (said he) I desired he would tell me sincerely in what he thought my life was faulty. Sir, he brought me a sheet of paper, on which he had written down several texts of Scripture, recommending christian charity. And when I questioned him what occasion I had given for such an animadversion, all that he could say amounted to this—that I sometimes contradicted people in conversation. Now what harm does it do to any man to be contradicted?" BOSWELL. "I suppose he meant the *manner* of doing it; roughly—and harshly." JOHNSON. "And who is the worse for that?" BOSWELL. "It hurts people of weak nerves." JOHNSON. "I know no such weak-nerved people." Mr. Burke, to whom I related this conference, said, "It is well, if when a man comes to die, he has nothing heavier upon his conscience than having been a little rough in conversation."

Johnson, at the time when the paper was presented to him, though at first pleased with the attention of his friend, whom he thanked in an earnest manner, soon exclaimed, in a loud and angry tone, "What is your drift, Sir?"<sup>2</sup> Sir Joshua Reynolds pleasantly

<sup>1</sup> On this passage Mr Croker has the following note:—"As Boswell has seldom, if ever, applied the term '*eminent friend*,' except to Mr. Burke or Sir Joshua Reynolds, it may not be unnecessary to remind the reader that at this time Mr. Burke was fifty-four, and Sir Joshua sixty-two years of age, and that the good taste and moral propriety of both forbid our believing that there could have been any ground for so offensive a supposition against either, but particularly as against Mr. Burke—a married man, of exemplary piety, and, as Boswell admits, and all the world knows, remarkable for the most

*'orderly and amiable domestic habits.'*" It is impossible to restrain a smile at this grave vindication of Burke and Reynolds. The reference is certainly to Windham, whose piety or seriousness, combined with a love of amusement, sometimes challenged such rude criticisms as Johnson's. Mr. Elwin, who has seen the MS. of Windham's journal, informs me that there are confessions in it which support Johnson's speculation.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs Piozzi, however, mentions that he owned to Dr. Fordyce shortly before his death that "he had been too arrogant."

observed, that it was a scene for a comedy, to see a penitent get into a violent passion and belabour his confessor<sup>a</sup>

I have preserved no more of his conversation at the times when I saw him during the rest of this month, till Sunday, the 30th of May, when I met him in the evening at Mr. Hoole's, where there was a large company both of ladies and gentlemen; Sir James Johnston happened to say, that he paid no regard to the arguments of counsel at the bar of the House of Commons, because they were paid for speaking. JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, argument is argument. You cannot help paying regard to their arguments if they are good. If it were testimony you might disregard it, if you knew that it were purchased. There is a beautiful image in Bacon upon this subject; testimony is like an arrow shot from a long bow, the force of it depends on the strength of the hand that draws it. Argument is like an arrow from a cross-bow, which has equal force though shot by a child"

He had dined that day at Mr. Hoole's, and Miss Helen Maria Williams being expected in the evening, Mr. Hoole put into his hands her beautiful "Ode on the Peace,"<sup>b</sup> Johnson read it over, and when this amiable, elegant, and accomplished young lady was presented to him, he took her by the hand in the most courteous manner, and repeated the finest stanza of her poem, this was the most delicate and pleasing compliment he could pay. Her respectable friend, Dr. Kippis, from whom I had this anecdote, was standing by, and was not a little gratified.

<sup>a</sup> After all I cannot but be of opinion, that as Mr. Langton was seriously requested by Dr. Johnson to mention what appeared to him eminent in the character of his friend, he was bound, as an honest man, to intimate what he really thought, which he certainly did in the most delicate manner, so that Johnson himself, when in a quiet frame, was pleased with it. The texts suggested are now before me, and I shall quote a few of them. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth" *Mat. v. 5*—"I therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you, that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called. With all lowliness and meekness, with longsuffering, forbearing one another in love" *Ephes. v. 1, 2*—"And above all these things put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness" *Col. iii. 14*—"Charity suffereth long, and is kind, charity envieth not, charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, is not easily provoked" *1 Cor. xiii. 4, 5*.

<sup>b</sup> The Peace made by that very able statesman, the Earl of Shelburne, now Marquis of Lansdowne, which may fairly be considered as the foundation of all the prosperity of Great Britain since that time.

*Cor. et Ad.*—Line 20 *Dele* "amiable;" and on "lady" put the following note.—"In the first edition of my Work, the epithet *amiable* was given. I was sorry to be obliged to strike it out; but I could not in justice suffer it to remain, after this young lady had not only written in favour of the savage Anarchy with which France has been visited, but had (as I have been informed by good authority) walked, without honour, over the ground at the Thuilleries when it was strewed with the naked bodies of the faithful Swiss Guards, who were barbarously massacred for having bravely defended, against a crew of ruffians, the Monarch whom they had taken an oath to defend. From Dr. Johnson she could now expect not endearment but repulsion."

Miss Williams told me, that the only other time she was fortunate enough to be in Dr. Johnson's company, he asked her to sit down by him, which she did, and upon her enquiring how he was, he answered, "I am very ill indeed, Madam. I am very ill even when you are near me; what should I be were you at a distance."

He had now a great desire to go to Oxford, as his first jaunt after his illness; we talked of it for some days, and I had promised to accompany him. He was impatient and fretful to-night, because I did not at once agree to go with him on Thursday. When I considered how ill he had been, and what allowance should be made for the influence of sickness upon his temper, I resolved to indulge him, though with some inconvenience to myself, as I wished to attend the musical meeting in honour of Handel, in Westminster-Abbey, on the following Saturday.

In the midst of his own diseases and pains, he was ever compassionate to the distresses of others, and actively earnest in procuring them aid, as appears from a note to Sir Joshua Reynolds, of June 1, in these words: "I am ashamed to ask for some relief for a poor man, to whom, I hope, I have given what I can be expected to spare. The man importunes me, and the blow goes round. I am going to try another air on Thursday."

On Thursday, June 3, the Oxford post coach took us up in the morning at Bolt-court. The other two passengers were Mrs. Beresford and her daughter, two very agreeable ladies from America; they were going to Worcestershire, where they then resided. Frank had been sent by his master the day before to take places for us; and I found from the way-bill that Dr. Johnson had made our names be put down. Mrs. Beresford, who had read it, whispered me, "Is this the great Dr. Johnson?" I told her it was, so she was then prepared to listen. As she soon happened to mention in a voice so low that Johnson did not hear it, that her husband had been a member of the American Congress, I cautioned her to beware of introducing that subject, as she must know how very violent Johnson was against the people of that country. He talked a great deal, but I am sorry I have preserved little of the conversation. Miss Beresford was so much charmed, that she said to me aside, "How he does talk! Every sentence is an essay." She amused herself in the coach with knotting; he would scarcely allow this species of employment any merit. "Next to mere idleness (said he) I think knotting is to be reckoned in the scale of insignificance; though I once attempted to learn knotting. Dempster's sifter (looking to me) endeavoured to teach me it; but I made no progress."

I was surprised at his talking without reserve in the publick post-coach of the state of his affairs, "I have (said he) about the world I think above a thousand pounds, which I intend shall afford Frank an annuity of seventy pounds a year."

At the inn where we stopped he was exceedingly dissatisfied with some roast mutton which we had for dinner. The ladies I saw wondered to see the great philosopher, whose wisdom and wit they had been admiring all the way, get into ill-humour from such a cause. He scolded the waiter, saying, "It is as bad as bad can be. It is ill-fed, ill-killed, ill-kept, and ill-drest."

He bore the journey very well, and seemed to feel himself elevated as he approached Oxford, that magnificent and venerable seat of Learning, Orthodoxy, and Toryism. Frank came in the heavy coach, in readiness to attend him; and we were received with the most polite hospitality at the house of his old friend Dr Adams, Master of Pembroke College, who had given us a kind invitation. Before we were set down, I communicated to Johnson my having engaged to return to London directly, for the reason I have mentioned, but that I would hasten down to him again. He was pleased that I had made this journey merely to keep him company. He was easy and placid, with Dr Adams, Mrs and Miss Adams, and Mrs. Kennicot, widow of the learned Hebræan, who was here on a visit. He soon dispatched the inquiries which were made about his illness and recovery, by a short and distinct narrative, and then assuming a gay air, repeated from Swift,

"Nor think on our approaching ills,  
And talk of spectacles and pills"

Dr. Newton, the Bishop of Bristol, having been mentioned, Johnson, recollecting the manner in which he had been mentioned by that Prelate,\* thus retailed:—"Tom knew he should be dead

*Cor. et Ad.*—Lane 4: After "yeu" read, "He said once to Mr. Fingleton, 'I think I am like Squire Richard in "The Journey to London," *I'm never strange in a strange place*. He was truly *social*. He strongly censured what is much too common in England among persons of condition, maintaining an absolute silence, when unknown to each other; as for instance, when occasionally brought together in a room before the master or mistress of the house has appeared. "Su, that is being so uncivilized as not to understand the common rights of humanity."

\* Dr. Newton in his Account of his own Life, after animadverting upon Mr. Gibbon's History, says, "Dr. Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets' afforded more amusement; but candour was much hurt and offended at the malevolence that predominates in every part. Some passages, it must be allowed, are judicious and well written, but make not sufficient compensation for so much spleen and ill humour. *Never* was any biographer more sparing of his praise, or more abundant in his censures. He seemingly delights more in exposing blemishes, than in recommending beauties; slightly passes over excellencies, enlarges upon imperfections, and not content with his own severe reflections, revives old scandal, and produces large quota-



before what he has said of me would appear. He durst not have printed it while he was alive." DR. ADAMS. "I believe his 'Dissertations on the Prophecies' is his great work." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, it is *Tom's* great work; but how far it is great, or how much of it is *Tom's*, are other questions. I fancy a considerable part of it was borrowed." DR. ADAMS. "He was a very successful man." JOHNSON. "I don't think so, Sir.—He did not get very high. He was late in getting what he did get; and he did not get it by the best means.<sup>1</sup> I believe he was a gross flatterer."

I fulfilled my intention by going to London, and returned to Oxford on Wednesday, the 9th of June, when I was happy to find myself again in the same agreeable circle at Pembroke College, with the comfortable prospect of making some stay. Johnson welcomed my return with more than ordinary glee.

He talked with great regard of the Honourable Archibald Campbell, whose character he had given at the Duke of Argyll's table, when we were at Inveraray;<sup>a</sup> and at this time wrote out for me, in his own hand, a fuller account of that learned and venerable writer, which I have published in its proper place. Johnson made a remark this evening which struck me a good deal. "I never (said he) knew a nonjuror who could reason" Surely he did not mean to deny that faculty to many of their writers; to Hickeys, Bretts, and other eminent divines of that persuasion; and did not recollect that

tions from the forgotten works of former critics. His reputation was so high in the republic of letters, that it wanted not to be raised upon the ruins of others. But these Essays, instead of raising a higher idea than was before entertained of his understanding, have certainly given the world a worse opinion of his temper." The Bishop was therefore the more surprized and concerned for his townsman, for he "*respected him not only for his genius and learning, but valued him much more for the more amiable part of his character, his humanity and charity, his morality and religion.*" The last sentence we may consider as the general and permanent opinion of Bishop Newton, the remarks which precede it must, by all who have read Johnson's admirable work, be imputed to the disgust and peevishness of old age. I wish it had not appeared, and that Dr. Johnson had not been provoked by it to express himself, not in respectful terms, of a Prelate, whose labours were certainly of considerable advantage both to literature and religion.

<sup>a</sup> "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," 3d edit. p. 371.

*Cor. et Ad.*—Line 21: On "reason" put the following note:—"The Rev. Mr. Agutter has favoured me with a note of a dialogue between Mr John Henderson and Dr Johnson on this topick, as related by Mr. Henderson, and it is evidently so authentick that I shall here insert it:—HENDERSON 'What do you think, Sir, of William Law?' JOHNSON. 'William Law, Sir, wrote the best piece of Parenetic Divinity; but William Law was no reasoner.' HENDERSON. 'Jeremy Collier, Sir?' JOHNSON. 'Jeremy Collier fought without a rival, and therefore could not claim the victory.' Mr. Henderson mentioned Kenn and Kettlewell; but some objections were made; at last he said, but, Sir, 'What do you think of Lesley?' JOHNSON. 'Charles Lesley I had forgotten. Lesley was a reasoner, and a reasoner who was not to be reasoned against.'"

<sup>1</sup> He had been tutor in Lord Carpenter's family.

the seven Bishops, so justly celebrated for their magnanimous resistance of arbitrary power, were yet Nonjurors to the new Government. The nonjuring clergy of Scotland, indeed, who, excepting a few, have lately, by a sudden stroke, cut off all ties of allegiance to the house of Stuart, and resolved to pray for our present lawful Sovereign by name, may be thought to have confirmed this remark; as it may be said that the divine indefeasible hereditary right which they professed to believe, if ever true, must be equally true still. Many of my readers will be surprized when I mention, that Johnson assured me he had never in his life been in a nonjuring meeting-house.

Next morning at breakfast, he pointed out a passage in Savage's "Wanderer," saying, "These are fine verses"—"If (said he) I had written with hostility of Warburton in my Shakspeare, I should have quoted this couplet :

‘ Here Learning, blinded first, and then beguuld,  
Looks dark as Ignorance, as Fancy wild ’

You see they'd have fitted him to a *T*," (smiling.) DR. ADAMS. "But you did not write against Warburton" JOHNSON. "No, Sir, I treated him with great respect both in my Preface and in my Notes."

Mrs. Kennicot spoke of her brother, the Reverend Mr. Chamberlayne, who had given up good preferments in the Church of England on his conversion to the Roman Catholick faith. Johnson, who warmly admired every man who acted from a conscientious regard to principle, erroneous or not, exclaimed fervently, "God bless him."

Mrs. Kennicot, in confirmation of Dr Johnson's opinion, that the present was not worse than former ages, mentioned that her brother assured her, there was now less infidelity on the Continent than there had been; Voltaire and Rousseau were less read. I asserted, from good authority, that Hume's infidelity was certainly less read. JOHNSON. "All infidel writers drop into oblivion, when personal connections and the floridness of novelty are gone; though now and then a foolish fellow, who thinks he can be witty upon them, may bring them again into notice. There will sometimes start up a College<sup>g</sup> joker, who does not consider that what is a joke in a College will not do in the world. To such defenders of Religion I would apply a stanza of a poem which I remember to have seen in some old collection :

'Henceforth be quiet and agree,  
 Each kiss his empty brother;  
 Religion scorns a foe like thee,  
 But dreads a friend like t'other.'

The point is well, though the expression is not correct; *one*, and not *thee*, should be opposed to *t'other*.\*

On the Roman Catholick religion he said, "If you join the Papists externally, they will not interrogate you strictly as to your belief in their tenets. No reasoning Papist believes every article of their faith. There is one side on which a good man might be persuaded to embrace it. A good man, of a timorous disposition, in great doubt of his acceptance with GOD, and pretty credulous, might be glad to be of a church where there are so many helps to get to Heaven. I would be a Papist if I could. I have fear enough; but an obstinate rationality prevents me. I shall never be a Papist, unless on the near approach of death, of which I have a very great terrour. I wonder that women are not all Papists." BOSWELL. "They are not more afraid of death than men are." JOHNSON. "Because they are less wicked." DR. ADAMS. "They are more pious." JOHNSON. "No, hang 'em, they are not more pious. A wicked fellow is the most pious when he takes to it. He'll beat you all at piety."

He argued in defence of some of the peculiar tenets of the Church of Rome. As to the giving the bread only to the laity, he said, "They may think, that in what is merely ritual, deviations from the primitive mode may be admitted on the ground of convenience, and I think they are as well warranted to make this alteration, as we are to substitute sprinkling in the room of the ancient baptism." As to the invocation of saints, he said, "Though I do not think it authorised, it appears to me, that 'the communion of saints' in the

\* I have inserted the stanza as Johnson repeated it from memory; but I have since found the poem itself, in "The Foundling Hospital for Wit," printed at London, 1749. It is as follows:

"EPIGRAM, occasioned by a religious Dispute at Bath.

"On Reason, Faith, and Mystery high,  
 Two wits harangue the table;  
 B——y believes he knows not why,  
 N—— swears 'tis all a fable."

"Peace, coxcombs, peace, and both agree,  
 N——, kiss thy empty brother;  
 Religion laughs at foes like thee,  
 And dreads a friend like t'other."

<sup>1</sup> Nash and Bentley are the names of the wits.

Creed means the communion with the saints in Heaven, as connected with 'The holy catholick church.'"\* He admitted the influence of evil spirits upon our minds, and said, "Nobody who believes the New Testament can deny it." I brought a volume of Dr. Hurd, the Bishop of Worcester's Sermons, and read to the company some passages from one of them, upon this text, "*Resist the Devil and he will fly from you.*" James iv. 7.

I was happy to produce so judicious and elegant a supporter<sup>b</sup> of a doctrine, which, I know not why, should in this world of imperfect knowledge, and therefore of wonder and mystery in a thousand instances, be contested by some with an unthinking assurance and flippancy.

After dinner, when one of us talked of there being a great enmity between Whig and Tory. JOHNSON. "Why not so much, I think, unless when they come into competition with each other. There is none when they are only common acquaintance, none when they are of different sexes. A Tory will marry into a Whig family, and

\* Waller, in his "Divine Poesie," Canto first, has the same thought finely expressed :

"The Church triumphant, and the Church below,  
In songs of praise their present union show :  
Their joys are full ; our expectation long,  
In life we differ, but we join in song ;  
Angels and we assisted by this art,  
May sing together, though we dwell apart."

<sup>b</sup> The Sermon thus opens :—"That there are angels and spirits good and bad ; that at the head of these last there is ONE more considerable and malignant than the rest, who in the form, or under the name of a *serpent*, was deeply concerned in the fall of man, and whose *head*, as the prophetick language is, the son of man was one day to *bruise* ; that this evil spirit, though that prophecy be in part completed, has not yet received his death's wound, but is still permitted, for ends unsearchable to us, and in ways which we cannot particularly explain, to have a certain degree of power in this world hostile to its virtue and happiness, and sometimes exerted with too much success ; all this is so clear from Scripture, that no believer, unless he be first of all *spouled by philosophy and vain deceit*, can possibly entertain a doubt of it."

Having treated of *possessions*, his Lordship says, "As I have no authority to affirm that there *are* now any such, so neither may I presume to say with confidence, that there *are not* any."

"But then with regard to the influence of evil spirits at this day upon the SOULS of men, I shall take leave to be a great deal more peremptory —[Then, having stated the various proofs], All this I say is so manifest to every one who reads the Scriptures, that if we respect their authority, the question concerning the reality of the demonick influence upon the minds of men is clearly determined."

Let it be remembered, that these are not the words of an antiquated or obscure enthusiast, but of a learned and polite Prelate now alive ; and were spoken, not to a vulgar congregation, but to the Honourable Society of Lincoln's-Inn. His Lordship in this Sermon explains the words, "deliver us from evil," in the Lord's Prayer, as signifying a request to be protected from "the evil one," that is, the Devil. This is well illustrated in a short but excellent Commentary by my late worthy friend, the Reverend Dr. Lort, of whom it may truly be said, *Multis ille bonis flebitis occidit*. It is remarkable that Waller in his "Reflections on the several Petitions," in that sacred form of devotion, has understood this in the same sense,

"Guard us from all temptations of the FOE."

a Whig into a Tory family, without any reluctance. But indeed in a matter of much more concern than political tenets, and that is religion, men and women do not concern themselves much about difference of opinion. And ladies set no value on the moral character of men who pay their addresses to them; the greatest profligate will be as well received as the man of the greatest virtue, and this by a very good woman, by a woman who says her prayers three times a day." Our ladies endeavoured to defend their sex from this charge; but he roared them down! "No, no; a lady will take Jonathan Wild as readily as St. Austin, if he has three-pence more; and, what is worse, her parents will give her to him. Women have a perpetual envy of our vices; they are less vicious than we, not from choice, but because we restrict them; they are the slaves of order and fashion; their virtue is of more consequence to us than our own, so far as concerns this world."

Miss Adams mentioned a gentleman of licentious character, and said, "Suppose I had a mind to marry that gentleman, would my parents consent?" JOHNSON. "Yes, they'd consent, and you'd go. You'd go though they did not consent." MISS ADAMS. "Perhaps their opposing might make me go." JOHNSON. "O, very well; you'd take one whom you think a bad man, to have the pleasure of vexing your parents. You put me in mind of Dr. Barrowby the physician, who was very fond of swine's flesh. One day when he was eating it, he said, 'I wish I was a Jew.'—'Why, so? (said somebody), the Jews are not allowed to eat your favourite meat.'—'Because (said he) I should then have the gust of eating it, with the pleasure of sinning.'" He then proceeded in his declamation.

Miss Adams soon afterwards made an observation that I do not recollect, which pleased him much; he said with a good-humoured smile, "That there should be so much excellence united with so much depravity is strange."

Indeed, this lady's good qualities, merit, and accomplishments, and her constant attention to Dr. Johnson, were not lost upon him. She happened to tell him that a little coffee-pot, in which she had made his coffee, was the only thing she could call her own. He turned to her with a complacent gallantry, "Don't say so, my dear; I hope you don't reckon my heart as nothing."

I asked him if it was true as reported, that he had said lately, "I am for the King against Fox; but I am for Fox against Pitt." JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir; the King is my master; but I do not know Pitt; and Fox is my friend."

"Fox (added he) is a most extraordinary man; here is a man (describing him in strong terms of objection in some respects

according as he apprehended, but which exalted his abilities the more) who has divided the kingdom with Cæsar; so that it was a doubt whether the nation should be ruled by the sceptre of George the Third, or the tongue of Fox”

Dr. Wall, physician at Oxford, drank tea with us. Johnson had in general a peculiar pleasure in the company of physicians, which was certainly not abated by the conversation of this learned, ingenious, and pleasing gentleman. Johnson said, “It is wonderful how little good Radcliffe’s travelling fellowships have done. I know nothing that has been imported by them; yet many additions to our medical knowledge might be got in foreign countries. Inoculation, for instance, has saved more lives than war destroys. And the cures performed by the Peruvian-bark are innumerable. But it is in vain to send our travelling physicians to France, and Italy, and Germany, for all that is known there is known here, I’d send them out of Christendom; I’d send them among barbarous nations.”

On Friday, June 11, we talked at breakfast, of forms of prayer. JOHNSON. “I know of no good prayers but those in the ‘Book of Common Prayer.’” DR. ADAMS (in a very earnest manner) “I wish, Sir, you would compose some family prayers.” JOHNSON. “I will not compose prayers for you, Sir, because you can do it for yourself. But I have thought of getting together all the books of prayers which I could, selecting those which should appear to me the best, putting out some, inserting others, adding some prayers of my own, and prefixing a discourse on prayer.” We all now gathered about him, and two or three of us at a time joined in pressing him to execute this plan. He seemed to be a little displeasèd at the manner of our importunity, and in great agitation called out, “Do not talk thus of what is so awful. I know not what time GOD will allow me in this world. There are many things which I wish to do.” Some of us persisted, and Dr. Adams said, “I never was more serious about any thing in my life.” JOHNSON. “Let me alone, let me alone; I am overpowered.” And then he put his hands before his face, and reclined for some time upon the table.

I mentioned Jeremy Taylor’s using, in his forms of prayer, “I am the chief of sinners,” and other such self-condemning expressions. “Now (said I) this cannot be said with truth by every man, and therefore is improper for a general printed form. I myself cannot say that I am the worst of men. I *will* not say so.” JOHNSON. “A man may know, that physically, that is, in the real state of things, he is not the worst man; but that morally he may be so. Law observes, that ‘Every man knows something worse of himself, than he is sure of in others.’ You may not have committed such

crimes as some men have done ; but you do not know against what degree of light they have sinned Besides, Sir, 'the chief of sinners' is a mode of expression for 'I am a great sinner.' So St. Paul, speaking of our SAVIOUR'S having died to save sinners, says, 'of whom I am the chief:' yet he certainly did not think himself so bad as Judas Iscariot." BOSWELL. "But, Sir, Taylor means it literally, for he founds a conceit upon it. When praying for the conversion of sinners, and of himself in particular, he says, 'LORD, thou wilt not leave thy *chief* work undone.'" JOHNSON. "I do not approve of figurative expressions in addressing the Supreme Being ; and I never use them. Taylor gives a very good advice: 'Never lie in your prayers ; never confess more than you really believe ; never promise more than you mean to perform.'" I recollected this precept in his "Golden Grove." But his *example* for prayer contradicts his *precept*.

Dr. Johnson and I went in Dr. Adams' coach to dine with Dr. Nowell, Principal of St. Mary Hall, at his beautiful villa at Ifley, on the banks of the Isis, about two miles from Oxford. While we were upon the road, I had the resolution to ask Johnson whether he thought that the roughness of his manner had been an advantage or not, and if he would not have done more good if he had been more gentle? I proceeded to answer myself thus:—"Perhaps it has been of advantage, as it has given weight to what you said. You could not, perhaps, have talked with such authority without it." JOHNSON. "No, Sir ; I have done more good as I am. Obscenity and Impiety have always been repressed in my company." BOSWELL. "True, Sir ; and that is more than can be said of every Bishop. Greater liberties have been taken in the presence of a Bishop, though a very good man, from his being milder, and therefore not commanding such awe. Yet, Sir, many people who might have been benefited by your conversation, have been frightened away. A worthy friend of ours has told me, that he has often been afraid to talk to you." JOHNSON. "Sir, he need not have been afraid, if he had any thing rational to say. If he had not, it was better he did not talk."

Dr. Nowell is celebrated for having preached a sermon before the House of Commons, on the 30th of January, 1772, full of high Tory sentiments, for which he was thanked as usual, and printed it at their request ; but, in the midst of that turbulence and faction which disgraced a part of the present reign, the thanks were afterwards ordered to be expunged. This strange conduct sufficiently exposes itself ; and Dr. Nowell will ever have the honour which is due to a lofty friend of our monarchical constitution. Dr. Johnson

said to me, "Sir, the Court will be very much to blame if he is not promoted." I told this to Dr. Nowell, and asserting my humbler, though not less zealous exertions in the same cause, I suggested that whatever return we might receive, we should still have the consolation of being like Butler's steady and generous Royalist,

" True as the dial to the sun,  
Although it be not shone upon."

We were well entertained and very happy at Dr. Nowell's, where was a very agreeable company, and we drank "Church and King" after dinner, with true Tory cordiality.

We talked of a certain clergyman of extraordinary character,<sup>1</sup> who by exerting his talents in writing on temporary topics, and displaying uncommon intrepidity, had raised himself to affluence. I maintained that we ought not to be indignant at his success, for merit of every sort was entitled to reward. JOHNSON. "Sir, I will not allow this man to have merit. No, Sir; what he has is rather the contrary; I will, indeed, allow him courage, and on this account we so far give him credit. We have more respect for a man who robs boldly on the highway, than for a fellow who jumps out of a ditch, and knocks you down behind your back. Courage is a quality, so necessary for maintaining virtue, that it is always respected, even when it is associated with vice."

I censured the coarse invective which was become fashionable in the House of Commons, and said that if members of parliament must attack each other personally in the heat of debate, it should be done more genteelly. JOHNSON. "No, Sir; that would be much worse. Abuse is not so dangerous when there is no vehicle of wit or delicacy, no subtle conveyance. The difference between coarse and refined abuse is as the difference between being bruised by a club, and wounded by a poisoned arrow." I have since observed his position elegantly expressed by Dr. Young:

" As the soft plume gives swiftness to the dart,  
Good breeding sends the satire to the heart."

On Saturday, June 12, there drank tea with us at Dr. Adams's, Mr. John Henderson, student of Pembroke College, celebrated for his wonderful acquirements in Alchymy, Judicial Astrology, and other alstruse and curious learning; and the Reverend Herbert

*Cor. et Ad.*—Last line: On "learning" put the following note:—"See an account of him in a sermon by the Reverend Mr. Agutter"

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. Henry Bate Dudley, one of the "bruising" parsons of the day. He figured in various affrays at Vauxhall,

and such places. An account of him will be found in Taylor's "Records."



Croft, who I am afraid was somewhat mortified by Dr. Johnson's not being highly pleased with some "Family Discourses," which he had printed; they were in too familiar a style to be approved of by so many a mind. I have no note of this evening's conversation, except a single fragment. When I mentioned Thomas Lord Lyttelton's vision, the prediction of the time of his death, and its exact fulfilment; JOHNSON. "It is the most extraordinary thing that has happened in my day. I heard it with my own ears, from his uncle, Lord Westcote. I am so glad to have every evidence of the spiritual world, that I am willing to believe it." DR. ADAMS "You have evidence enough; good evidence, which needs not such support." JOHNSON. "I like to have more."

Mr. Henderson, with whom I had sauntered in the venerable walks of Merton-College, and found him a very learned and pious man, he slept with us. Dr. Johnson surprised him not a little, by acknowledging with a look of horror, that he was much oppressed by the fear of death. The amiable Dr. Adams suggested that God was infinitely good. JOHNSON. "That he is infinitely good, as far as the perfection of his nature will allow, I certainly believe; but it is necessary for good upon the whole, that individuals should be punished. As to an *individual* therefore, he is not infinitely good; and as I cannot be *sure* that I have fulfilled the conditions on which salvation is granted, I am afraid I may be one of those who shall be damned." (looking dismally) DR. ADAMS. "What do you mean by damned?" JOHNSON. (passionately and loudly) "Sent to Hell, Sir, and punished everlastingly." DR. ADAMS. "I don't believe that doctrine." JOHNSON. "Hold, Sir; do you believe that some will be punished at all?" DR. ADAMS. "Being excluded from Heaven will be a punishment; yet there may be no great positive suffering." JOHNSON. "Well, Sir; but, if you admit any degree of punishment, there is an end of your argument for infinite goodness simply considered; for, infinite goodness would inflict no punishment whatever. There is not infinite goodness physically considered; morally there is." BOSWELL. "But may not a man attain to such a degree of hope as not to be uneasy from the fear of death?" JOHNSON. "A man may have such a degree of hope as to keep him quiet. You see I am not quiet, from the vehemence with which I talk; but I do not despair" MRS. ADAMS. "You seem Sir, to forget the merits of our Redeemer." JOHNSON. "Madam, I do not forget the merits of my Redeemer; but my Redeemer has said that he will set some on his right-hand, and some on his left."—He was in gloomy agitation, and said, "I'll have no more on't." If what has now been stated should be urged by the enemies of

Christianity, as if its influence on the mind were not benignant, let it be remembered, that Johnson's temperament was melancholy, of which such direful apprehensions of futurity are often a common effect. We shall presently see that when he approached nearer to his awful change, his mind became tranquil, and he exhibited as much fortitude as becomes a thinking man in that situation.

From the subject of death we passed to discourse of life, whether it was upon the whole more happy or miserable. Johnson was decidedly for the balance of misery: in confirmation of which I

*Cor et Ad.*—Line 10: On "misery" put the following note:—"The Reverend Mr. Ralph Chuton, Fellow of Blacen-Nose College, Oxford, has favoured me with the following remarks on my Work, which he is pleased to say, 'I have hitherto extolled, and cordially approve'

"The chief part of what I have to observe is contained in the following transcript from a letter to a friend, which, with his concurrence, I copied for this purpose; and, whatever may be the merit or justness of the remarks, you may be sure that being written to a most intimate friend, without any intention that they ever should go further, they are the genuine and undisguised sentiments of the writer

"Jan 6, 1792.

"LAST week, I was reading the second volume of Boswell's Johnson, with increasing esteem for the worthy authour, and increasing veneration of the wonderful and excellent man who is the subject of it. The writer throws in, now and then, very properly, some serious religious reflections; but there is one remark, in my mind an obvious and just one, which I think he has not made, that Johnson's 'morbid melancholy,' and constitutional infirmities, were intended by Providence, like St Paul's thorn in the flesh, to check intellectual conceit and arrogance; which the consciousness of his extraordinary talents, awake as he was to the voice of praise, might otherwise have generated in a very culpable degree. Another observation strikes me, that in consequence of the same natural indisposition, and habitual sickness, (for he says he scarcely passed one day without pain after his twentieth year,) he considered and represented human life, as a scene of much greater misery than is generally experienced. There may be persons bowed down with affliction all their days; and there are those, no doubt, whose iniquities rob them of rest, but neither calamities nor crimes, I hope and believe, do so much and so generally abound, as to justify the dark picture of life which Johnson's imagination designed, and his strong pencil delineated. This I am sure, the colouring is far too gloomy for what I have experienced, though as far as I can remember, I have had more sickness, (I do not say more severe, but only more in quantity,) than falls to the lot of most people. But then daily debility and occasional sickness were far overbalanced by intercurrent days, and, perhaps, weeks void of pain, and overflowing with comfort. So that in short, to return to the subject, human life, as far as I can perceive from experience or observation, is not that state of constant wretchedness which Johnson always insisted it was: which misrepresentation, (for such it surely is,) his Biographer has not corrected, I suppose, because, unhappily, he has himself a large portion of melancholy in his constitution, and fancied the portrait a faithful copy of life."

"The learned writer then proceeds thus in his letter to me:

"I have conversed with some sensible men on this subject, who all seem to entertain the same sentiments respecting life with those which are expressed or implied in the foregoing paragraph. It might be added, that as the representation here spoken of, appears not consistent with fact and experience, so neither does it seem to be countenanced by Scripture. There is, perhaps, no part of the sacred volume which at first sight promises so much to lend its sanction to these dark and desponding notions as the book of Ecclesiastes, which so often, and so emphatically, proclaims the vanity of things sublunary. But the design of this whole book, (as it has been

maintained, that no man would choose to lead over again the life which he had experienced. Johnson acceded to that opinion in the justly observed,) is not to put us out of conceit with life, but to cure our vain expectations of a compleat and perfect happiness in this world; to convince us, that there is no such thing to be found in mere external enjoyments;—and to teach us—to seek for happiness in the practice of virtue, in the knowledge and love of God, and in the hopes of a better life. For this is the application of all: *Let us hear, &c.* xii. 13. Not only his duty, but his happiness too: *For GOD, &c.* ver. 14.—See “*Sherlock on Providence,*” p. 299.

“The New Testament tells us, indeed, and most truly, that “sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;” and, therefore, wisely forbids us to increase our burden by forebodings of sorrows; but I think it nowhere says that even our ordinary afflictions are not consistent with a very considerable degree of positive comfort and satisfaction. And, accordingly, one whose sufferings as well as merits were conspicuous, assures us, that in proportion “as the sufferings of Christ abounded in them, so their consolation also abounded by Christ.” 2 Cor. i. 5. It is needless to cite, as indeed it would be endless even to refer to, the multitude of passages in both Testaments holding out, in the strongest language, promises of blessings, even in this world, to the faithful servants of GOD. I will only refer to St. Luke xviii. 29, 30, and 1 Tim. iv. 8.

“Upon the whole, setting aside instances of great and lasting bodily pain, of minds peculiarly oppressed by melancholy, and of severe temporal calamities, from which extraordinary cases we surely should not form our estimate of the general tenour and complexion of life; excluding these from the account, I am convinced that as well the gracious constitution of things which Providence has ordained, as the declarations of Scripture and the actual experience of individuals, authorize the sincere Christian to hope that his humble and constant endeavours to perform his duty, chequered as the best life is with many failings, will be crowned with a greater degree of present peace, serenity, and comfort, than he could reasonably permit himself to expect, if he measured his views and judged of life from the opinion of Dr. Johnson, often and energetically expressed in the Memoirs of him, without any animadversion or censure by his ingenious Biographer. If he himself, upon reviewing the subject, shall see the matter in this light, he will, in an octavo edition, which is eagerly expected, make such additional remarks or corrections as he shall judge fit; lest the impressions which these discouraging passages may leave on the reader’s mind, should in any degree hinder what otherwise the whole spirit and energy of the work tends, and, I hope, successfully, to promote—pure morality and true religion.’

“Though I have, in some degree, obviated any reflections against my illustrious friend’s dark views of life, when considering, in the course of this Work, his ‘*Rambler*’ and his ‘*Rasselas*,’ I am obliged to Mr. Churton for complying with my request of his permission to insert his remarks, being conscious of the weight of what he judiciously suggests as to the melancholy in my own constitution. His more pleasing views of life, I hope, are just. *Valeant quantum valere possunt.*

“Mr. Churton concludes his letter to me in these words: ‘Once, and only once, I had the satisfaction of seeing your illustrious friend; and as I feel a particular regard for all whom he distinguished with his esteem and friendship, so I derive much pleasure from reflecting that I once beheld, though but transiently near our College-gate, one whose works will for ever delight and improve the world, who was a sincere and zealous son of the Church of England, an honour to his country, and an ornament to human nature.’

“His letter was accompanied with a present from himself of his ‘*Sermons at the Bampton Lecture,*’ and from his friend, Dr. Townson, the venerable Rector of Malpas in Cheshire, of his ‘*Discourses on the Gospels,*’ together with the following extract of a letter from that excellent person, who is now gone to receive the reward of his labours: ‘Mr. Boswell is not only very entertaining in his works, but they are so replete with moral and religious sentiments, without an instance, as far as I know, of a contrary tendency, that I cannot help having a great esteem for him; and if you think such a trifle as a copy of the *Discourses, ex dono auctoris,* would be acceptable to him, I should be happy to give him this small testimony of my regard.’

“Such spontaneous testimonies of approbation from such men, without any personal acquaintance with me, are truly valuable and encouraging.”

strongest terms. This is an inquiry often made; and its being a subject of disquisition is a proof that much misery presses upon human feelings; for those who are conscious of a felicity of existence, would never hesitate to accept of a repetition of it. I have met with very few who would. I have heard Mr. Burke make use of a very ingenious and plausible argument on this subject; "Every man (said he) would lead his life over again; for, every man is willing to go on and take an addition to his life, which as he grows older, he has no reason to think will be better, or even so good as what has preceded." I imagine, however, the truth is, that there is a deceitful hope that the next part of life will be free from the pains, and anxieties, and sorrows which we have already felt. We are for wise purposes "Condemn'd to Hope's delusive mine;" as Johnson finely says; and I may also quote the celebrated lines of Dryden, equally philosophical and poetical:

"When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat,  
 Yet fool'd with hope, men favour the deceit;  
 Trust on and think to-morrow will repay;  
 To-morrow's falser than the former day;  
 Lies worse; and while it says we shall be blest  
 With some new joys, cuts off what we possess.  
 Strange cozenage! none would live past years again;  
 Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain;  
 And from the dregs of life think to receive,  
 What the first sprightly running could not give."<sup>a</sup>

It was observed to Dr. Johnson, that it seemed strange that he, who has so often delighted his company by his lively and brilliant conversation, should say he was miserable. JOHNSON. "Alas! it is all outside; I may be cracking my joke and cursing the sun. *Sun, how I hate thy beams!*" I knew not well what to think of this declaration; whether to hold it as a genuine picture of his mind,<sup>b</sup> or as the effect of his persuading himself contrary to fact, that the position which he had assumed as to human unhappiness, was true. We may apply to him a sentence in Mr. Greville's "Maxims, Characters, and Reflections;"<sup>c</sup> a book which is entitled to much more praise than it has received: "ARISTARCHUS is charm-

<sup>a</sup> AURENGZEBE.

<sup>b</sup> Yet there is no doubt that a man may appear very gay in company who is sad at heart. His merriment is like the sound of drums and trumpets in a battle, to drown the groans of the wounded and dying.

<sup>c</sup> Page 139.

ing : how full of knowledge, of sense, of sentiment. You get him with difficulty to your supper ; and after having delighted every body and himself for a few hours, he is obliged to return home ;— he is finishing his treatise, to prove that unhappiness is the portion of man.”

On Sunday, June 13, our philosopher was calm at breakfast. There was something exceedingly pleasing in our leading a College life, without restraint, and with superiour elegance, in consequence of our living in the Master's house, and having the company of ladies. Mrs. Kennicot related, in his presence, a lively saying of Dr. Johnson to Miss Hannah More, who had expressed a wonder that the poet who had written “Paradise Lost,” should write such poor Sonnets :—“Milton, Madam, was a genius that could cut a Colossus from a rock ; but could not carve heads upon cherry-stones.”

We talked of the casuistical question, Whether it was allowable at any time to depart from *Truth* ? JOHNSON. “The general rule is, that Truth should never be violated, because it is of the utmost importance to the comfort of life, that we should have a full security by mutual faith ; and occasional inconveniences should be willingly suffered that we may preserve it. There must, however, be some exceptions. If, for instance, a murderer should ask you which way a man is gone, you may tell him what is not true, because you are under a previous obligation not to betray a man to a murderer.” BOSWELL. “Supposing the person who wrote *Junius* were asked whether he was the authour, might he deny it ?” JOHNSON. “I don't know what to say to this. If you were *sure* that he wrote *Junius*, would you, if he denied it, think as well of him afterwards ? Yet it may be urged, that what a man has no right to ask, you may refuse to communicate ; and there is no other effectual mode of preserving a secret, and an important secret, the discovery of which may be very hurtful to you, but a flat denial ; for if you are silent, or hesitate, or evade, it will be held equivalent to a confession. But stay, Sir ; here is another case. Supposing the authour had told me confidentially that he had written *Junius*, and I were asked if he had, I should hold myself at liberty to deny it, as being under a previous promise, express or implied, to conceal it. Now what I ought to do for the authour, may I not do for myself ? But I deny the lawfulness of telling a lie to a sick man for fear of alarming him. You have no business with consequences : you are to tell the truth. Besides, you are not sure what effect your telling him, that he is in danger may have. It may bring his distemper to a crisis, and that may cure him. Of all lying I have the greatest abhorrence

at this, because I believe it has been frequently practised on myself."

I cannot help thinking, that there is much weight in the opinion of those who have held, that Truth, as an eternal and immutable principle, ought, upon no account whatever, to be violated, from supposed previous or superiour obligations, of which every man being the judge for himself, there is great danger that we may too often, from partial motives, persuade ourselves that they exist; and probably whatever extraordinary instances may sometimes occur, where some evil may be prevented by violating this noble principle, it would be found that human happiness would, upon the whole, be more perfect were Truth universally preserved.

In the Notes to the "Dunciad" we find the following elegant and pathetick verses, addressed to Pope: \*

"While malice, Pope, denies thy page  
Its own celestial fire;  
While criticks, and while bards in rage  
Admiring, won't admire:

"While wayward pens thy worth assail,  
And envious tongues decry;  
These times, though many a friend bewail,  
These times bewail not I.

"But when the world's loud praise is thine,  
And spleen no more shall blame;  
When with thy Homer thou shalt shine  
In one establish'd fame;

"When none shall rail, and every lay  
Devote a wreath to thee:  
That day (for come it will) that day  
Shall I lament to see."

It is surely not a little remarkable, that they should appear without a name. Miss Seward, knowing Dr. Johnson's almost universal and minute literary information, signified a desire that I should ask him who was the authour. He was prompt with his answer:—"Why, Sir, they were written by one Lewis, an under-master or usher of Westminster school, who published a miscellany, in which 'Grongar Hill' first came out." Johnson praised them highly

\* The annotator calls them "amiable verses."  
Cor. et Ad.—Line 1: For "at" read "of,"

and repeated them with a noble animation. In the twelfth line, instead of "one established fame," he repeated "one unclouded flame," which he thought was the reading in former editions; but I believe was a flash of his own genius. It is much more poetical than the other.

On Monday 14, and Tuesday, June 15, Dr. Johnson and I dined on one of them, I forget which, with Mr. Mickle, translator of the "Lusiad," at Wheatley, a very pretty country place a few miles from Oxford; and on the other with Dr. Wetherell, Master of University-College. From Dr. Wetherell's he went to visit Mr. Sackville Parker the bookseller; and when he returned to us, gave the following account of his visit, saying, "I have been to see my old friend, Sack. Parker; I find he has married his maid; he has done right. She had lived with him many years in great confidence, and they had mingled minds; I do not think he could have found any wife that would have made him so happy. The woman was very attentive and civil to me; she pressed me to fix a day for dining with them, and to say what I liked, and she would be sure to get it for me. Poor Sack! He is very ill, indeed. We parted as never to meet again. It has quite broke me down." This pathetick narrative was strangely diversified with the grave and earnest defence of a man's having married his maid. I could not but feel it as in some degree ludicrous.

In the morning of Tuesday, June 15, while we sat at Dr. Adams's, we talked of a printed letter from the Reverend Herbert Clot, to a young gentleman who had been his pupil, in which he advised him to read to the end of whatever books he should begin to read. JOHNSON. "This is surely a strange advice; you may as well resolve that whatever men you happen to get acquainted with, you are to keep to them for life. A book may be good for nothing; or there may be only one thing in it worth knowing; are we to read it all through? These Voyages (pointing to the three large volumes of 'Voyages to the South Sea,' which were just come out) *who* will read them through? A man had better work his way before the mast, than read them through; they will be eaten by rats and mice, before they are read through. There can be little entertainment in such books; one set of Savages is like another." BOSWELL. "I do not think the people of Otaheite can be reckoned Savages." JOHNSON. "Don't cant in defence of Savages." BOSWELL. "They have the art of navigation." JOHNSON. "A dog or a cat can swim." BOSWELL. "They carve very ingeniously." JOHNSON. "A cat can scratch, and a child with a nail can scratch." I perceive this was none of the *mollia tempora fandi*, so desisted,

Upon his mentioning that when he came to College he wrote his first exercise twice over; but never did so afterwards, MISS ADAMS. "I suppose, Sir, you could not make them better." JOHNSON. "Yes, Madam, to be sure, I could make them better. Thought is better than no thought." MISS ADAMS. "Do you think, Sir, you could make your Ramblers better?" JOHNSON. "Certainly I could." BOSWELL. "I'll lay a bet, Sir, you cannot." JOHNSON. "But I will, Sir, if I choose. I shall make the best of them you shall pick out, better." BOSWELL. "But you may add to them. I will not allow of that." JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, there are three ways of making them better;—putting out—adding—or correcting."

During our visit at Oxford, the following conversation passed between him and me on the subject of my trying my fortune at the English bar: Having asked whether a very extensive acquaintance in London, which was very valuable, and of great advantage to a man at large, might not be prejudicial to a lawyer, by preventing him from giving sufficient attention to business. JOHNSON. "Sir, you will attend to business as business lays hold of you. When not actually employed, you may see your friends as much as you do now. You may dine at a Club every day, and sup with one of the members every night, and you may be as much at publick places as one who has seen them all would wish to be. But you must take care to attend constantly in Westminster-Hall; both to mind your business, as it is almost all learnt there, (for nobody reads now;) and to shew that you want to have business. And you must not be too often seen at publick places, that competitors may not have it to say, 'He is always at the Playhouse or at Ranelagh, and never to be found at his chambers.' And, Sir, there must be a kind of solemnity in the manner of a professional man. I have nothing particular to say to you on the subject. All this I should say to any one; I should have said it to Lord Thurlow twenty years ago."

THE PROFESSION may probably think this representation of what is required in a Barrister who would hope for success, to be by much too indulgent; but certain it is, that as

"The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,"

some of the lawyers of this age who have risen high, have by no means thought it absolutely necessary to submit to that long and painful course of study which a Plowden, a Coke, a Hale considered as requisite. My respected friend, Mr. Langton, has shewn me in the hand-writing of his grandfather, a curious account of a conversation which he had with Lord Chief Justice Hale, in



which that great man tells him, "That for two years after he came to the inn of court, he studied sixteen hours a day; however (his Lordship added) that by this intense application he almost brought himself to his grave, though he were of a very strong constitution, and after reduced himself to eight hours; but that he would not advise any body to so much; that he thought six hours a day, with attention and constancy was sufficient; that a man must use his body as he would his horse, and his stomach; not tire him at once, but rise with an appetite."

On Wednesday, June 19, Dr. Johnson and I returned to London; he was not well to-day, and said very little, employing himself chiefly in reading Euripides. He expressed some displeasure at me, for not observing sufficiently the various objects upon the road. "If I had your eyes, Sir, (said he) I should count the passengers." It was wonderful how accurate his observations of visual objects was, notwithstanding his imperfect eyesight, owing to a habit of attention. That he was much satisfied with the respect paid to him at Dr. Adams's, is thus attested by himself: "I returned last night from Oxford, after a fortnight's abode with Dr. Adams, who treated me as well as I could expect or wish; and he that contents a sick man, a man whom it is impossible to please, has surely done his part well."<sup>a</sup>

After his return to London from this excursion, I saw him frequently, but have few memorandums; I shall therefore here insert some particulars which I collected at various times.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup> "Letters to Mrs. Thrale," Vol II. page 372.

<sup>b</sup> Having unexpectedly by the favour of Mr. Stone, of London-Field, Hackney, seen the original in Johnson's hand-writing, of "The Petition of the City of London to his Majesty, in favour of Dr. Dodd," I now present it to my readers, with such passages as were omitted, inclosed in crotchets, and the additions or variations marked in Italicks.

"That William Dodd, Doctor of Laws, now lying under sentence of death *in your Majesty's goal of Newgate*, for the crime of forgery, has for a great part of his life set an useful and laudable example of diligence in his calling, [and as we have reason to believe, has exercised his ministry with great fidelity and efficacy,] *which in many instances has produced the most happy effect.*

"That he has been the first institutor, [or] *and* a very earnest and active promoter of several modes of useful charity, and [that] therefore [he] may be considered as having been on many occasions a benefactor to the publick.

"[That when they consider his past life, they are willing to suppose his late crime to have been not the consequence of habitual depravity, but the suggestion of some sudden and violent temptation.]

"[That] *Your Petitioners*, therefore considering his case as in some of its circumstances unprecedented and peculiar, *and encouraged by your Majesty's known clemency* [they] most humbly recommend the said William Dodd to [his] *your Majesty's* most gracious consideration, in hope that he will be found not altogether [unfit] *unworthy* to stand an example of royal mercy."

*Second Edition.*—Above note shifted back to p. 198, Vol. II., and put on the words "they mended it."

The Reverend Mr. Astle, of Ashbourne in Derbyshire, brother to the learned and ingenious Thomas Astle, Esq. was from his early years known to Dr. Johnson, who obligingly advised him as to his studies, and recommended to him the following books, of which a list which he has been pleased to communicate, lies before me in Johnson's own hand-writing.—*Universal History (ancient)*.—*Rollin's Ancient History*.—*Puffendorf's Introduction to History*.—*Vertot's History of Knights of Malta*.—*Vertot's Revolution of Portugal*.—*Vertot's Revolutions of Sweden*.—*Carte's History of England*.—*Present State of England*.—*Geographical Grammar*.—*Prideaux's Connection*.—*Nelson's Feasts and Fasts*.—*Duty of Man*.—*Gentleman's Religion*.—*Clarendon's History*.—*Watts's Improvement of the Mind*.—*Watts's Logick*.—*Nature Displayed*.—*Louth's English Grammar*.—*Blackwall on the Classicks*.—*Sherlock's Sermons*.—*Burnet's Life of Hale*.—*Dupin's History of the Church*.—*Shuckford's Connections*.—*Law's Serious Call*.—*Walton's Complete Angler*.—*Sandys's Travels*.—*Sprat's History of the Royal Society*.—*England's Gazetteer*.—*Goldsmith's Roman History*.—*Some Commentaries on the Bible*.

It having been mentioned to Dr. Johnson that a gentleman who had a son whom he imagined to have an extreme degree of timidity, resolved to send him to a public school, that he might acquire confidence. "Sir, (said Johnson) this is a preposterous expedient for removing his infirmity; such a disposition should be cultivated in the shade. Placing him at a public school is forcing an owl upon day."

Speaking of a gentleman whose house was much frequented by low company; "Rags, sir, (said he,) will always make their appearance where they have a right to do it."

Of the same gentleman's mode of living, he said, "Sir, the servants, instead of doing what they are bid, stand round the table in idle clusters, gaping upon the guests; and seem as unfit to attend a company, as to steer a man of war."

A dull country magistrate gave Johnson a long tedious account of his exercising his criminal jurisdiction, the result of which was his having sentenced four convicts to transportation. Johnson, in an agony of impatience to get rid of such a companion, exclaimed, "I heartily wish, Sir, that I were a fifth."

Johnson was present when a tragedy was read, in which there occurred this line :

\* "Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free."

The company having admired it much, "I cannot agree with you (said Johnson) : It might as well be said,

‘Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.’”

He was pleased with the kindness of Mr. Cator, who was joined with him in Mr. Thrale’s important trust, and thus describes him: “There is much good in his character, and much usefulness in his knowledge.”<sup>1</sup> He found a cordial solace at that gentleman’s seat of Beckenham, in Kent, which is indeed one of the finest places at which I ever was a guest.

Johnson seldom encouraged general censure of any profession; but he was willing to allow a due share of merit to the various departments necessary in civilized life. In a splenetick, sarcastical or jocular frame, however, he would sometimes utter a pointed saying of that nature. One instance has been mentioned,<sup>b</sup> where he gave a sudden satirical stroke to the character of an *attorney*. The too indiscriminate admission to that employment, which requires both abilities and integrity, has given rise to injurious reflections, which are totally inapplicable to many very respectable men who exercise it with reputation and honour.

Johnson having argued for some time with a pertinacious gentleman; his opponent, who had talked in a very puzzling manner, happened to say, “I don’t understand you, Sir:” upon which Johnson observed, “Sir, I have found you an argument; but I am not obliged to find you an understanding.”

Talking to me of Horry Walpole, (as the Honourable Horace Walpole is often called,) Johnson allowed that he got together a great many curious little things, and told them in an elegant manner. Mr. Walpole thought Johnson a more amiable character after reading his Letters to Mrs. Thrale; but never was one of the true admirers of that great man. We may suppose a prejudice conceived, if he ever heard Johnson’s account to Sir George Staunton, that when he made the speeches in Parliament for the Gentleman’s Magazine, “he always took care to put Sir Robert Walpole in the wrong, and to say everything he could against the electorate of Hanover.” The celebrated Heroick Epistle, in which Johnson is satyrically introduced, has been ascribed both to Mr. Walpole and Mr. Mason. One day at Mr. Courtenay’s, when a gentleman expressed his opinion that there was more energy in that poem than could be expected from Mr. Walpole; Mr. Warton, the late Laureat observed, “It may have been written by Walpole, and buckram’d by Mason.”

<sup>a</sup> “Letters to Mrs. Thrale,” Vol. II. p. 284.

<sup>b</sup> See Vol. I. p. 396.

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<sup>1</sup> Yet see a curious story of him in the money-lender. *Maloniana*, where he is described as a

He disapproved of Lord Hailes for having modernised the language of the ever-memorable John Hailes of Eton, in an edition which his Lordship published of that writer's works. "An authour's language, Sir, (said he,) is a characteristical part of his composition, and is also characteristical of the age in which he writes. Besides, Sir, when the language is changed we are not sure that the sense is the same. No, Sir; I am sorry Lord Hailes has done this."

Here it may be observed, that his frequent use of the expression, *No, Sir*, was not always to intimate contradiction; for he would say so, when he was about to enforce an affirmative proposition which had not been denied, as in the instance last mentioned. I used to consider it as a kind of flag of defiance; as if he had said, "Any argument you may offer against this is not just. No, Sir, it is not." It was like Falstaff's "I deny your Major."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Croker also heard, from Sir J. Mackintosh, that Burke had described Johnson as using this familiar "Why no, Sir," as "preface to an *assent*." Both Boswell and Burke seem to have misunderstood the matter. "Boswell," writes Mr. Elwin, "reports these phrases with scrupulous fidelity, and we have the same materials upon which to found our judgment as he had himself. Now in all the instances, so far as I can remember, in which Johnson prefaces his assent with a 'No, Sir,' he and the person with whom he agrees are negating some proposition, and the 'No, Sir' is a negative applied to the *thing* of which they are talking. At p. 491, (*Croker*) for example, Boswell says, "When you get to them [the Thrales] the pain will be so far abated that they will be capable of being consoled by you, which in the first violence of it, I believe, would not be the case." Johnson replies, "No, Sir; violent pain of mind, like violent pain of body, *must* be severely felt," where the meaning evidently is 'No, as you justly remark, they would not be consoled in the first violence of grief.' Boswell continues, 'I own, Sir, I have not so much feeling for the distress of others as some people have, or pretend to have, but I know this, that I would do all in my power to relieve them.' 'Sir,' said Johnson, assenting, 'it is affectation to pretend to feel the distress of others as much as they do themselves. No, Sir; you have expressed the rational and just nature of sympathy.' Here the 'No, Sir,' simply means, 'No; people have

not the feeling they often pretend to have.' So in the instance of the antiquated language which Lord Hailes had modernised in his reprint, and which was the occasion for what I think is Boswell's erroneous view of Johnson's phrase the 'No, Sir,' signifies 'No, the language ought not to have been changed.' It appears to remove all doubt on the point that Boswell has recorded numerous cases in which Johnson assents to an *affirmative* proposition, and then his phrase, I believe, is invariably 'Yes, Sir.' His 'No, Sir,' is confined to his concurrence in *negative* propositions. Take one or two examples out of many of the affirmative kind. At p. 229, (*ibid.*) Boswell says that respect for old families is one more incitement to do well, and Johnson replies, 'Yes, Sir, and it is a matter of opinion very necessary to keep society together.' At p. 263, Boswell observes that 'Goldsmith had a great deal of gold in his cabinet, but, not content with that, was always taking out his purse,' and Johnson answers, 'Yes, Sir, and that so often an empty purse.' At p. 285, Boswell says, 'We have all observed how one man dresses himself slowly, and another fast,' and Johnson says, 'Yes, Sir, it is wonderful how much time some people will consume in dressing.' In the very next paragraph to that which contains Boswell's view of the 'No, Sir,' (p. 768), we are told that Reynolds, having remarked 'that the character of a man was found out by his amusements,' Johnson rejoined, 'Yes, Sir, no man is a hypocrite in his pleasures.' If Johnson

Sir Joshua Reynolds having said that he took the altitude of a man's taste by his stories and his wit, and of his understanding by the remarks which he repeated; being always sure that he must be a weak man who quotes common things with an emphasis as if they were oracles. Johnson agreed with him; and Sir Joshua having also observed that the real character of a man was found out by his amusements—JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir; no man is a hypocrite in his pleasures."

Had Johnson treated at large *De Claris Oratoribus*, he might have given us an admirable work. When the Duke of Bedford attacked the ministry as vehemently as he could, for having taken upon them to extend the time for the importation of corn, Lord Chatham, in his first speech in the House of Lords, boldly avowed himself to be an adviser of that measure. "My colleagues, (said he,) as I was confined by indisposition, did me the signal honour of coming to the bed-side of a sick man, to ask his opinion. But, had they not thus condescended, I should have *taken up my bed and walked*, in order to have delivered that opinion at the Council Board." Mr. Langton, who was present, mentioned this to Johnson, who observed, "Now, Sir, we see that he took these words as he found them; without considering, that though the expression in Scripture, *take up thy bed and walk*, strictly suited the instance of the sick man restored to health and strength, who would of course be supposed to carry his bed with him, it could not be proper in the case of a man who was lying in a state of feebleness, and who certainly would not add to the difficulty of moving at all, that of carrying his bed."

When I pointed out to him in the news-paper one of Mr. Grattan's animated and glowing speeches, in favour of the freedom of Ireland, in which this expression occurred, (I know not if accurately taken): "We will persevere, till there is not one link of the English chain left to clank upon the rags of the meanest beggar in Ireland."—

*Cor. et Ad.*—After line 8 read:—"I have mentioned Johnson's general aversion to a pun. He once, however, endured one of mine. When we were talking of a numerous company in which he had distinguished himself highly, I said, 'Sir, you were a COB surrounded by smelts. Is not this enough for you? at a time too when you were not *fishing* for a compliment?' He laughed at this with a complacent approbation. Old Mr. Sheridan observed, upon my mentioning it to him, 'He liked your compliment so well, he was willing to take it with *pun sauce*.' For my own part I think no innocent species of wit or pleasantry should be suppressed: and that a good pun may be admitted among the smaller excellencies of lively conversation."

always said 'Yes, Sir,' when assenting to affirmative propositions, and 'No, sir,' when he concurred in negating propositions, nothing seems clearer than

that the 'No, Sir' was applied by him to the proposition he concurred in negating."—*Letter of Rev. W. Elwin to the Author.*

"Nay, Sir, (said Johnson,) don't you perceive that *one* link cannot clank."<sup>1</sup>

Mrs. Thrale has published,\* as Johnson's, a kind of parody or counterpart of a fine poetical passage in one of Mr. Burke's speeches on American Taxation. It is vigorously but somewhat coarsely executed; and I am inclined to suppose, is not quite correctly exhibited. I hope he did not use the words "*vile agents* for the Americans in the House of Parliament;" and if he did so, in an extempore effusion, I wish the lady had not committed it to writing.

Mr. Burke uniformly shewed Johnson the greatest respect; and when Mr. Townshend, now Lord Sydney, at a period when he was conspicuous in opposition, threw out some reflection in parliament upon the grant of a pension to a man of such political principles as Johnson; Mr. Burke, though then of the same party with Mr. Townshend, stood warmly forth in defence of his friend, to whom, he justly observed, the pension was granted solely on account of his eminent literary merit. I am well assured, that Mr. Townshend's attack upon Johnson was the occasion of his "hitching in a rhyme;" for, that in the original copy of Goldsmith's character of Mr. Burke,

\* "Anecdotes," p. 43.

<sup>1</sup> At this place may be recorded a most characteristic discussion between Johnson and Dr. Campbell on the subject of the Irish volunteers—"The Doctor, who had been long silent, turned a sharp ear to what I was saying, and with vehemence said, 'Why, sir, don't you call it disturbance to oppose legal government with arms in your hands, and compel it to make laws in your favour? Sir, I call it rebellion—rebellion as much as the rebellions of Scotland.' 'Doctor,' said I, 'I am sorry to hear that fall from you. There is a separate Legislature which firmly denies its allegiance to the British Parliament.' 'Sir,' says the Doctor, 'you *do* owe allegiance to the British Parliament as a conquered nation; and had I been minister I would have made you submit to it. I would have done as Oliver Cromwell did. I would have burned your cities, and roasted you in the fires of them.' I, after allowing the Doctor to vent his indignation upon Ireland, coolly replied, 'Doctor, the times are altered; and I don't find that you have succeeded so well in burning the cities and roasting the inhabitants of America.' 'Sir,' says he gravely, and with a less vehement tone, 'what you say is true, the times are altered; for

power is nowhere. We live under a government of influence, not of power; but, Sir, had we treated the Americans as we ought, and as they deserved, we should have at once razed all the towns, and let them enjoy their forests.' After this wild rant, argument would have but enraged him. I, therefore, let him vibrate into calmness. Then, turning round to me, he, with a smile, says, 'After all, Sir, though I hold the Irish to be rebels, I don't think they have been so very wrong; but you know that you compelled our Parliament, by force of arms, to pass an Act in your favour. That I call rebellion.' 'But, Doctor,' said I, 'did the Irish claim anything that ought not to have been granted, though they had not made the claim?' 'Sir, I won't dispute that matter with you; but what I insist upon is, that the mode of requisition was rebellious.' 'Well, Doctor, let me ask you but one question, and I shall ask you no more on this subject, Do you think that Ireland would have obtained what it has got by any other means?' 'Sir,' he says candidly, 'I believe it would not. However, a wise government should not grant even a claim of justice if an attempt is made to extract it by force.' I said no more."—*Diary*.

in his "Retaliation," another person's name stood in the couplet where Mr. Townshend is now introduced :

"Though fraught with all learning, kept straining his throat,  
To persuade *Tommy Townshend* to lend him a vote."

It may be worth remarking, among the *minutiæ* of my collection, that Johnson was once drawn for the militia, the Trained Bands of the City of London, and that Mr. Rackstrow, of the Museum in Fleet-street, was his Colonel. It may be believed he did not serve in person ; but the idea, with all its circumstances, is certainly laughable. He upon that occasion provided himself with a musket, and with a sword and belt, which I have seen hanging in his closet.

He was very constant to those whom he once employed, if they gave him no reason to be displeased. When somebody talked of being imposed on in the purchase of tea and sugar, and such articles ; "That will not be the case, (said he,) if you go to a *stately shop*, as I always do. In such a shop it is not worth their while to take a petty advantage."

An authour of most anxious and restless vanity being mentioned, "Sir, (said he,) there is not a young sapling upon Parnassus more severely blown about by every wind of criticism than that poor fellow."

The difference he observed, between a well-bred and an ill-bred man is this : "One immediately attracts your liking, the other your aversion. You love the one till you find reason to hate him ; you hate the other till you find reason to love him." ✓

The wife of one of his acquaintance had fraudulently made a purse to herself out of her husband's fortune. Feeling a proper compunction in her last moments, she confessed how much she had secreted ; but before she could tell where it was placed, she was seized with a convulsive fit and expired. Her husband said, he was more hurt by her want of confidence in him, than by the loss of his money. "I told him (said Johnson) that he should console himself ; for *perhaps* the money might be *found*, and he was *sure* that his wife was *gone*."

A foppish physician imagined that Johnson had animadverted on his wearing a fine coat, and mentioned it to him. "I did not notice you ;" was his answer. The physician still insisted. "Sir, (said Johnson,) had you been dipt in Pactolus, I should not have noticed you."

*Cor. et. Ad.*—Instead of the last paragraph read—"A foppish physician once re-

He seemed to take a pleasure in speaking in his own style; for when he had carelessly missed, he would repeat the thought translated into it. Talking of the Comedy of "The Rehearsal," he said, "It has not wit enough to keep it sweet." This was easy;—he therefore caught himself, and pronounced a more rounded sentence, "It has not vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction."<sup>1</sup>

He censured a writer of entertaining Travels for assuming a feigned character, saying (in his sense of the word) "He carries out one lye; we know not how many he brings back."

Though he had no taste for painting, he admired much the manner in which Sir Joshua Reynolds treated of his art, in his "Discourses to the Royal Academy." He observed of a passage one day, "I think I might as well have said this myself." And once when Mr. Langton was sitting by him, he read one of them very eagerly, and expressed himself thus: "Very well, Master Reynolds; very well, indeed. But it will not be understood."

No man was more ready to make an apology when he had censured unjustly than Johnson. When a proof-sheet of one of his works was brought to him, he found fault with the mode in which a part of it was arranged, refused to read it, and in a passion desired that the compositor<sup>a</sup> might be sent to him. The compositor was Mr. Manning, a decent sensible man, who had composed about one half of his "Dictionary," when in Mr. Strahan's printing-house; and a great part of his "Lives of the Poets," when in Mr. Nichols's printing-house; and now (in his seventy-seventh year) when in Mr. Baldwin's printing-house, has composed a part of this work commended Johnson of his having been in company with him on a former occasion, "I do not remember it, Sir." The physician still insisted; adding that he that day wore so fine a coat that it must have attracted his notice. "Sir, (said Johnson,) had you been dipt in Pactolus, I should not have noticed you."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>a</sup> Compositor, in the art of printing, means, the person who adjusts the types in the order in which they are to stand for printing; one who arranges what is called the *form*, from which an impression is taken.

*Cor. et Ad.*—After line 16, read—"When I observed to him that Painting was so far inferior to Poetry, that the story or even emblem which it communicates must be previously known, and mentioned as a natural and laughable instance of this, that a little miss, on seeing a picture of Justice with the scales, had exclaimed to me, 'See, there's a woman selling sweetmeats;' he said, 'Painting, Sir, can illustrate, but cannot inform.'"

<sup>1</sup> This saying has been registered in two other note-books, Mr. Malone's and Mrs. Piozzi's. This again helps us to estimate Boswell's incomparable superiority as a reporter. "On a high eulogium being pronounced upon it (The Rehearsal) he said, 'It had not wit enough to keep it sweet: it had not sufficient vitality to preserve it from putrefaction.'" He adds that Mrs. Thrale had caught something

of this story, and marred it in the telling. Her version ran: "Dryden's reputation is now the only principle of vitality which keeps the play from putrefaction." Boswell's supplies the cause of the repetition of the sentiment, and we almost see the Doctor delivering it.

<sup>2</sup> The reader will observe how infinitely superior is the second version of the story.



cerning him. By producing the manuscript, he at once satisfied Dr. Johnson that he was not to blame. Upon which Johnson candidly and earnestly said to him, "Mr. Compositor, I ask your pardon. Mr. Compositor, I ask your pardon, again and again."

His generous humanity to the miserable was almost beyond example. The following instance is well attested: Coming home late one night, he found a poor woman lying in the street, so much exhausted that she could not walk; he took her upon his back, and carried her to his house, where he discovered that she was one of those wretched females who had fallen into the lowest state of vice, poverty, and disease.<sup>1</sup> Instead of harshly upbraiding her, he had her taken care of with all tenderness for a long time, at a considerable expence, till she was restored to health, and endeavoured to put her into a virtuous way of living.\*

He thought Mr. Caleb Whitefoord, singularly happy in hitting on the signature of *Papyrius Cursor*, to his ingenious and diverting cross-readings of the news-papers; it being a real name of an ancient Roman, and clearly expressive of the thing done in this lively conceit.

He once in his life was known to have uttered what is called a *bull*; Sir Joshua Reynolds, when they were riding together in Devonshire, complained that he had a very bad horse, for that even

\* This circumstance therefore alluded to in Mr. Courtenay's "Poetical Character," of him is strictly true.

Cor. et Ad.—To above note add, "My informer was Mrs. Desmoulins, who lived many years in Dr. Johnson's house."

<sup>1</sup> This little scene has suggested a noble passage to Mr. Carlyle, which also furnishes the key to what so mysteriously attracts and fascinates in Boswell's narrative: "Strange power of *reality*! Not even this poorest of occurrences, but now, after seventy years are come and gone, has a meaning. Do but consider that it is *true*; that it did in very deed occur. That unhappy outcast, with all her sins and woes, lawless desires, too complex mischances, her wailings and her riotings, has departed utterly. Alas! her siren finery has got all besmudged, ground, generations since, into dust and smoke. . . . *She* is no longer here, but far from us, in the bosom of eternity. Whence we too came, whither we too are bound. . . . It is well worth an artist's while to examine for himself what it is that gives each pitiful incident their memorableness; his aim likewise is, above all things, to be memorable. Half the effect we already perceive depends on the object, on its

being *real*, on its being really *seen*. The other half will depend on the observer; and the question now is, How are real objects to be *so* seen; on what quality of observing, or of style in describing, does this so intense pictorial power depend? Often a slight circumstance contributes curiously to the result. Some little, and perhaps, to appearance, accidental feature is presented; a light gleam, which instantaneously *excites* the mind and urges it to complete the picture and evolve the meaning thereof for itself. . . . One grand invaluable secret there is which includes all the rest. . . . *To have an open loving breast, and what follows from the possession of such.* . . . This it is that opens the whole mind, quickens every faculty of the intellect to do its fit work, that of *knowing*; and therefore, by sure consequence, of *vividly uttering forth*."—*Miscel.*, art. *Biography*, p. 14, ed. 1847.

when going down hill he moved slowly step by step. "Ay (said Johnson) and when he *goes* up hill, he *stands still*."

He had a great aversion to gesticulating in company. He called once to a gentleman<sup>1</sup> who offended him in that point, "Don't attitudenise." And when another gentleman thought he was giving additional force to what he uttered, by expressive movements of his hands, Johnson fairly seized them, and held them down.

An authour of considerable eminence having engrossed a good share of the conversation in the company of Johnson, and having said nothing but what was very trifling and insignificant; Johnson when he was gone, observed to us, "It is wonderful what a difference there sometimes is between a man's powers of writing and of talking. ——— writes with great spirit, but is a poor talker; had he held his tongue we might have supposed him to have been restrain'd by modesty; but he has spoken a great deal to-day; and you have heard what stuff it was."

A gentleman having said that a *congé d'elire*, has not perhaps the force of a command, but may be considered only as a strong recommendation. "Sir, (replied Johnson, who overheard him,) it is such a recommendation, as if I should throw you out of a two-pair-of-stairs window, and recommend to you to fall soft."\*

Mr. Steevens, who passed many a social hour with him during their long acquaintance, which commenced when they both lived in the Temple, has preserved a good number of particulars concerning him, most of which are to be found in the department of Apothegms, &c. in the Collection of "Johnson's Works." But he has been pleased to favour me with the following, which are original :

"One evening, previous to the trial of Baretto, a consultation of his friends was held at the house of Mr. Cox, the Solicitor, in Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. Among others present were, Mr. Burke and Dr. Johnson, who differed in sentiments concerning the tendency of some part of the defence the prisoner was to make. When the meeting was over, Mr. Steevens observed, that the

This has been printed in other publications, "*fall to the ground*." But Johnson himself gave me the true expression which he had used, as above; meaning that the recommendation left as little choice in the one case as the other.

*Second Edition.*—Line 13, "\*\*\*\*\*."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Croker knew this gentleman, who was Sir Richard Musgrave, the same who used to protest that "he would clean shoes" for Dr. Johnson.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Beattie was then in town, and

the asterisks probably stand for his name. Mr. Croker, who had not seen the variation, imagined that Robertson was intended.

question between him and his friend had been agitated with rather too much warmth. 'It may be so, Sir, (replied the Doctor,) for Burke and I should have been of one opinion, if we had had no audience.'

"Dr. Johnson once assumed a character in which perhaps even Mr. Boswell never saw him. His curiosity having been excited by the praises bestowed on the celebrated Torrè's fireworks at Marybone-Gardens, he desired Mr. Steevens to accompany him thither. The evening had proved showery; and soon after the few people present were assembled, publick notice was given, that the conductors to the wheels, suns, stars, &c. were so thoroughly water-soaked, that it was impossible any part of the exhibition should be made. 'This is a mere excuse (says the Doctor) to save their crackers for a more profitable company. Let us but hold up our sticks, and threaten to break those coloured lamps that surround the Orchestra, and we shall soon have our wishes gratified. The core of the fire-works cannot be injured; let the different pieces be touched in their respective centers, and they will do their offices as well as ever.'—Some young men who overheard him, immediately began the violence he had recommended, and an attempt was speedily made to fire some of the wheels which appeared to have received the smallest damage; but to little purpose were they lighted, for most of them completely failed.—The authour of 'The Rambler,' however, may be considered on this occasion, as the ringleader of a successful riot, though not as a skilful pyrotechnist."

"It has been supposed that Dr. Johnson, so far as fashion was concerned, was careless of his appearance in publick. But this is not altogether true, as the following slight instance may show:—Goldsmith's last Comedy was to be represented during some court-mourning; and Mr. Steevens appointed to call on Dr. Johnson, and carry him to the tavern where he was to dine with others of the Poet's friends. The Doctor was ready dressed, but in coloured cloaths; yet being told that he would find every one else in black, received the intelligence with a profusion of thanks, hastened to change his attire, all the while repeating his gratitude for the information that had saved him from an appearance so improper in the front row of a front box. 'I would not (added he) for ten pounds, have seemed so retrograde to any general observance.'

"He would sometimes find his dislikes on very slender circumstances. Happening one day to mention Mr. Flexman, a Dissenting minister, with some compliment to his exact memory in chronological matters; the Doctor replied, 'Let me hear no more of him,

Sir. That is the fellow who made the Index to my *Ramblers*, and set down the name of Milton thus :—Milton, *Mr. John.*”

Mr. Steevens adds this testimony, “It is unfortunate however for Johnson, that his particularities and frailties can be more distinctly traced than his good and amiable exertions. Could the many bounties he studiously concealed, the many acts of humanity he performed in private, be displayed with equal circumstantiality, his defects would be so far lost in the blaze of his virtues, that the latter only would be regarded.”

Though from my very great admiration of Johnson, I have wondered that he was not courted by all the great and all the eminent persons of his time, it ought fairly to be considered, that no man of humble birth, who lived entirely by literature, in short no authour by profession, ever rose in this country, into that personal notice which he did. In the course of this work a numerous variety of names have been mentioned, to which many might be added. I cannot omit Lord and Lady Lucan, at whose house he often enjoyed all that an elegant table, and the best company can contribute to happiness ; he found hospitality united with extraordinary accomplishments, and embellished with charms of which no man could be insensible.

On Tuesday, June 22, I dined with him at THE LITERARY CLUB, the last time of his being in that respectable society. The other members present were the Bishop of St. Asaph, Lord Eliot, Lord Palmerston, Dr. Fordyce, and Mr. Malone. He looked ill ; but had such a manly fortitude, that he did not trouble the company with melancholy complaints. They all shewed evident marks of concern about him, with which he was much pleased, and he exerted himself to be as entertaining as his indisposition allowed him.

The anxiety of his friends to preserve so estimable a life, as long as human means might be supposed to have influence, made them plan for him a retreat from the severity of a British winter, to the mild climate of Italy. This scheme was at last brought to a serious resolution at General Paoli's, where I had often talked of it. One essential matter, however, I understood was necessary to be previously settled, which was obtaining such an addition to his income, as would be sufficient to enable him to defray the expense in a manner becoming the first literary character of a great nation, and, independent of all his other merits, the Authour of THE DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. The person to whom I above all

others thought I should apply to negotiate this business, was the Lord Chancellor,<sup>a</sup> because I knew that he highly valued Johnson, and that Johnson highly valued his Lordship; so that it was no degradation of my illustrious friend to solicit for him the favour of such a man. I have mentioned what Johnson said of him to me when he was at the bar;<sup>b</sup> and after his Lordship was advanced to the seals, he said of him, "I would prepare myself for no man in England but Lord Thurlow. When I am to meet with him I should wish to know a day before." How he would have prepared himself I cannot conjecture. Would he have selected certain topicks, and considered them in every view so as to be in readiness to argue them at all points? and what may we suppose those topicks to have been? I once started the curious enquiry to the great man who was the subject of this compliment: he smiled, but did not pursue it.

I first consulted with Sir Joshua Reynolds, who perfectly coincided in opinion with me; and I therefore, though personally very little known to his Lordship, wrote to him,<sup>c</sup> stating the case, and requesting his good offices for Dr. Johnson. I mentioned that I was obliged to set out for Scotland early in the week after, so that if his Lordship should have any commands for me as to this pious negotiation, he would be pleased to send them before that time; otherwise Sir Joshua Reynolds would give all attention to it.

This application was made not only without any suggestion on the part of Johnson himself, but was utterly unknown to him, nor had he the smallest suspicion of it. Any insinuations, therefore, which since his death have been thrown out, as if he had stooped to ask what was superfluous, are without any foundation. But, had he asked it, it would not have been superfluous; for though the money he had saved proved to be more than his friends imagined, or than I believe he himself, in his carelessness concerning worldly matters, knew it to be,<sup>1</sup> had he travelled upon the Continent, an augmen-

<sup>a</sup> Edward Lord Thurlow.

<sup>b</sup> Page 3 of this Volume.

<sup>c</sup> It is strange that Sir John Hawkins should have related that the application was made by Sir Joshua Reynolds, when he could so easily have been informed of the truth by inquiring of Sir Joshua.<sup>2</sup> Sir John's carelessness to ascertain facts is very remarkable.

<sup>1</sup> Johnson, at this time, had savings to the amount of 2300*l.* Of this, however, 750*l.* was in Langton's hands, who paid him an annuity of 75*l.* in return. 300*l.* was invested in Barclay and Perkins's brewery, and 150*l.* lent to Dr. Percy. This left just a thousand pounds, which were placed in the three-per-cents. There was also 100*l.* in cash found at his death. The first three investments were not

available. The consols could certainly have been turned into cash. But it must be recollected, that the application was made without consulting Dr. Johnson, who, with his friends, looked for an increase to his pension, and not for a sum in cash, for which he felt he need not be indebted to any one. <sup>a</sup>

<sup>2</sup> "Sir Joshua Reynolds undertook to solicit an addition of 200*l.* to his pension,

tation of his income would by no means have been unnecessary.

On Wednesday, June 23, I visited him in the forenoon, after having been present at the shocking sight of fifteen men executed before Newgate. I said to him, I was sure that human life was not machinery, that is to say, a chain of fatality planned and directed by the Supreme Being, as it had in it so much wickedness and misery, so many instances of both, as that by which my mind was now clouded. Were it machinery it would be better than it is in these respects, though less noble, as not being a system of moral government. He agreed with me now, as he always did, upon the great question of the liberty of the human will, which has been in all ages perplexed with so much sophistry. "But, Sir, as to the doctrine of Necessity, no man believes it. If a man should give me arguments that I do not see, though I could not answer them, should I believe that I do not see?" It will be observed, that Johnson at all times made the just distinction between doctrines *contrary* to reason, and doctrines *above* reason.

Talking of the religious discipline proper for unhappy convicts, he said, "Sir, one of our regular clergy will probably not impress their minds sufficiently: they should be attended by a Methodist preacher, or a Popish priest." Let me however observe, in justice to the Reverend Mr. Vilette, who has been Ordinary of Newgate for no less than seventeen years, in the course of which he has attended many hundreds of wretched criminals, that his earnest and humane exhortations have been very effectual. His extraordinary diligence is highly praise-worthy, and merits a distinguished reward.

On Thursday, June 24, I dined with him at Mr. Dilly's, where were the Reverend Mr. Knox, master of Tunbridge-school, Mr. Smith, Vicar of Southill, Dr. Beattie, Mr. Pinkerton, authour of various literary performances, and the Reverend Dr. Mayo. At my

*Cor. et Ad.*—Line 22: On "preacher" put the following note:—"A friend of mine happened to be passing by a *field congregation* in the environs of London, when a Methodist preacher quoted this passage with triumph."

*Ibid.*—Line 27: On "reward" put the following note:—"I trust that THE CITY OF LONDON, now happily in unison with THE COURT, will have the justice and generosity to obtain preferment for this Reverend Gentleman, now a worthy old servant of that magnificent Corporation."<sup>1</sup>

and to that end applied to Lord Thurlow." It is plain, however, from Johnson's letter, that Reynolds was in communication with Lord Thurlow, and arranged the details of the application with him.

<sup>1</sup> "Mr. Boswell," wrote our biographer, when accepting an invitation of Mr.

Wilkes's, "will, with great pleasure, obey the glad summons to Kennington-grove on Sunday next, and is happy to understand that *mon reverend père Vilette*, in the discharge of his duty, is to be there to receive the confessions of John Wilkes as an *amende* honourable to the Scotch."

desire old Mr. Sheridan was invited, as I was earnest to have Johnson and him brought together again by chance, that a reconciliation might be effected. Mr. Sheridan happened to come early, and having learnt that Dr. Johnson was to be there, went away; so I found, with sincere regret, that my friendly intentions were hopeless. I recollect nothing that passed this day, except Johnson's quickness, who, when Dr. Beattie observed, as something remarkable which had happened to him, that he had chanced to see both No. 1, and No. 1,000, of the hackney-coaches, the first and the last; "Why, Sir, (said he,) there is an equal chance for one's seeing those two numbers as any other two." He was clearly right; yet the seeing of the two extremes, each of which is in some degree more conspicuous than the rest, could not but strike one in a stronger manner than the sight of any other two numbers.—Though I have neglected to preserve his conversation, it was perhaps at this interview that Mr. Knox formed the notion of it which he has exhibited in his "Winter Evenings."

On Friday, June 25, I dined with him at General Paoli's, where he says, in one of his letters to Mrs. Thrale, "I love to dine." There were a variety of dishes much to his taste, of all which he seemed to me to eat so much, that I was afraid he might be hurt by it; and I whispered to the General my fear, and begged he might not press him. "Alas! (said the General) see how very ill he looks; he can live but a very short time. Would you refuse any slight gratifications to a man under sentence of death? There is a humane custom in Italy, by which persons in that melancholy situation are indulged with having whatever they like best to eat and drink, even with expensive delicacies."

I shewed him some verses on Lichfield by Miss Seward, which I had that day received from her, and had the pleasure to hear him approve of them. He confirmed to me the truth of a high compliment which I had been told he had paid to that lady, when she mentioned to him "The Colombiade," an epick poem, by Madame du Boccage:—"Madam, there is not in it any thing equal to your description of the sea round the North Pole, in your Ode on the death of Captain Cook."

On Sunday, June 27, I found him rather better. I mentioned to him a young man who was going to Jamaica with his wife and children, in expectation of being provided for by two of her brothers settled in that island, one a clergyman and the other a physician. JOHNSON. "It is a wild scheme, Sir, unless he has a positive and deliberate invitation. There was a poor girl, who used to come about me, who had a cousin in Barbadoes, that, in a letter to her,

expressed a wish she would come out to that island, and expatiated on the comforts and happiness of her situation. The poor girl went out: her cousin was much surprized, and asked her how she could think of coming. 'Because (said she) you invited me.'—'Not I' (answered the cousin). The letter then was produced. 'I see it is true, (said she,) that I did invite you; but I did not think you would come.' They lodged her in an out-house, where she passed her time miserably; and as soon as she had an opportunity she returned to England. Always tell this, when you hear of people going abroad to relations, upon a notion of being well received. In the case which you mention, it is probable the clergyman spends all he gets, and the physician does not know how much he is to get."

We this day dined at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, with General Paoli, Lord Eliot, (formerly Mr. Eliot, of Port Eliot,) Dr. Beattie, and some more company. Talking of Lord Chesterfield;—JOHNSON. "His manner was exquisitely elegant, and he had more knowledge than I expected." BOSWELL. "Did you find, Sir, his conversation to be of a superiour style." JOHNSON. "Sir, in the conversation which I had with him I had the best right to superiority, for it was upon philology and literature." Lord Eliot, who had travelled at the same time with Mr. Stanhope, Lord Chesterfield's natural son, justly observed, that it was strange that a man who shewed he had so much affection for his son as Lord Chesterfield did, by writing so many long and anxious letters to him, almost all of them when he was Secretary of State, which certainly was a proof of great goodness of disposition, should endeavour to make his son a rascal. His Lordship told us, that Foote had intended to bring on the stage a father who had thus tutored his son, and to shew the son an honest man to every thing else, but practising his father's maxims upon him, and cheating him. JOHNSON. "I am much pleased with this design; but I think there was no occasion to make the son honest at all. No; he should be a consummate rogue: the contrast between honesty and knavery would be the stronger. It should be contrived so that the father should be the only sufferer by the son's villainy, and thus there would be poetical justice."

He put Lord Eliot in mind of Dr. Walter Harte. "I know (said he) Harte was your Lordship's tutor, and he was also tutor to the Peterborough family Pray, my Lord, do you recollect any particulars that he told you of Lord Peterborough? He is a favourite of mine, and is not enough known: his character has been only ventilated in party pamphlets." Lord Eliot said, if Dr. Johnson would be so good as to ask him any questions, he would tell what



he could recollect. Accordingly some things were mentioned. "But (said his Lordship) the best account of Lord Peterborough that I have happened to meet with, is, 'Captain Carleton's Memoirs.' Carleton was descended of an ancestor who had distinguished himself at the siege of Derry. He was an officer; and, what was rare at that time, had some knowledge of engineering." Johnson said, he had never heard of the book. Lord Eliot had it at Port Eliot; but, after a good deal of enquiry, procured a copy in London, and sent it to Johnson, who told Sir Joshua Reynolds that he was going to bed when it came, but was so much pleased with it, that he sat up till he had read it through, and found in it such an air of truth, that he could not doubt of its authenticity; adding, with a smile (in allusion to Lord Eliot's having recently been raised to the peerage,) "I did not think a *young Lord* could have mentioned to me a book in the English history that was not known to me."

An addition to our company came after we went up to the drawing-room; Dr. Johnson seemed to rise in spirits as his audience increased. He said, "He wished that Lord Orford's pictures, and Sir Ashton Lever's Museum, might be purchased by the publick, because both the money, and the pictures, and the curiosities, would remain in the country. Whereas, if they were sold into another kingdom, the nation would indeed get some money, but would lose the pictures and curiosities, which it would be desirable we should have for improvement in taste and natural history. The only question was, that as the nation was much in want of money, whether it would not be better to take a large price from a foreign state."

He entered upon a curious discussion of the difference between intuition and sagacity, one being immediate in its effect, the other requiring a circuitous process; one he observed, was the *eye* of the mind, the other the *nose* of the mind.

A gentleman present took up the argument against him, and maintained that no man ever thinks of the *nose of the mind*, not adverting that though that figurative phrase seems strange to us, as very unusual, it is truly not more forced than Hamlet's "In my

*Third Edition.*—Line 33: "A young gentleman."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> An instance of Boswell's retouching and delicate approaches towards revealing names, &c. From the number of stars the person alluded to must be Burke's son. Boswell, cautious as to all that touched Mr. Burke, first contented

himself with "a gentleman," and "Mr. ———;" he then ventured to put stars. The epithet "young," not found in the first editions, and which made all plainer, was, I suspect, introduced by Malone.

*mind's eye*, Horatio." He persisted much too long, and appeared to Johnson as putting himself forward as his antagonist with too much presumption; upon which he called to him in a loud tone, "What is it you are contending for, if you *be* contending?"—And afterwards imagining that the gentleman retorted upon him with a kind of smart drollery, he said, "Mr. ———, it does not become you to talk so to me. Besides, ridicule is not your talent; you have *there* neither intuition nor sagacity."—The gentleman protested that he had intended no improper freedom, but had the greatest respect for Dr. Johnson. After a short pause, during which we were somewhat uneasy—JOHNSON. "Give me your hand, Sir. You were too tedious, and I was too short." Mr. ———. "Sir, I am honoured by your attention in any way." JOHNSON. "Come, Sir, let's have no more of it. We offended one another by our contention; let us not offend the company by our compliments."

He now said, "He wished much to go to Italy, and that he dreaded passing the winter in England." I said nothing but enjoyed a secret satisfaction in thinking that I had taken the most effectual measures to make such a scheme practicable.

On Monday, June 28, I had the honour to receive from the Lord Chancellor the following letter:

To JAMES BOSWELL, *Esq.*

"SIR,—I should have answered your letter immediately; if (being much engaged when I received it) I had not put it in my pocket, and forgot to open it till this morning.

"I am much obliged to you for the suggestion; and I will adopt and press it as far as I can. The best argument, I am sure, and I hope it is not likely to fail, is Dr. Johnson's merit.—But it will be necessary, if I should be so unfortunate as to miss seeing you, to converse with Sir Joshua on the sum it will be proper to ask—in short, upon the means of setting him out. It would be a reflection on us all, if such a man should perish for want of the means to take care of his health. Yours, &c.

"THURLOW."

This letter gave me a very high satisfaction; I next day went and shewed it to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was exceedingly pleased with it. He thought that I should now communicate the negotiation to Dr. Johnson, who might afterwards complain if the attention with which it had been honoured, should be too long concealed from him. I intended to set out for Scotland next morning

but Sir Joshua cordially insisted that I should stay another day, that Johnson and I might dine with him, that we three might talk of his Italian Tour, and as Sir Joshua expressed himself, "have it all out." I hastened to Johnson, and was told by him that he was rather better to-day. BOSWELL. "I am very anxious about you, Sir, and particularly that you should go to Italy for the winter, which I believe is your own wish." JOHNSON. "It is, Sir." BOSWELL. "You have no objection, I presume, but the money it would require." JOHNSON. "Why no, Sir." Upon which I gave him a particular account of what had been done, and read to him the Lord Chancellor's letter.—He listened with much attention; then warmly said, "This is taking prodigious pains about a man."—"O! Sir, (said I, with most sincere affection,) your friends would do every thing for you." He paused—grew more and more agitated—till tears started into his eyes, and he exclaimed with fervent emotion, "GOD bless you all." I was so affected that I also shed tears.—After a short silence, he renewed and extended his grateful benediction, "GOD bless you all, for JESUS CHRIST'S sake." We both remained for some time unable to speak.—He rose suddenly and quitted the room quite melted in tenderness. He staid but a short time, till he had recovered his firmness; soon after he returned I left him, having first engaged him to dine at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, next day—I never was again under that roof which I had so long revered.

On Wednesday, June 30, the friendly confidential dinner with Sir Joshua Reynolds took place, no other company being present. Had I known that this was the last time that I should enjoy in this world, the conversation of a friend whom I so much respected, and from whom I derived so much instruction and entertainment, I should have been deeply affected. When I now look back to it, I am vexed that a single word should have been forgotten.

Both Sir Joshua and I were so sanguine in our expectations, that we expatiated with confidence on the large provision which we were sure would be made for him, conjecturing whether munificence would be displayed in one large donation, or in an ample increase of his pension. He himself caught so much of our enthusiasm, as to allow himself to suppose it not impossible that our hopes might in one way or other be realised. He said that he would rather have his pension doubled<sup>1</sup> than a grant of a thousand pounds; "For (said he) though probably I may not live to receive as much as a thousand pounds, a man would have the consciousness that he

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<sup>1</sup> It was more prudently resolved to ask for 200*l.* only.

should pass the remainder of his life in splendour, how long soever it might be." Considering what a moderate proportion an income of six hundred pounds a year bears to innumerable fortunes in this country, it is worthy of remark, that a man so truly great should think it splendour.

As an instance of extraordinary liberality of friendship, he told us, that Dr. Brocklesby had upon this occasion, offered him a hundred a year for his life. A grateful tear started into his eye, as he spoke this in a faltering tone.<sup>1</sup>

Sir Joshua and I endeavoured to flatter his imagination with agreeable prospects of happiness in Italy. "Nay (said he) I must not expect much of that; when a man goes to Italy merely to feel how he breathes the air, he can enjoy very little."

Our conversation turned upon living in the country, which Johnson, whose melancholy mind required the dissipation of quick successive variety, had habituated himself to consider as a kind of mental imprisonment. "Yet, Sir, (said I,) there are many people who are content to live in the country." JOHNSON. "Sir, it is in the intellectual world as in the physical world; we are told by natural philosophers, that a body is at rest in the place that is fit for it; they who are content to live in the country are *fit* for the country."

Talking of various enjoyments, I argued that a refinement of taste was a disadvantage, as they who have attained to it must be seldomer pleased than those who have no nice discrimination, and are therefore satisfied with every thing that comes in their way. JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir; that is a paltry notion. Endeavour to be as perfect as you can in every respect."

I accompanied him in Sir Joshua Reynolds's coach, to the entry of Bolt-court. He asked me whether I would not go with him to his house; I declined it, from an apprehension that my spirits would sink. We bade adieu to each other affectionately in the carriage. When he had got down upon the foot-pavement, he called out, "Fare you well;" and without looking back, sprung away with a kind of pathetick briskness, if I may use that expression, which seemed to indicate a struggle to conceal uneasiness, and impressed me with a foreboding of our long, long separation.

I remained one day more in town, to have the chance of talking over my negotiation with the Lord Chancellor; but the multiplicity

<sup>1</sup> "He pressed his hands and said, 'God bless you through Jesus Christ; but I will take no money but from my Sovereign.' This, if I mistake not, was told the king through West, that John-

son wanted much assistance; and that the chancellor meant to apply for it was told through the same channel."—*Windham's Diary*, p. 34.

of his Lordship's important engagements did not allow of it; so I left the management of the business in the hands of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Soon after this time Dr. Johnson had the mortification of being informed by Mrs. Thrale, that "what she supposed he never believed,"<sup>a</sup> was true, namely, that she was actually going to marry Signor Piozzi, an Italian musick-master. He endeavoured to prevent it, but in vain. If she would publish the whole of the correspondence that passed between Dr. Johnson and her on the subject, we should have a full view of his real sentiments. As it is, our judgement must be biassed by that characteristick specimen, which Sir John Hawkins has given us: "Poor Thrale! I thought that either her virtue or her vice would have restrained her from such a marriage. She is now become a subject for her enemies to exult over, and for her friends, if she has any left, to forget, or pity."<sup>b1</sup>

It must be admitted that Johnson derived a considerable portion of happiness from the comforts and elegancies which he enjoyed in Mr. Thrale's family; but Mrs. Thrale assures us he was indebted

<sup>a</sup> "Letters to Mrs. Thrale." Vol. II. p. 375.

<sup>b</sup> Dr. Johnson's Letter to Sir John Hawkins, "Life," p. 570.

<sup>1</sup> This opens a much discussed episode—namely, the final rupture of the long friendship between Mrs. Thrale and Dr. Johnson. There was always great curiosity to see the whole correspondence, which consisted of two letters to Johnson, with his reply to each, and final rejoinder, which was of a friendly character. The whole was recently published in Mr. Hayward's "Biography," &c., of Mrs. Piozzi. It is as follows:—

"No. 1.

"Mrs. Piozzi to Dr. Johnson.

"Bath, June 30.

"MY DEAR SIR,—The enclosed is a circular letter which I have sent to all the guardians, but our friendship demands somewhat more; it requires that I should beg your pardon for concealing from you a connexion which you must have heard of by many, but I suppose never believed. Indeed, my dear Sir, it was concealed only to save us both needless pain; I could not have borne to reject that counsel it would have killed me to take, and I only tell it you now because all is irrevocably settled and out of your power to prevent. I will say, however, that the dread of your disapprobation has given me some anxious

moments, and though perhaps I am become by many privations the most independent woman in the world, I feel as if acting without a parent's consent till you write kindly to

"Your faithful servant."

"No. 2. Circular.

"SIR,—As one of the executors of Mr. Thrale's will and guardian to his daughters, I think it my duty to acquaint you that the three eldest left Bath last Friday (25th) for their own house at Bright-helmstone in company with an amiable friend, Miss Nicholson, who has sometimes resided with us here, and in whose society they may, I think, find some advantages and certainly no disgrace. I waited on them to Salisbury, Wilton, &c., and offered to attend them to the seaside myself, but they preferred this lady's company to mine, having heard that Mr. Piozzi is coming back from Italy, and judging perhaps by our past friendship and continued correspondence that his return would be succeeded by our marriage.

"I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant.

"Bath, June 30, 1784."

or these to her husband alone, who certainly respected him sincerely.\* Her words are, "*Veneration for his virtue, reverence for his talents, delight in his conversation, and habitual endurance of a yoke my husband first put upon me, and of which he contentedly bore his share for sixteen or seventeen years, made me go on so long*

\* "Anecdotes," p. 293.

"No. 3."

"MADAM,—If I interpret your letter right, you are ignominiously married: if it is yet undone, let us *once more talk* together. If you have abandoned your children and your religion, God forgive your wickedness; if you have forfeited your fame and your country, may your folly do no further mischief. If the last act is yet to do, I who have loved you, esteemed you, revered you, and served you,† I who long thought you the first of womankind, entreat that, before your fate is irrevocable, I may once more see you. I was, I once was, Madam, most truly yours,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"July 2, 1784.

"I will come down, if you permit it."

"No. 4.

"July 4, 1784.

"SIR,—I have this morning received from you so rough a letter in reply to one which was both tenderly and respectfully written, that I am forced to desire the conclusion of a correspondence which I can bear to continue no longer.

\* "What Johnson termed an 'adumbration' of this letter appeared in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for Dec. 1784:

"MADAM,—If you are already ignominiously married, you are lost beyond all redemption;—if you are not, permit me one hour's conversation, to convince you that such a marriage must not take place. If, after a whole hour's reasoning, you should not be convinced, you will still be at liberty to act as you think proper. I have been extremely ill, and am still ill; but if you grant me the audience I ask, I will instantly take a post-chaise and attend you at Bath. Pray do not refuse this favour to a man who hath so many years loved and honoured you."—*Hayward.*

† The four words which I have printed in italics are indistinctly written, and cannot be satisfactorily made out."—*Hayward.*

The birth of my second husband is not meaner than that of my first; his sentiments are not meaner; his profession is not meaner, and his superiority in what he professes acknowledged by all mankind. It is want of fortune, then, that is ignominious; the character of the man I have chosen has no other claim to such an epithet. The religion to which he has been always a zealous adherent will, I hope, teach him to forgive insults he has not deserved; mine will, I hope, enable me to bear them at once with dignity and patience. To hear that I have forfeited my fame is indeed the greatest insult I ever yet received. My fame is as unsullied as snow, or I should think it unworthy of him who must henceforth protect it

"I write by the coach the more speedily and effectually to prevent your coming hither. Perhaps by my fame (and I hope it is so) you mean only that celebrity which is a consideration of a much lower kind. I care for that only as it may give pleasure to my husband and his friends.

"Farewell, dear Sir, and accept my best wishes. You have always commanded my esteem, and long enjoyed the fruits of a friendship *never infringed by one harsh expression on my part during twenty years of familiar talk. Never did I oppose your will, or control your wish; nor can your unmerited severity itself lessen my regard;* but till you have changed your opinion of Mr. Piozzi, let us converse no more. God bless you."

"No. 5.

"To Mrs. Piozzi.

"London, July 8, 1784.

"DEAR MADAM,—What you have done, however I may lament it, I have no pretence to resent, as it has not been injurious to me: I therefore breathe out one sigh more of tenderness, perhaps useless, but at least sincere.

"I wish that God may grant you every blessing, that you may be happy in this

with Mr. Johnson; but the perpetual confinement I will own to have been terrifying, in the first years of our friendship, and irksome in the last; nor could I pretend to support it without help when my coadjutor was no more." Alas! how different is this from the declarations which I have heard Mrs. Thrale make in his life-time, without a single murmur against any peculiarities, or against any one circumstance which attended their intimacy.

As a sincere friend of the great man whose Life I am writing, I think it necessary to guard my readers against the mistaken notion

world for its short continuance, and eternally happy in a better state; and whatever I can contribute to your happiness I am very ready to repay, for that kindness which soothed twenty years of a life radically wretched.

"Do not think slightly of the advice which I now presume to offer. Prevail upon Mr. Piozzi to settle in England; you may live here with more dignity than in Italy, and with more security; your rank will be higher, and your fortune more under your own eye. I desire not to detail all my reasons, but every argument of prudence and interest is for England, and only some phantoms of imagination seduce you to Italy.

"I am afraid, however, that my counsel is vain, yet I have eased my heart by giving it.

"When Queen Mary took the resolution of sheltering herself in England, the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, attempting to dissuade her, attended on her journey; and when they came to the irreameable stream that separated the two kingdoms, walked by her side into the water, in the middle of which he seized her bridle, and with earnestness proportioned to her danger and his own affection pressed her to return. The Queen went forward.—If the parallel reaches thus far, may it go no farther.—The tears stand in my eyes.

"I am going into Derbyshire, and hope to be followed by your good wishes, for I am, with great affection,

"Your, &c.

"Any letters that come for me hither will be sent me."

"In a memorandum on this letter, she says:—'I wrote him (No. 6) a very kind and affectionate farewell.'"

The lady only published the first and last of these letters, suppressing Johnson's rash attack and her own spirited

reply. This was the subject of conversation at Mr. Windham's in the year 1791, when the substance of her letter was described at table by Sir Joshua; which, it was added, "happened by some accident not to be returned to her with the rest of her letters."—(*Malomana*, p. 412.) It was Miss Hawkins that found it, and brought it to her father, who returned it to her. As he had given a short abstract of it in his book, published before Mrs. Piozzi's letters, she must have known that it was in his possession, and where to obtain it. It is evident, therefore, that she could have published both letters if she pleased.

Fresh from the dinner just mentioned, Malone speaks of her as "that despicable woman," which seems to have been the opinion of the other guests. It must be said, that whatever right she had to follow her inclination, the records of her attachment reveal a deplorable degree of infatuation; and the spectacle of a matron of a mature age, with grown-up daughters, reduced to the point of death from her passion for a very ordinary being—"an ugly dog," Johnson called him—does not inspire respect. To the point made in her letter as to her first husband's calling being inferior to Piozzi's, though specious, it might have been answered, that when the clever brewer and his lady had secured so conspicuous a position in London society, in spite of such drawbacks, it showed a sordidness of mind to descend instead of rising. She owed this homage at least to the refined and accomplished society which had adopted her. She finally closed her indiscretions by offering marriage, when nearly eighty years old, to a young actor. In any case, the warmth of Johnson, who was then literally dying, might have been excused on the ground of its sincerity, as being the well-meant protest of an old friend.

of Dr. Johnson's character, which this lady's "Anecdotes" of him suggest; for from the very nature and form of her book, it "lends deception lighter wings to fly."

"Let it be remembered, (says an eminent critick,<sup>a</sup>) that she has comprised in a small volume all that she could recollect of Dr. Johnson in *twenty years*, during which period, doubtless, some severe things were said by him; and they who read the book in *two hours*, naturally enough suppose that his whole conversation was of this complexion. But the fact is, I have been often in his company, and never *once* heard him say a severe thing to any one; and many others can attest the same. When he did say a severe thing it was generally extorted by ignorance pretending to knowledge, or by extreme vanity or affectation.

"Two instances of inaccuracy (adds he) are peculiarly worthy of notice:

"It is said,<sup>b</sup> '*That natural roughness of his manner so often mentioned, would, notwithstanding the regularity of his notions burst through them all from time to time; and he once bade a very celebrated lady, who praised him with too much zeal perhaps, or perhaps too strong an emphasis, (which always offended him,) consider what her flattery was worth before she choaked him with it.*'

"Now let the genuine anecdote be contrasted with this.—The person thus represented as being harshly treated, though a very celebrated lady, was *then* just come to London from an obscure situation in the country. At Sir Joshua Reynolds's one evening she met Dr. Johnson. She very soon began to pay her court to him in the most fulsome strain. 'Spare me, I beseech you, dear Madam,' was his reply. She still *laid it on*. 'Pray, Madam, let us have no more of this,' he rejoined. Not paying any attention to these warnings, she continued still her eulogy. At length, provoked by this indelicate and *vain* obtrusion of compliment, he exclaimed, 'Dearest lady, consider with yourself what your flattery is worth before you bestow it so freely.'<sup>1</sup>

"How different does this story appear, when accompanied with all these circumstances which really belong to it, but which Mrs. Thrale either did not know, or has suppressed.

<sup>a</sup> Who has been pleased to furnish me with his remarks.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>b</sup> "Anecdotes," p. 183.

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<sup>1</sup> Mr. Croker and Mr. Hayward find no essential difference between the two versions. But the point of the story is found in the then obscurity of the person who was reproved; and the word

"choaked" imparts an offensive air to Mrs. Piozzi's version of the rebuke.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Malone. There are some notes to the same effect in the *Maloniana*.



"She says,<sup>a</sup> 'One gentleman, however, who dined at a nobleman's house in his company, and that of Mr. Thrale, to whom I was obliged for the anecdote, was willing to enter the list in defence of King William's character; and having opposed and contradicted Johnson two or three times, petulantly enough, the master of the house began to feel uneasy, and expect disagreeable consequences; to avoid which, he said, loud enough for the Doctor to hear—Our friend here has no meaning now in all this, except just to relate at club to-morrow how he teized Johnson at dinner to-day; this is all to do himself honour.—No, upon my word, (replied the other,) I see no honour in it, whatever you may do.—Well, Sir, (returned Mr. Johnson, sternly,) if you do not see the honour, I am sure I feel the disgrace.'

"This is all sophisticated. Mr. Thrale was not in the company, though he might have related the story to Mrs. Thrale. A friend, from whom I had the story, was present; and it was not at the house of a nobleman. On the observation being made by the master of the house on a gentleman's contradicting Johnson, that he had talked for the honour, &c. the gentleman muttered, in a low voice, 'I see no honour in it;' and Dr. Johnson said nothing: so all the rest (though *bien trouvée*) is mere garnish."<sup>1</sup>

I have had occasion several times, in the course of this work, to point out the incorrectness of Mrs. Thrale, as to particulars which consisted with my own knowledge. But indeed she has, in flippant terms enough, expressed her disapprobation of that anxious desire of authenticity which prompts a person who is to record conversations, to write them down *at the moment*.<sup>b</sup> Unquestionably, if they are to be recorded at all, the sooner it is done the better. This lady herself says,<sup>c</sup> "To recollect, however, and to repeat the sayings of Dr. Johnson, is almost all that can be done by the writers of his Life; as his life, at least since my acquaintance with him, consisted in little else than talking, when he was not employed in some serious piece of work." She boasts of her having kept a common-place book; and, we find she noted, at one time or other, in a very lively manner, specimens of the conversations of Dr. Johnson, and of those who talked with him; but had she done it recently, they probably would have been less erroneous; and we should have been relieved

<sup>a</sup> "Anecdotes," p. 202.

<sup>b</sup> *Ibid.* p. 44.

<sup>c</sup> *Ibid.* p. 23.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Piozzi, in her marginal note on this passage, does not contradict Malone's statements, and adds, "it was

the house of Thomas Fitzmaurice, son to Lord Shelburne, and Pottinger the hero "

from those disagreeable doubts of their authenticity, with which we must now peruse them.

She says of him,<sup>a</sup> "*He was the most charitable of mortals, without being what we call an active friend. Admirable at giving counsel; no man saw his way so clearly; but he would not stir a finger for the assistance of those to whom he was willing enough to give advice.*" And again on the same page, "*If you wanted a slight favour, you must apply to people of other dispositions; for not a step would Johnson move to obtain a man a vote in a society, to repay a compliment which might be useful or pleasing, to write a letter of request, &c. or to obtain a hundred pounds a year more for a friend who perhaps had already two or three. No force could urge him to diligence, no importunity could conquer his resolution to stand still.*"

It is amazing that one who had such opportunities of knowing Dr. Johnson, should appear so little acquainted with his real character. I am sorry this lady does not advert, that she herself contradicts the assertion of his being obstinately defective in the *petite morale*, in the little endearing charities of social life in conferring smaller favours; for she says,<sup>b</sup> "*Dr. Johnson was liberal enough in granting literary assistance to others, I think; and innumerable are the Prefaces, Sermons, Lectures, and Dedications which he used to make for people who begged of him.*" I am certain that a *more active friend* has rarely been found in any age. This work, which I fondly hope will rescue his memory from obloquy, contains a thousand instances of his benevolent exertions in almost every way that can be conceived; and particularly in employing his pen with a generous readiness for those to whom its aid could be useful. Indeed his obliging activity in doing little offices of kindness, both by letters and personal application, was one of the most remarkable features in his character; and for the truth of this I can appeal to a number of his respectable friends: Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Langton, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Burke, Mr. Windham, Mr. Malone, the Bishop of Dromore, Sir William Scott, Sir Robert Chambers.—And can Mrs. Thrale forget the advertisements which he wrote for her husband at the time of his election contest; the epitaphs on him and her mother; the playful and even trifling verses, for the amusement of her and her daughters; his corresponding with her children, and entering into their minute concerns, which shews him in the most amiable light?

She relates,<sup>c</sup> that Mr. Ch—lm—ley unexpectedly rode up to Mr.

<sup>a</sup> "Anecdotes," p. 51.

<sup>b</sup> Ibid. p. 193.

<sup>c</sup> Ibid. p. 258.

Thrale's carriage, in which Mr. Thrale and she, and Dr. Johnson were travelling; that he paid them all his proper compliments, but observing that Dr. Johnson, who was reading, did not see him, "*tapt him gently on the shoulder. 'Tis Mr. Ch—lm—ley;*" says my husband. "*Well, Sir—and what if it is Mr. Ch—lm—ley;*" says the other, sternly, just lifting his eyes a moment from his book, and returning to it again, with renewed avidity." This surely conveys a notion of Johnson, as if he had been grossly rude to Mr Cholmondeley, a gentleman whom he always loved and esteemed. If, therefore, there was an absolute necessity for mentioning the story at all, it might have been thought that her tenderness for Dr. Johnson's character would have disposed her to state any thing that could soften it. Why then is there a total silence as to what Mr. Cholmondeley told her?—That Johnson, who had known him from his earliest years, having been made sensible of what had doubtless a strange appearance, took occasion, when he afterwards met him, to make a very courteous and kind apology. There is another little circumstance which I cannot but remark. Her book was published in 1785, she had then in her possession a letter from Dr. Johnson, dated in 1777,\* which begins thus: "Cholmondeley's story shocks me, if it be true, which I can hardly think, for I am utterly unconscious of it: I am very sorry, and very much ashamed."<sup>1</sup> Why then publish the anecdote? Or if she did, why not add the circumstances, with which she was well acquainted?

In his social intercourse she thus describes him:<sup>b</sup> "*Ever musing till he was called out to converse, and conversing till the fatigue of his friends, or the promptitude of his own temper to take offence, consigned him back again to silent meditation.*" Yet in the same book<sup>c</sup> she tells, "*He was, however, seldom inclined to be silent, when any moral or literary question was started; and it was on such occasions that, like the Sage in 'Rasselas,' he spoke, and attention watched his lips; he reasoned, and conviction closed his periods.*" His conversation, indeed, was so far from ever fatiguing his friends,

\* "Letters to Mrs. Thrale," Vol. II. p. 12.

<sup>b</sup> "Anecdotes," p. 23.

<sup>c</sup> Ibid. p. 302.

Cor. et Ad.—Line 9: On "Cholmondeley" put the following note: "George James Cholmondeley, Esq. grandson of George, third Earl of Cholmondeley, and one of the Commissioners of Excise; a gentleman respected for his abilities and elegance of manners."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Croker met him, and "found him very sore at being made the subject of such a debate."

<sup>2</sup> Boswell, by giving this gentleman's name, seems to glance at the lady's rather absurd affectation of concealment.

that they regretted when it was interrupted or ceased, and could exclaim in Milton's language,

“With thee conversing, I forget all time.”

I certainly, then, do not claim too much in behalf of my illustrious friend in saying, that however smart and entertaining Mrs. Thrale's “Anecdotes” are, they must not be held as good evidence against him; for wherever an instance of harshness and severity is told, I beg leave to doubt its perfect authenticity; for though there may have been *some* foundation for it, yet, like that of his reproof to the “very celebrated lady,” it may be so exhibited in the narration as to be very unlike the real fact.

The evident tendency of the following anecdote<sup>a</sup> is to represent Dr. Johnson very deficient in affection, tenderness, or even common civility. “*When I one day lamented the loss of a first cousin killed in America—‘Pr'ythee, my dear, (said he,) have done with canting; how would the world be the worse for it, I may ask, if all your relations were at once spitted like larks, and roasted for Presto's supper?’—Presto was the dog that lay under the table while we talked.*”—I suspect this too of exaggeration and distortion. I allow that he made her an angry speech; but let the circumstances fairly appear as told by Mr. Baretto who was present:

“Mrs. Thrale, while supping very heartily upon larks, laid down her knife and fork, and abruptly exclaimed, ‘O, my dear Mr. Johnson, do you know what has happened? The last letters from abroad have brought us an account that our poor cousin's head was taken off by a cannon-ball.’ Johnson, who was shocked both at the fact, and her light unfeeling manner of mentioning it, replied, ‘Madam, it would give *you* very little concern if all your relations were spitted like those larks, and drest for Presto's supper.’”<sup>b 1</sup>

<sup>a</sup> “Anecdotes,” p. 63.

<sup>b</sup> Upon mentioning this to my friend Mr. Wilkes, he, with his usual readiness, pleasantly matched it with the following *sentimental anecdote*. He was invited by a young man of fashion at Paris, to sup with him and a lady, who had been for some time his mistress, but with whom he was going to part. He said to Mr. Wilkes that he really felt very much for her, she was in such distress, and that he meant to make her a present of two hundred louis-d'ors. Mr. Wilkes observed the behaviour of Mademoiselle, who sighed indeed very piteously, and assumed every pathetick air of grief; but eat no less than three French pigeons, which are as large as English partridges, besides other things. Mr. Wilkes whispered the gentleman, “We often say in England, *Excessive sorrow is exceeding dry*, but I never heard *Excessive sorrow is exceeding hungry*. Perhaps *one* hundred will do.” The gentleman took the hint.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Piozzi writes opposite this passage, “Boswell appealing to Baretto for a testimony of the truth is comical enough. I never addressed him (John-

It is with concern that I find myself obliged to animadvert on the inaccuracies of Mrs. Piozzi's "Anecdotes," and perhaps I may be thought to have dwelt too long upon her little collection. But as from Johnson's long residence under Mr. Thrale's roof, and his intimacy with her, the account which she has given of him may have made an unfavourable and unjust impression, my duty, as a faithful biographer, has obliged me reluctantly to perform this unpleasing task.

Having left the *pious negotiation*, as I called it, in the best hands, I shall here insert what relates to it. Johnson wrote to Sir Joshua Reynolds on July 6, as follows: "I am going, I hope, in a few days, to try the air of Derbyshire, but hope to see you before I go. Let me, however, mention to you what I have much at heart.—If the Chancellor should continue his attention to Mr. Boswell's request, and confer with you on the means of relieving my languid state, I am very desirous to avoid the appearance of asking money upon false pretences. I desire you to represent to his Lordship, what, as soon as it is suggested, he will perceive to be reasonable.—That, if I grow much worse, I shall be afraid to leave my physicians, to suffer the inconveniences of travel, and pine in the solitude of a foreign country.—That, if I grow much better, of which indeed there is now little appearance, I shall not wish to leave my friends and my domestic comforts; for I do not travel for pleasure or curiosity; yet if I should recover, curiosity would revive.—In my present state, I am desirous to make a struggle for a little longer life, and hope to obtain some help from a softer climate. Do for me what you can." He wrote to me July 26: "I wish your affairs could have permitted a longer and continued exertion of your zeal and kindness. They

son) so familiarly in my life. I never did eat any supper, and there were no larks." Mr. Croker and Mr. Hayward both agree that Mrs. Piozzi's version is unaffected by Baretti's. Yet surely the "point" in the one story is, that Johnson, in the other, that the lady, is shown to be unfeeling. She herself characteristically takes issue only on the "larks" and "supper," and virtually admits the rest. In the *Maloniana*, however, the story is told more fully:—"Mrs. Thrale has grossly misrepresented the story which she has told of Dr. Johnson's saying a harsh thing to her at table (*see* her 'Anecdotes'). The fact was this. A Mr. Thrale, related to Mr. Thrale, Johnson's friend, for whom they both had a great regard, had gone some time before to the East or

West Indies. Dr. Johnson had not yet heard of his fate; and Mrs. Thrale very abruptly while she was eating some larks most ravenously, laid down her knife and fork—"O dear, Dr. Johnson, do you know what has happened? The last letters from abroad have brought us an account that poor Tom Thrale's head was taken off by a cannon-ball in the action of ———." Johnson, who was shocked both at the fact and at her gross manner of telling it, replied,— "Madam, it would give you very little concern if all your relations were spitted like those larks, and dressed for Presto's supper." Presto was the dog which lay under the table, and which Mrs. Thrale was feeding just as she mentioned the death of Mr. Thrale's cousin."

that have your kindness may want your ardour. In the mean time I am very feeble, and very dejected."

By a letter from Sir Joshua Reynolds I was informed, that the Lord Chancellor had called on him,<sup>1</sup> and acquainted him that the

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Croker discovered among the Reynolds's papers a letter of Lord Thurlow's to Reynolds :

"Thursday, Nov. 18, 1784.

"DEAR SIR,—My choice, if that had been left me, would certainly have been that the matter should not have been talked of at all. The only object I regarded was my own pleasure, in contributing to the health and comfort of a man whom I venerate sincerely and highly for every part, without exception, of his exalted character. This you know I proposed to do, as it might be without any expense—in all events at a rate infinitely below the satisfaction I proposed to myself. It would have suited the purpose better if nobody had heard of it, except Dr. Johnson, you, and *J. Boswell*. But the chief objection to the rumour is, that his Majesty is supposed to have refused it. Had that been so, I should not have communicated the circumstance. It was impossible for me to take the King's pleasure on the suggestion I presumed to move. I am an untoward solicitor. The time seemed to press, and I chose rather to take on myself the risk of his Majesty's concurrence than delay a journey which might conduce to Dr. Johnson's health and comfort.

"But these are all trifles, and scarce deserve even this cursory explanation. The only question of any worth is whether Dr. Johnson has any wish to go abroad, or other occasion for my assistance. Indeed he should give me credit for perfect simplicity, when I treat this as merely a pleasure afforded me, and accept it accordingly: any reluctance, if he examines himself thoroughly, will certainly be found to rest, in some part or other, upon a doubt of the disposition with which I offer it.

"I am, &c.,  
"THURLOW."

On this letter he finds one of his singular theories, with the object of impeaching or confusing Boswell's accurate and carefully-considered narrative. As such attempts make one of the features of his commentary, it is worth while examining the character of what he puts forward in the present instance. "That

this letter," he says, "was kept from Boswell's knowledge is certain by his obvious vexation at thinking that the refusal had come from the King. That it was designedly kept from him is rendered probable by the following curious circumstance:—On the face of the original letter *his name* has been obliterated with so much care that but for the different colour of the ink and some other small circumstances, it would not have been discoverable; it is artfully done, and the sentence appears to run, 'except Dr. Johnson, you, and I'—'Boswell' being erased. This looks like an uncandid trick, to defraud Boswell of his merit in this matter: but by whom the obliteration was made I cannot guess." Reasoning from this letter and other facts, he positively affirms that Lord Thurlow had never applied to the King for an increase of the pension, though he had undertaken to do so, and by way of compensation had made the offer of the mortgage. There is nothing whatever to warrant such an assertion, and Boswell's statement cannot be shaken. What took place was this: An application was made to the King, either through Pitt, or directly, which was refused. This is proved by Reynolds's statement to Boswell that the 'application had not been successful,' as well as by that of Hawkins: "Lord Thurlow, as the public had been informed, exerted his endeavours for the purpose (of an increase to Johnson's pension); but the application failing, &c." Lord Thurlow then made the proposition as to the mortgage; and it is to this that the letter of November 18, which was written nearly *three months* after the failure of the original negotiation, refers; where any one not prejudiced by a favourite theory must see that the passage—"the chief objection to the rumour is that his Majesty is supposed to have refused it"—alludes to the royal sanction necessary for mortgaging the pension. Mr Croker confounded two separate transactions. More serious is the insinuation of so petty a deceit on the part of Reynolds, the loyalty of whose character is beyond even suspicion. Indeed, there could be no reason why this portion of the

application had not been successful; but that his Lordship, after speaking highly in praise of Johnson, as a man who was an honour to his country, desired Sir Joshua to let him know, that on granting a mortgage of his pension, he should draw on his Lordship to the amount of five or six hundred pounds; and that his Lordship explained the meaning of the mortgage to be, that he wished the business to be conducted in such a manner, as that Dr. Johnson should appear to be under the least possible obligation. Sir Joshua mentioned, that he had by the same post communicated all this to Dr. Johnson.

How Johnson was affected upon the occasion will appear from what he wrote to Sir Joshua Reynolds :

Ashbourne, Sept. 9. "Many words I hope are not necessary between you and me, to convince you what gratitude is excited in my heart by the Chancellor's liberality, and your kind offices.  
\* \* \* \* \*

"I have enclosed a letter to the Chancellor, which, when you have read it, you will be pleased to seal with a head, or any other general seal, and convey it to him: had I sent it directly to him, I should have seemed to overlook the favour of your intervention."

*To the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR.\**

"MY LORD,—After a long and not inattentive observation of mankind, the generosity of your Lordship's offer raises in me not

\* Sir Joshua Reynolds, on account of the excellence both of the sentiment and

business should be kept from Boswell, who was privy to all the rest, and to whom Reynolds had written all that had taken place since he had left town.

The chancellor's letter was clearly an answer to one of Reynolds's, who, no doubt, offered excuses for the unfortunate accident of the publication of the letter. The erasure I believe to have been made by the writer himself, or by one of the Reynolds family, merely on the grounds of historical accuracy, as Boswell had no knowledge of *this* part of the transaction until the whole was concluded. It should be recollected, too, that Reynolds endorsed every word of the "Life" which, he said, might be considered as given upon oath, and would not have allowed Boswell's statement that the king *had* been applied to, to pass without correction.

The conclusion is, that Mr. Croker's speculation turns what was creditable to all concerned into a rather unhand-some transaction. Lord Thurlow "backs

out" of what he had engaged to undertake, and instead, offers a loan on excellent security. Sir Joshua Reynolds is held up as mean and tricky, while Boswell himself is made to accuse the King of refusing a request that was never made. On the whole, then, our biographer's statement is found to be clear, consistent, and perfectly supported; Mr. Croker's, confused, inconsistent, fanciful, and ungracious. When, further on, Mr. Croker finds himself confronted with statements inconsistent with his theory, he simply puts them aside as errors or mistakes, just as he dealt with the objections to his assumption of Johnson having prematurely left Oxford. As, when Johnson writes to Reynolds, "I did not, indeed, expect that what was asked by the Chancellor would have been refused," he says, in a note, "There is much obscurity in this matter, &c. Johnson seems to *have imagined*, as Boswell did, that the objection was from the King."

less wonder than gratitude. Bounty, so liberally bestowed, I should gladly receive, if my condition made it necessary; for, to such a mind, who would not be proud to own his obligations? But it has pleased God to restore me to so great a measure of health, that if I should now appropriate so much of a fortune destined to do good, I could not escape from myself the charge of advancing a false claim. My journey to the continent, though I once thought it necessary, was never much encouraged by my physicians; and I was very desirous that your Lordship should be told of it by Sir Joshua Reynolds, as an event very uncertain; for if I grew much better, I should not be willing, if much worse, not able, to migrate. —Your Lordship was first solicited without my knowledge; but, when I was told, that you were pleased to honour me with your patronage, I did not expect to hear of a refusal; yet, as I have had no long time to brood hope, and have not rioted in imaginary opulence, this cold reception has been scarce a disappointment; and, from your Lordship's kindness, I have received a benefit, which only men like you are able to bestow. I shall now live *mihi carior*, with a higher opinion of my own merit. I am, my Lord,

“Your Lordship's most obliged,

“Most grateful, and most humble servant,

“SAM. JOHNSON.

“Sept. 1784.”

Upon this unexpected failure I abstain from presuming to make any remarks, or offer any conjectures.<sup>1</sup>

Having after repeated reasonings, brought Dr. Johnson to agree to my removing to London, and even to furnish me with arguments in favour of what he had opposed; I wrote to him requesting he would write them for me; he was so good as to comply, and I shall extract that part of his letter to me of June 11, as a proof how well he could exhibit a cautious yet encouraging view of it:

expression of this letter, took a copy of it, which he shewed to some of his friends;<sup>2</sup> one of whom, who admired it, being allowed to peruse it leisurely at home, a copy was made, and found its way into the newspapers and magazines. It was transcribed with some inaccuracies. I print it from the original draft in Johnson's own hand-writing.

<sup>1</sup> “Pitt never granted any pension or showed any favour to any literary or scientific man during the whole period he was in power. His avowed maxim was that literature must take care of itself. Macaulay has dwelt upon this defect in the life, he wrote of Pitt for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and specifies this very case of Johnson, among others, in illustration of the wrong. If, therefore,

George III. consulted Pitt upon the occasion, the minister would, upon a general principle, have advised him to refuse the application.”—*Letter of the Rev. W. Elwin to the Editor.*

<sup>2</sup> “I am betrayed,” exclaimed Johnson. “A lady of quality,” says Sir J. Hawkins, “was the person who sent it to the papers.” Mr. Croker heard that it was Lady Lucan.



"I remember, and intreat you to remember, that *virtus est vitium fugere*; the first approach to riches is security from poverty. The condition upon which you have my consent to settle in London is, that your expence never exceeds your annual income. Fixing this basis of security, you cannot be hurt, and you may be very much advanced. The loss of your Scottish business, which is all that you can lose, is not to be reckoned as any equivalent to the hopes and possibilities that open here upon you. If you succeed, the question of prudence is at an end; every body will think that done right which ends happily; and though your expectations, of which I would not advise you to talk too much, should not be totally answered, you can hardly fail to get friends who will do for you all that your present situation allows you to hope: and if, after a few years, you should return to Scotland, you will return with a mind supplied by various conversation, and many opportunities of enquiry, with much knowledge and materials for reflection and instruction."

Let us now contemplate Johnson thirty years after the death of his wife, still retaining for her all the tenderness of affection.

*To the Reverend Mr. BAGSHAW, at BROMLEY.*

"SIR,—Perhaps you may remember, that in the year 1753, you committed to the ground my dear wife. I now entreat your permission to lay a stone upon her; and have sent the inscription, that, if you find it proper, you may signify your allowance.

"You will do me a great favour by showing the place where she lies, that the stone may protect her remains.

"Mr. Ryland will wait on you for the inscription,<sup>a</sup> and procure it to be engraved. You will easily believe that I shrink from this mournful office. When it is done, if I have strength remaining, I will visit Bromley once again, and pay you part of the respect to which you have a right from, Reverend Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"July 12, 1784."

On the same day he wrote to Mr. Langton: "I cannot but think that in my languid and anxious state, I have some reason to complain that I receive from you neither enquiry nor consolation.

<sup>a</sup> Printed in his Works.

*Cor. et Ad.*—Line 19: On "BROMLEY" put the following note:—"I am obliged for this, and a former letter to John Loveday, of the Commons, a son of the late learned and pious John Loveday, Esq., of Caversham, in Berkshire. This worthy gentleman having retired from business, now lives in Warwickshire."

*Second Edition.*—Put "I have mentioned, in Vol. I. p. 122, that," before above note.

You know how much I value your friendship, and with what confidence I expect your kindness, if I wanted any act of tenderness that you could perform; at least, if you do not know it, I think your ignorance is your own fault. Yet how long is it that I have lived almost 'in your neighbourhood without the least notice.—I do not, however, consider this neglect as particularly shown to me; I hear two of your most valuable friends make the same complaint. But why are all thus overlooked? You are not oppressed by sickness, you are not distracted by business; if you are sick, you are sick of leisure:—And allow yourself to be told, that no disease is more to be dreaded or avoided. Rather to do nothing than to do good, is the lowest state of a degraded mind. Boileau says to his pupil,

*'Que les vers ne soient pas vôtre éternel emploi,  
Cultivez vos amis.'*——

That voluntary debility, which modern language is content to term indolence, will, if it is not counteracted by resolution, render in time the strongest faculties lifeless, and turn the flame to the smoke of virtue.—I do not expect nor desire to see you, because I am much pleased to find that your mother stays so long with you, and I should think you neither elegant nor grateful, if you did not study her gratification. You will pay my respects to both the ladies, and to all the young people.—I am going Northward for a while, to try what help the country can give me; but, if you will write, the letter will come after me."

Next day he set out on a jaunt to Staffordshire and Derbyshire, flattering himself that he might be in some degree relieved.

During his absence from London he kept up a correspondence with several of his friends, from which I shall select what appears to me proper for publication, without attending nicely to chronological order.

To Dr. BROCKLESBY, he writes, Ashbourne, July 20. "The kind attention which you have so long shewn to my health and happiness, makes it as much a debt of gratitude as a call of interest, to give you an account of what befalls me, when accident recovers me from your immediate care.—The journey of the first day was performed with very little sense of fatigue; the second day brought me to Lichfield, without much lassitude, but I am afraid that I could not have borne such violent agitation for many days together. Tell Dr. Heberden, that in the coach I read 'Ciceronianus,' which I concluded as I entered Lichfield. My affection

and understanding went along with Erasmus, except that once or twice he somewhat unskilfully entangles Cicero's civil or moral, with his rhetorical character.—I staid five days at Lichfield, but, being unable to walk, had no great pleasure, and yesterday (19th) I came hither, where I am to try what air and attention can perform.—Of any improvement in my health I cannot yet please myself with the perception. \* \* \* \* \*.—The asthma has no abatement. Opiates stop the fit, so as that I can sit and sometimes lie easy, but they do not now procure me the power of motion; and I am afraid that my general strength of body does not encrease. The weather indeed is not benign; but how low is he sunk whose strength depends upon the weather!—I am now looking into Floyer, who lived with his asthma to almost his ninetieth year. His book by want of order is obscure, and his asthma, I think, not of the same kind with mine. Something however I may perhaps learn.—My appetite still continues keen enough; and what I consider as a symptom of radical health, I have a voracious delight in raw summer fruit, of which I was less eager a few years ago.—You will be pleased to communicate this account to Dr. Heberden, and if anything is to be done, let me have your joint opinion.—Now—*abite cura*—let me enquire after the Club.”<sup>a</sup>

July 31. “Not recollecting that Dr. Heberden might be at Windsor, I thought your letter long in coming. But, you know, *nocitura petuntur*, the letter which I so much desired, tells me that I have lost one of my best and tenderest friends.<sup>b</sup> My comfort is, that he appeared to live like a man that had always before his eyes the fragility of our present existence, and was therefore, I hope, not unprepared to meet his judge.—Your attention, dear Sir, and that of Dr. Heberden, to my health is extremely kind. I am loth to think that I grow worse; and cannot fairly prove even to my own partiality, that I grow much better.”

August 5. “I return you thanks, dear Sir, for your unwearied attention, both medicinal and friendly, and hope to prove the effect of your care by living to acknowledge it.”

August 12. “Pray be so kind as to have me in your thoughts, and mention my case to others as you have opportunity. I seem to myself neither to gain nor lose strength. I have lately tried milk, but have yet found no advantage, and am afraid of it merely as a liquid. My appetite is still good, which I know is dear Dr. Heberden's criterion of the *vis vita*.—As we cannot now see each

<sup>a</sup> At the Essex Head, Essex-street.

<sup>b</sup> Mr. Allen, the printer.

other, do not omit to write, for you cannot think with what warmth of expectation I reckon the hours of a post-day."

August 14. "I have hitherto sent you only melancholy letters, you will be glad to hear some better account. Yesterday the asthma remitted, perceptibly remitted, and I moved with more ease than I have enjoyed for many weeks. May GOD continue his mercy.—This account I would not delay, because I am not a lover of complaints, or complainers, and yet I have since we parted, uttered nothing till now but terrour and sorrow. Write to me, dear Sir."

August 16. "Better I hope, and better. My respiration gets more and more ease and liberty. I went to church yesterday, after a very liberal dinner, without any inconvenience; it is indeed no long walk, but I never walked it without difficulty, since I came, before. \* \* \* \* \* the intention was only to overpower the seeming *vis inertie* of the pectoral and pulmonary muscles.—I am favoured with a degree of ease that very much delights me, and do not despair of another race upon the stairs of the Academy.—If I were, however, of a humour to see, or to show the state of my body, on the dark side, I might say,

*'Quid te exempta juvat spinis de pluribus una?'*

The nights are still sleepless, and the water rises, though it does not rise very fast. Let us, however, rejoice in all the good that we have. The remission of one disease will enable nature to combat the rest.—The squills I have not neglected; for I have taken more than a hundred drops a day, and one day took two hundred and fifty, which, according to the popular equivalence of a drop to a grain, is more than half an ounce.—I thank you, dear Sir, for your attention in ordering the medicines; your attention to me has never failed. If the virtue of medicines could be enforced by the benevolence of the prescriber, how soon should I be well."

August 19. "The relaxation of the asthma still continues, yet I do not trust it wholly to itself, but soothe it now and then with an opiate. I not only perform the perpetual act of respiration with less labour, but I can walk with fewer intervals of rest, and with greater freedom of motion.—I never thought well of Dr. James's compounded medicines; his ingredients appeared to me sometimes inefficacious and trifling, and sometimes heterogeneous and destructive of each other. This prescription exhibits a composition of about three hundred and thirty grains, in which there are four grains of emetick tartar, and six drops thebaick tincture. He that

writes thus, surely writes for show. The basis of his medicine is the gum ammoniacum, which dear Dr. Lawrence used to give, but of which I never saw any effect. We will, if you please, let this medicine alone. The squills have every suffrage, and in the squills we will rest for the present."

August 21. "The kindness which you show by having me in your thoughts upon all occasions, will, I hope, always fill my heart with gratitude. Be pleased to return my thanks to Sir George Baker, for the consideration which he has bestowed upon me.—Is this the balloon that has been so long expected, this balloon to which I subscribed, but without payment? It is pity that philosophers have been disappointed, and shame that they have been cheated; but I know not well how to prevent either. Of this experiment I have read nothing; where was it exhibited? and who was the man that ran away with so much money?—Continue, dear Sir, to write often and more at a time; for none of your prescriptions operate to their proper uses more certainly than your letters operate as cordials."

August 26. "I suffered you to escape last post without a letter, but you are not to expect such indulgence very often, for I write not so much because I have any thing to say, as because I hope for an answer; and the vacancy of my life here makes a letter of great value.—I have here little company and little amusement, and thus abandoned to the contemplation of my own miseries, I am sometimes gloomy and depressed; this too I resist as I can, and find opium, I think, useful, but I seldom take more than one grain.—Is not this strange weather? Winter absorbed the spring, and now autumn is come before we have had summer. But let not our kindness for each other imitate the inconstancy of the seasons."

Sept. 2. "Mr. Windham has been here to see me, he came, I think, forty miles out of his way, and staid about a day and a half, perhaps I make the time shorter than it was. Such conversation I shall not have again till I come back to the regions of literature, and there Windham is, *inter stellas*\* *Luna minores*."<sup>1</sup> He then mentions the effects of certain medicines, as taken, that "Nature is recovering its original powers, and the functions returning to their proper state. God continue his mercies, and grant me to use them rightly."

\* It is remarkable that so good a Latin scholar as Johnson, should have been so inattentive to the metre, as by mistake to have written *stellas* instead of *ignes*.

<sup>1</sup> "Left Ashbourne on September 1, Johnson."—*Windham's Diary*.  
after having gone to prayers with Dr.

Sept. 9. "Do you know the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire? And have you ever seen Chatsworth? I was at Chatsworth on Monday: I had indeed seen it before, but never when its owners were at home; I was very kindly received, and honestly pressed to stay, but I told them that a sick man is not a fit inmate of a great house. But I hope to go again some time."

Sept. 11. "I think nothing grows worse, but all rather better, except sleep, and that of late has been at its old pranks. Last evening, I felt what I had not known for a long time, an inclination to walk for amusement; I took a short walk, and came back again neither breathless nor fatigued.—This has been a gloomy, frigid, ungenial summer, but of late it seems to mend; I hear the heat sometimes mentioned, but I do not feel it,

*'Præterea minimus gelido jam in corpore sanguis  
Febre calet solâ.'—*

I hope, however, with good help, to find means of supporting a winter at home, and to hear and tell at the Club what is doing, and what ought to be doing in the world. I have no company here, and shall naturally come home hungry for conversation.—To wish you, dear Sir, more leisure would not be kind; but what leisure you have, you must bestow upon me."

Sept. 16. "I have now let you alone for a long time, having indeed little to say. You charge me somewhat unjustly with luxury. At Chatsworth, you should remember, that I have eaten but once; and the Doctor, with whom I live, follows a milk diet. I grow no fatter, though my stomach, if it be not disturbed by physick, never fails me.—I now grow weary of solitude, and think of removing next week to Lichfield, a place of more society, but otherwise of less convenience. When I am settled, I shall write again.—Of the hot weather that you mention, we have had in Derbyshire very much, and for myself I seldom feel heat, and suppose that my frigidity is the effect of my distemper, a supposition which naturally leads me to hope that a hotter climate may be useful. But I hope to stand another English winter."

Lichfield, Sept. 29. "On one day I had three letters about the air-balloon: <sup>1</sup> yours was far the best, and has enabled me to impart to my friends in the country an idea of this species of amusement. In amusement, mere amusement, I am afraid it must end, for I do not find that its course can be directed so as that it should serve any purposes of communication; and it can give no new intelli-

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<sup>1</sup> Lunardi had ascended on the 15th.

gence of the state of the air at different heights, till they have ascended above the height of mountains, which they seem never likely to do.—I came hither on the 27th. How long I shall stay, I have not determined. My dropsy is gone, and my asthma much remitted, but I have felt myself a little declining these two days, or at least to-day; but such vicissitudes must be expected. One day may be worse than another; but this last month is far better than the former; if the next should be as much better than this, I shall run about the town on my own legs."

October 6. "The fate of the balloon I do not much lament: to make new balloons is to repeat the jest again. We now know a method of mounting into the air, and, I think, are not likely to know more. The vehicles can serve no use till we can guide them; and they can gratify no curiosity till we mount with them to greater heights than we can reach without, till we rise above the tops of the highest mountains, which we have yet not done. We know the state of the air in all its regions, to the top of Teneriffe, and therefore learn nothing from those who navigate a balloon below the clouds. The first experiment, however, was bold, and deserved applause and reward. But since it has been performed, and its event is known, I had rather now find a medicine that can ease an asthma."

October 25. "You write to me with a zeal that animates, and a tenderness that melts me. I am not afraid either of a journey to London, or a residence in it. I came down with little fatigue, and am now not weaker. In the smoky atmosphere I was delivered from the dropsy, which I consider as the original and radical disease. The town is my element;<sup>a</sup> there are my friends, there are my books, to which I have not yet bidden farewell, and there are my amusements. Sir Joshua told me long ago, that my vocation was to publick life, and I hope still to keep my station, till God shall bid me *Go in peace.*"

To Mr. HOOLE. Ashbourne, Aug. 7. "Since I was here, I have two little letters from you, and have not had the gratitude to write.

<sup>a</sup> His love of London continually appears. Once upon reading that line in the curious epitaph quoted in the "Spectator,"

"Born in New-England, did in London die;"

he laughed and said, "I do not wonder at this. It would have been strange, if born in London, he had died in New-England."

*Cor. et Ad.*—First line of note: After "appears" read—"In a letter from him to Mrs. Smart, wife of his friend the poet, which is published in a will-written life of him, prefixed to an edition of his poems, in 1791, there is the following sentence: 'To one that has passed so many years in the pleasures and opulence of London, there are few places that can give much delight.'

But every man is most free with his best friends, because he does not suppose that they can suspect him of intentional incivility.—One reason for my omission is, that being in a place to which you are wholly a stranger, I have no topics of correspondence. If you had any knowledge of Ashbourne, I could tell you of two Ashbourne men, who, being last week condemned at Derby to be hanged for a robbery, went and hanged themselves in their cell. But this, however it may supply us with talk, is nothing to you.—Your kindness, I know, would make you glad to hear some good of me, but I have not much good to tell; if I grow not worse, it is all that I can say.—I hope Mrs. Hoole receives more help from her migration. Make her my compliments, and write again to, dear Sir, your affectionate servant.”

Aug. 13. “I thank you for your affectionate letter. I hope we shall both be the better for each other’s friendship, and I hope we shall not very quickly be parted.—Tell Mr. Nichols, that I shall be glad of his correspondence, when his business allows him a little remission; though to wish him less business, that I may have more pleasure, would be too selfish.—To pay for seats at the balloon is not very necessary, because, in less than a minute, they who gaze at a mile’s distance will see all that can be seen. About the wings, I am of your mind; they cannot at all assist it, nor I think regulate its motion.—I am now grown somewhat easier in my body, but my mind is sometimes depressed.—About the Club, I am in no great pain. The forfeitures go on, and the house, I hear, is improved for our future meetings. I hope we shall meet often, and sit long.”

Sept. 4. “Your letter was, indeed, long in coming, but it was very welcome. Our acquaintance has now subsisted long, and our recollection of each other involves a great space, and many little occurrences, which melt the thoughts to tenderness. Write to me, therefore, as frequently as you can.—I hear from Dr. Brocklesby and Mr. Ryland, that the Club is not crowded. I hope we shall enliven it when winter brings us together.”

TO DR. BURNEY. August 2. “The weather, you know, has not been balmy; I am now reduced to think, and am at last content to talk of the weather. Pride must have a fall.\*—I have lost dear Mr

\* There was no information for which Dr. Johnson was less grateful than for that which concerned the weather. It was in allusion to his impatience with those who were reduced to keep conversation alive by observations on the weather, that he applied the old proverb to himself. If any one of his intimate acquaintance told him it was hot or cold, wet or dry, windy or calm, he would stop them, by saying, “Poh! poh! you are telling us that of which none but men in a mine or a dungeon can be ignorant. Let us bear in patience, or enjoy in quiet, elementary changes, whether for the better or the worse, as they are never secrets.” BURNEY.



Allen, and wherever I turn, the dead or the dying meet my notice, and force my attention upon misery and mortality. Mrs. Burney's escape from so much danger, and her ease after so much pain, throws, however, some radiance of hope upon the gloomy prospect. May her recovery be perfect, and her continuance long.—I struggle hard for life. I take physick, and take air; my friend's chariot is always ready. We have run this morning twenty-four miles, and could run forty-eight more. *But who can run the race with death?*"

Sept. 4. [Concerning a private transaction, in which his opinion was asked, and after giving it he makes the following reflections, which are applicable on other occasions.] "Nothing deserves more compassion than wrong conduct with good meaning; than loss or obloquy suffered by one who, as he is conscious only of good intentions, wonders why he loses that kindness which he wishes to preserve; and not knowing his own fault, if, as may sometimes happen, nobody will tell him, goes on to offend by his endeavours to please.—I am delighted by finding that our opinions are the same.—You will do me a real kindness by continuing to write. A post-day has now been long a day of recreation."

Nov. 1. "Our correspondence paused for want of topics. I had said what I had to say on the matter proposed to my consideration; and nothing remained but to tell you, that I waked or slept; that I was more or less sick. I drew my thoughts in upon myself, and supposed yours employed upon your book.—That your book has been delayed I am glad, since you have gained an opportunity of being more exact.—Of the caution necessary in adjusting narratives there is no end. Some tell what they do not know, that they may not seem ignorant, and others from mere indifference about truth. All truth is not, indeed, of equal importance; but, if little violations are allowed, every violation will in time be thought little; and a writer should keep himself vigilantly on his guard against the first temptations to negligence or supineness.—I had ceased to write, because respecting you I had no more to say, and respecting myself could say little good. I cannot boast of advancement, and in cases of convalescence it may be said, with few exceptions, *non progredi, est regredi*. I hope I may be excepted.—My great difficulty was with my sweet Fanny, who, by her artifice of inserting her letter in yours, had given me a precept of frugality which I was not at liberty to neglect; and I know not who were in town under whose cover I could send my letter. I rejoice to hear that you are

all so well, and have a delight particularly sympathetick in the recovery of Mrs. Burney."

To Mr. LANGTON, Aug. 25. "The kindness of your last letter, and my omission to answer it, begins to give you, even in my opinion, a right to recriminate, and to charge me with forgetfulness of the absent. I will therefore delay no longer to give an account of myself, and wish I could relate what would please either myself or my friend.—On July 13, I left London, partly in hope of help from new air and change of place, and partly excited by the sick man's impatience of the present. I got to Lichfield in a stage vehicle, with very little fatigue, in two days, and had the consolation to find, that since my last visit my three old acquaintance are all dead.—July 20, I went to Ashbourne, where I have been till now; the house in which we live is repairing. I live in too much solitude, and am often deeply dejected: I wish we were nearer, and rejoice in your removal to London. A friend, at once cheerful and serious, is a great acquisition. Let us not neglect one another for the little time which Providence allows us to hope.—Of my health I cannot tell you, what my wishes persuaded me to expect, that it is much improved by the season or by remedies. I am sleepless; my legs grow weary with a very few steps, and the water breaks its boundaries in some degree. The asthma, however, has remitted; my breath is still much obstructed, but is more free than it was. Nights of watchfulness produce torpid days; I read very little, though I am alone; for I am tempted to supply in the day what I lost in bed.—This is my history, like all other histories, a narrative of misery. Yet am I so much better than in the beginning of the year, that I ought to be ashamed of complaining. I now sit and write with very little sensibility of pain or weakness; but when I rise, I shall find my legs betraying me.—Of the money which you mentioned I have no immediate need; keep it, however for me, unless some exigence requires it. Your papers I will shew you certainly when you would see them, but I am a little angry at you for not keeping minutes of your own *acceptum et expensum*, and think a little time might be spared from Aristophanes, for the *res familiares*. Forgive me, for I mean well.—I hope, dear Sir, that you and Lady Rothes, and all the young people, too many to enumerate, are well and happy. GOD bless you all."

To Mr. WINDHAM, August. "The tenderness with which you have been pleased to treat me, through my long illness, neither health or sickness can I hope make me forget; and you are not to suppose, that after we parted you were no longer in my mind. But

what can a sick man say, but that he is sick? His thoughts are necessarily concentrated in himself; he neither receives nor can give delight; his enquiries are after alleviations of pain, and his efforts are to catch some momentary comfort.—Though I am now in the neighbourhood of the Peak, you must expect no account of its wonders, of its hills, its waters, its caverns, or its mines; but I will tell you, dear Sir, what I hope you will not hear with less satisfaction, that for about a week past my asthma has been less afflictive.”

October 2. “I believe you have been long enough acquainted with the *phenomena* of sickness, not to be surprized that a sick man wishes to be where he is not, and where it appears to every body but himself that he might easily be, without having the resolution to remove. I thought Ashbourne a solitary place, but did not come hither till last Monday.—I have here more company, but my health has for this last week not advanced; and in the languor of disease how little can be done? Whither or when I shall make my next remove, I cannot tell; but I entreat you, dear Sir, to let me know, from time to time, where you may be found, for your residence is a very powerful attractive to, Sir, your most humble servant”

*To the Right Honourable WILLIAM GERARD HAMILTON.*

“DEAR SIR,—Considering what reason you gave me in the spring to conclude that you took part in whatever good or evil might befall me, I ought not to have omitted so long the account which I am now about to give you—My diseases are an asthma and a dropsy, and, what is less curable, seventy-five. Of the dropsy, in the beginning of the summer, or in the spring, I recovered to a degree which struck with wonder both me and my physicians: the asthma now is likewise, for a time, very much relieved. I went to Oxford, where the asthma was very tyrannical, and the dropsy began again to threaten me, but seasonable physick stopped the inundation: I then returned to London, and in July took a resolution to visit Staffordshire and Derbyshire, where I am yet struggling with my diseases.

*Cor. et Ad.*—After line 19, read—

“TO MR. PERKINS.

“DEAR SIR,—I cannot but flatter myself that your kindness for me will make you glad to know where I am, and in what state.

“I have been struggling very hard with my diseases My breath has been very much obstructed, and the water has attempted to encroach upon me again. I past the first part of the summer at Oxford, afterwards I went to Lichfield, thence to Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, and a week ago I returned to Lichfield

“My breath is now much easier, and the water is in a great measure run away, so that I hope to see you again before winter.

“Please make my compliments to Mrs. Perkins, and to Mr. and Mrs. Barclay I am, dear Sir,

“Your most humble servant,

“Lichfield, Oct. 4, 1784.”

“SAM. JOHNSON.

The dropsy made another attack, and was not easily ejected, but at last gave way. The asthma suddenly remitted in bed, on the 13th of August, and, though now very oppressive, is, I think, still something gentler than it was before the remission. My limbs are miserably debilitated, and my nights are sleepless and tedious.—When you read this, dear Sir, you are not sorry that I wrote no sooner. I will not prolong my complaints. I hope still to see you *in a happier hour*, to talk over what we have often talked, and perhaps to find new topics of merriment, or new incitements to curiosity. I am, dear Sir, &c.

“SAM. JOHNSON.

“Lichfield, Oct. 20, 1784.”

To JOHN PARADISE, *Esq.*

“DEAR SIR,—Though in all my summer’s excursion I have given you no account of myself, I hope you think better of me than to imagine it possible for me to forget you, whose kindness to me has been too great and too constant not to have made its impression on a harder breast than mine.—Silence is not very culpable when nothing pleasing is suppressed. It would have alleviated none of your complaints to have read my vicissitudes of evil. I have struggled hard with very formidable and obstinate maladies; and though I cannot talk of health, think all praise due to my Creator and Preserver for the continuance of my life. The dropsy has made two attacks, and has given way to medicine; the asthma is very oppressive, but that has likewise once remitted. I am very weak, and very sleepless; but it is time to conclude the tale of misery.—I hope, dear Sir, that you grow better, for you have likewise your share of human evil, and that your lady and the young chaimers are well. I am, dear Sir, &c.

“SAM. JOHNSON.

“Lichfield, Oct. 20, 1784.”

To Mr. GEORGE NICOLL.\*

“DEAR SIR,—Since we parted I have been much oppressed by my asthma, but it has lately been less laborious. When I sit I am almost at ease, and I can walk, though yet very little, with less

\* Bookseller to his Majesty.

*Cor. et Ad.*—Line 13: On “JOHN PARADISE, ESQ.,” put the following note:—“Son of the late Peter Paradise, Esq. his Britannick Majesty’s Consul at Salonica, in Macedon, and his lady, a native of that country. He studied at Oxford, and has been honoured by that University with the degree of LL.D. He is distinguished not only by his learning and talents, but by an amiable disposition, gentleness of manners, and a very general acquaintance with well-informed and accomplished persons of almost all nations.”

difficulty for this week past than before. I hope I shall again enjoy my friends, and that you and I shall have a little more literary conversation.—Where I now am, every thing is very liberally provided for me but conversation. My friend is sick himself, and the reciprocation of complaints and groans affords not much of either pleasure or instruction. What we have not at home this town does not supply, and I shall be glad of a little imported intelligence, and hope that you will bestow now and then a little time on the relief and entertainment of, Sir, yours, &c.

“SAM. JOHNSON.

“Ashbourne, August 19, 1784.”

To Mr. CRUIKSHANK.

“DEAR SIR,—Do not suppose that I forget you ; I hope I shall never be accused of forgetting my benefactors. I had, till lately, nothing to write but complaints upon complaints, of miseries upon miseries, but within this fortnight I have received great relief.—Have your Lectures any vacation? If you are released from the necessity of daily study, you may find time for a letter to me.—[In this letter he states the particulars of his case.]—In return for this account of my health, let me have a good account of yours, and of your prosperity in all your undertakings. I am, dear Sir, your, &c.

“SAM. JOHNSON.

“Ashbourne, Sept. 4, 1784.”

TO MR. THOMAS DAVIES, August 14. “The tenderness with which you always treat me, makes me culpable in my own eyes for having omitted to write in so long a separation ; I had, indeed, nothing to say that you could wish to hear. All has been hitherto misery accumulated upon misery, disease corroborating disease, till yesterday my asthma was perceptibly and unexpectedly mitigated. I am much comforted with this short relief, and am willing to flatter myself that it may continue and improve. I have at present, such a degree of ease, as not only may admit the comforts, but the duties of life. Make my compliments to Mrs. Davies.—Poor dear Allen, he was a good man.”

TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, August 19. “Having had since our

*Cor. et Ad.*—After line 34, read, “TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. Ashbourne, July 21. ‘The tenderness with which I am treated by my friends, makes it reasonable to suppose that they are desirous to know the state of my health, and a desire so benevolent ought to be gratified.—I came to Lichfield in two days without any painful fatigue, and on Monday came hither, where I purpose to stay and try what air and regularity will effect. I cannot yet persuade myself that I have made much progress in recovery. My sleep is little, my breath is very much encumbered, and my legs are very weak. The water has increased a little, but has again run off. The most distressing symptom is want of sleep.’”

separation, little to say that could please you or myself by saying, I have not been lavish of useless letters; but I flatter myself that you will partake of the pleasure with which I can now tell you, that about a week ago, I felt suddenly a sensible remission of my asthma, and consequently a greater lightness of action and motion.—Of this grateful alleviation I know not the cause, nor dare depend upon its continuance, but while it lasts I endeavour to enjoy it, and am desirous of communicating, while it lasts, my pleasure to my friends.—Hitherto, dear Sir, I had written before the post, which stays in this town but a little while, brought me your letter. Mr. Davies seems to have represented my little tendency to recovery in terms too splendid. I am still restless, still weak, still watry, but the asthma is less oppressive.—Poor Ramsay!\* On which side soever I turn, mortality presents its formidable frown. I left three old friends at Lichfield, when I was last there, and now found them all dead. I no sooner lose sight of dear Allen, than I am told that I shall see him no more. That we must all die, we always knew; I wish I had sooner remembered it. Do not think me intrusive or importunate, if I now call, dear Sir, on you to remember it.”

Sept. 2. “I still continue, by God’s mercy, to mend. My breath is easier, my nights are quieter, and my legs are less in bulk, and stronger in use. I have, however, yet a great deal to overcome, before I can yet attain even an old man’s health.—Write, do write to me now and then; we are now old acquaintance, and perhaps few people have lived so much and so long together, with less cause of complaint on either side. The retrospection of this is very pleasant, and I hope we shall never think on each other with less kindness.”

\* Allan Ramsay, Esq. painter to his Majesty, who died about this time, much regretted by his friends.

*Third Edition* (Boswell or Malone).—Above note: *For* “about this time” *read* “Aug. 10, 1784, in the 71st year of his age.”

*Cor. et Ad.*—Line 20: After “Sept. 2,” *read*, “I am glad that a little favour from the court has intercepted your furious purposes. I could not in any case have approved such publick violence of resentment, and should have considered any who encouraged it, as rather seeking sport for themselves, than honour for you. Resentment gratifies him who intended an injury, and pains him unjustly who did not intend it. But all this is now superfluous.”

*Cor. et Ad.*—After last line, *read*, “Sept. 9. ‘I could not answer your letter before this day, because I went on the sixth to Chatsworth, and did not come back till the post was gone.—Many words, I hope, are not necessary between you and me to convince you what gratitude is excited in my heart by the Chancellor’s liberality and your kind offices. I did not indeed expect that what was asked by the chancellor would have been refused, but since it has, we will not tell that anything has been asked.—I have enclosed a letter to the Chancellor, which when you have read it, you will be pleased to seal with a head, or other general seal, and convey it to him; had I sent it directly to him, I should have seemed to overlook the favour of your intervention.—My last letter told you of my advance in health, which, I think, in the

Sept. 18. "I flattered myself that this week would have given me a letter from you, but none has come. Write to me now and then, but direct your next to Lichfield.—I think, and I hope, am sure, that I still grow better; I have sometimes good nights; but am still in my legs weak, but so much mended, that I go to Lichfield in hope of being able to pay my visits on foot, for there are no coaches.—I have three letters this day, all about the balloon, I could have been content with one. Do not write about the balloon, whatever else you may think proper to say."

TO MR. JOHN NICHOLS. Lichfield, Oct. 20. "When you were here, you were pleased, as I am told, to think my absence an inconvenience. I should certainly have been very glad to give so skilful a lover of antiquities any information about my native place, of which, however, I know not much, and have reason to believe that not much is known.—Though I have not given you any amusement, I have received amusement from you. At Ashbourne, where I had very little company, I had the luck to borrow 'Mr. Bowyer's Life;' a book so full of contemporary history, that a literary man must find some of his old friends. I thought that I could now and then have told you some hints worth your notice; and perhaps we may talk a life over. I hope we shall be much together; you must now be to me what you were before, and what dear Mr. Allen was, besides. He was taken unexpectedly away, but I think he was a very good man.—I have made little progress in recovery. I am very weak, and very sleepless; but I live on and hope."

This various mass of correspondence, which I have thus brought together, is valuable both as an addition to the store which the pub-

whole still continues. Of the hydropick tumour there is now very little appearance; the asthma is much less troublesome, and seems to remit something day after day. I do not despair of supporting an English winter.—At Chatsworth, I met young Mr. Burke, who led me very commodiously into conversation with the Duke and Duchess. We had a very good morning. The dinner was publick."

*Cor. et Ad.*—After line 9, read, "October 2. 'I am always proud of your approbation, and therefore was much pleased that you liked my letter. When you copied it, you invaded the Chancellor's right rather than mine.—The refusal I did not expect, but I had never thought much about it, for I doubted whether the Chancellor had so much tenderness for me as to ask. He, being keeper of the King's conscience, ought not to be supposed capable of an improper petition.—All is not gold that glitters, as we have often been told; and the adage is verified in your place and my favour;<sup>1</sup> but if what happens does not make us richer, we must bid it welcome, if it makes us wiser.—I do not at present grow better, nor much worse; my hopes, however, are somewhat abated, and a very great loss is the loss of hope, but I struggle on as I can.'"

<sup>1</sup> This allusion to "your place" is explained in Northcote's "Life of Reynolds," vol. 2, 188. By Burke's Bill, reforming the King's household ex-

penses, the salary of the "King's painter," the office held by Reynolds, was reduced from 200*l.* a year to 50*l.* a year.

lick already has of Johnson's writings, and as exhibiting a genuine and noble specimen of vigour and vivacity of mind, which neither age nor sickness could impair or diminish.

It may be observed, that his writing in every way, whether for the publick, or privately to his friends, was by fits and starts; for we see frequently, that a number of letters are written on the same day. When he had once overcome his aversion to begin, he was, I suppose, desirous to go on in order to relieve his mind from the uneasy reflection of delaying what he ought to do.

While in the country, notwithstanding the accumulation of illness which he endured, his mind did not lose its powers. He translated an Ode of Horace, which is printed in his Works, and composed several prayers. I shall insert one of them, which is so wise and energetick, so philosophical and so pious, that I doubt not of its affording consolation to many a sincere Christian, when in a state of mind to which I believe the best are sometimes liable.<sup>a</sup>

And here I am enabled fully to refute a very unjust reflection both against Dr. Johnson, and his faithful servant, Mr. Francis Barber, by Sir John Hawkins, as if both of them had been guilty of culpable neglect towards a person of the name of Heely, whom Sir John chooses to call a *relation* of Dr. Johnson's.<sup>1</sup> The fact is, that Mr. Heely was not his relation; he had indeed been married to one of his cousins, but she had died without having children, and he had married another woman, so that even the slight connection which there once had been by *alliance* was dissolved. Dr. Johnson, who had shewn very great liberality to this man while his first wife was alive, as has appeared in a former part of this work,<sup>b</sup> was humane and charitable enough to continue his bounty to him occasionally;

<sup>a</sup> *Against inquisitive and perplexing thoughts.* "O LORD, my Maker and Protector, who hast graciously sent me into this world to work out my salvation, enable me to drive from me all such unquiet and perplexing thoughts as may mislead or hinder me in the practice of those duties which Thou hast required. When I behold the works of thy hands, and consider the course of thy providence, give me grace always to remember that thy thoughts are not my thoughts, nor thy ways my ways. And while it shall please thee to continue me in this world, where much is to be done, and little to be known, teach me, by thy Holy Spirit, to withdraw my mind from unprofitable and dangerous enquiries, from difficulties vainly curious, and doubts impossible to be solved. Let me rejoice in the light which Thou hast imparted, let me serve Thee with active zeal and humble confidence, and wait with patient expectation for the time in which the soul which Thou receivest shall be satisfied with knowledge. Grant this, O, LORD, for JESUS CHRIST'S sake. Amen."

<sup>b</sup> Vol. I. p. 330.

<sup>1</sup> Boswell is so strangely prejudiced that he has not noticed Hawkins's statement that Heely's "relation to Johnson was by marriage." Sir John also mentions what Heely told him, "that Dr.

Johnson had been very liberal to him." Neither does Mr. Boswell "refute" the statement that the negro Barber had refused to do anything for Heely.—See Hawkins's "Postscript."



but surely there was no strong call of duty upon him, or upon his legatee, to do more. The following letter, obligingly communicated to me by Mr. Andrew Strahan, will confirm what I have stated :

*To Mr. HEELY, No. 5, in Pye-street, Westminster.*

"SIR,—As necessity obliges you to call so soon again upon me, you should at least have told the smallest sum that will supply your present wants; you cannot suppose that I have much to spare. Two guineas is as much as you ought to be behind with your creditor.—If you wait on Mr. Strahan, in New-street, Fetter-lane, or in his absence, on Mr. Andrew Strahan, show this, by which they are entreated to advance you two guineas, and to keep this as a voucher. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"Ashbourne, August 12, 1784."

Indeed it is very necessary to keep in mind that Sir John Hawkins has unaccountably viewed Johnson's character and conduct in almost every particular with an unhappy prejudice.\*

We now behold Johnson for the last time, in his native city, for which he ever retained a warm affection, and which by a sudden apostrophe under the word *Lich*, he introduces with reverence, into his immortal work THE ENGLISH DICTIONARY—*Salve magna*

\* I shall add one instance only to those on which I have thought it incumbent on me to observe. Talking of Mr. Garrick's having signified his willingness to let Johnson have the loan of any of his books to assist him in his edition of Shakespeare; Sir John says (page 444) "Mr. Garrick knew not what risque he ran by this offer. Johnson had so strange a forgetfulness of obligations of this sort, that few who lent him books ever saw them again." This surely conveys a most unfavourable insinuation, and has been so understood. Sir John mentions the single case of a curious edition of Politian, which he tells us, "appeared to belong to Pembroke-College, and which, probably, had been considered by Johnson as his own, for upwards of fifty years" Would it not be fairer to consider this as an inadvertence, and draw no general inference? The truth is, that Johnson was so attentive, that in one of his manuscripts in my possession, he has marked in two columns books borrowed, and books lent.

In Sir John Hawkins's compilation, there are, however, some passages concerning Johnson which have unquestionable merit. One of them I shall transcribe, in justice to a writer whom I have had too much occasion to censure, and to show my fairness as the biographer of my illustrious friend: "There was wanting in his conduct and behaviour, that dignity which results from a regular and orderly course of action, and by an irresistible power commands esteem. He could not be said to be a stayed man, nor so to have adjusted in his mind the balance of reason and passion, as to give occasion to say what may be observed of some men, that all they do is just, fit, and right."

*Cor. et Ad.*—After last line of note, read, "Yet a judicious friend well suggests, 'It might, however, have been added, that such men are often merely just, and rigidly correct, while their hearts are cold and unfeeling; and that Johnson's virtues were of a much higher tone than those of the *stayed, orderly man*, here described.'"

*parents!*<sup>a</sup> While here, he felt a revival of all the tenderness of filial affection, an instance of which appeared in his ordering the gravestone and inscription, over Elizabeth Blaney,<sup>b</sup> to be substantially and carefully renewed.

To Mr. Henry White, a young clergyman, with whom he now formed an intimacy, so as to talk to him with great freedom, he mentioned that he could not in general accuse himself of having been an undutiful son. "Once, indeed, (said he) I was disobedient; I refused to attend my father to Uttoxeter-market. Pride was the source of that refusal, and the remembrance of it was painful. A few years ago, I desired to atone for this fault; I went to Uttoxeter in very bad weather, and stood for a considerable time bare-headed in the rain, on the spot where my father's stall used to stand. In contrition I stood, and I hope the penance was expiatory."

"I told him (says Miss Seward) in one of my latest visits to him, of a wonderful learned pig, which I had seen at Nottingham; and which did all that we have observed exhibited by dogs and horses. The subject amused him. 'Then (said he) the pigs are a race unjustly calumniated. *Pig* has, it seems, *not* been wanting to *man*, but *man* to *pig*. We do not allow *time* for his education, we kill him at a year old.' Mr. Henry White, who was present, observed that if this instance had happened in or before Pope's time, he would not have been justified in instancing the swine as the lowest degree of groveling instinct. Doctor Johnson seemed pleased with the observation, while the person who made it proceeded to remark, that great torture must have been employed, ere the indocility of the animal could have been subdued.—'Certainly (said the Doctor); but (turning to me) how old is your pig?' I told him three years old. 'Then (said he) the pig has no cause to complain; he would have been killed the first year if he had not been *educated*, and protracted

<sup>a</sup> The following circumstance, mutually to the honour of Johnson and the corporation of his native city, has been communicated to me by the Reverend Dr. Vyse, from the Town-Clerk: "Mr. Simpson has now before him a record of the respect and veneration which the Corporation of Lichfield, in the year 1767, had for the merits and learning of Dr. Johnson. His father built the corner house in the Market-place, the two fronts of which, towards Market and Broad-market-street, stood upon waste land of the Corporation, under a forty years' lease, which was then expired. On the 15th of August, 1767, at a common-hall of the bailiffs and citizens, it was ordered (and that without any solicitation) that a lease should be granted to Samuel Johnson, Doctor of Laws, of the encroachments at his house, for the term of ninety-nine years, at the old rent, which was five shillings. Of which, as Town-Clerk, Mr. Simpson had the honour and pleasure of informing him, and that he was desired to accept it, without paying any fine on the occasion, which lease was afterwards granted, and the Doctor died possessed of this property."

<sup>b</sup> See Vol. I. p. 10.

existence is a good recompence for very considerable degrees of torture.’”

As Johnson had now very faint hopes of recovery, and as Mrs. Thrale was no longer devoted to him, it might have been supposed that he would naturally have chosen to remain in the comfortable house of his beloved wife's daughter, and end his life where he began it. But there was in him an animated and lofty spirit,<sup>a</sup> and however complicated diseases might depress ordinary mortals, all who saw him, beheld and acknowledged the *invictum*<sup>1</sup> *animum Catonis*. Such was his intellectual ardour even at this time, that he said to one friend, “Sir, I look upon every day to be lost in which I do not make a new acquaintance.” And to another, when talking of his illness, “I will be conquered; I will not capitulate.” And such was his love of London, so high a relish had he of its magnificent extent, and variety of intellectual entertainment, that he languished when absent from it, his mind having become quite luxurious from the long habit of enjoying the metropolis; and therefore although at Lichfield, surrounded with friends, who loved and revered him, and for whom he had a very sincere affection, he still found that such conversation as London affords, could be found no where else. These feelings, joined probably to some flattering hopes of aid, from the eminent physicians and surgeons in London, who kindly and generously attended him without accepting of fees, made him resolve to return to the capital.

From Lichfield he came to Birmingham, where he passed a few days with his worthy old schoolfellow, Mr. Hector, who thus writes to me: “He was very solicitous with me to recollect some of our most early transactions, and transmit them to him, for I perceived nothing gave him greater pleasure than calling to mind those days of our innocence. I complied with his request, and he only received them a few days before his death. I have transcribed for your inspection, exactly the minutes I wrote to him.” This paper having been found in his repositories after his death, Sir John Hawkins has inserted it entire, and I have made occasional use

<sup>a</sup> Mr. Burke suggested to me as applicable to Johnson, what Cicero, in his *Cato Major*, says of *Appius*, “*Intentum enim animum tanquam arcum habebat, nec languescens succumbebat senectuti;*” repeating at the same time, the following noble words in the same passage: “*Ita enim senectus honesta est si se ipsa defendit, si jus suum retinet, si nemini emancipata est, si usque ad extremum vitæ spiritum vindicet jus suum.*”

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Boswell had in his mind the *Catonis*,” which he confused with another, familiar quotation ending, “*sed victa* “*atrocem animum Catonis.*”

of it, and other communications from Mr. Hector, in the course of this work. I have both visited and corresponded with him since Dr. Johnson's death, and by asking a great variety of particulars have obtained additional information. I followed the same mode with the Reverend Dr. Taylor, in whose presence I wrote down a good deal of what he could tell: and he, at my request, signed his name, to give it authenticity. It is very rare to find any person who is able to give a distinct account of the life even of one whom he has known intimately, without questions being put to them. My friend, Dr. Kippis, has told me, that on this account it is a practice with him to draw out a biographical catechism.

Johnson then proceeded to Oxford, where he was again kindly received by Dr. Adams, who was pleased to give me the following account in one of his letters (17th Feb. 1785): "His last visit was, I believe, to my house, which he left after a stay of four or five days. We had much serious talk together, for which I ought to be the better as long as I live. You will remember some discourse which we had in the summer upon the subject of prayer, and the difficulty of this sort of composition. He reminded me of this, and of my having wished him to try his hand, and to give us a specimen of the style and manner that he approved. He added, that he was now in a right frame of mind, and as he could not possibly employ his time better, he would in earnest set about it. But I find upon enquiry, that no papers of this sort were left behind him, except a few short ejaculatory forms suitable to his present situation."

Dr. Adams had not then received accurate information on this subject; for it has since appeared that various prayers had been composed by him at different periods, which intermingled with pious resolutions, and some short notes of his life, were entitled by him "Prayers and Meditations," and have in pursuance of his earnest requisition in the hopes of doing good, been published, with a

*Cor. et Ad.*—Line 1 on "Hector" put the following note:—"It is a most agreeable circumstance attending the publication of this Work, that Mr. Hector has survived his illustrious school-fellow so many years; that he still retains his health and spirits; and has gratified me with the following acknowledgement: 'I thank you, most sincerely thank you, for the great and long continued entertainment your Life of Dr. Johnson has afforded me, and others, of my particular friends.' Mr. Hector, besides setting me right as to the verses on a sprig of Myrtle, (see Vol. I. p. 51, note,) has favoured me with two English odes, written by Dr. Johnson, at an early period of his life, which will appear in my edition of his Poems."<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> "This early and worthy friend of Johnson," says Mr. Malone, "died at Birmingham, September 2, 1794."

judicious well-written Preface, by the Reverend Mr. Strahan, to whom he delivered them.<sup>1</sup> This admirable collection, to which I have frequently referred in the course of this work, evinces, beyond all his compositions for the publick, and all the eulogies of his friends and admirers, the sincere virtue and piety of Johnson. It proves with unquestionable authenticity, that amidst all his constitutional infirmities, his earnestness to conform his practice to the precepts of Christianity was unceasing, and that he habitually endeavoured to refer every transaction of his life to the will of the Supreme Being.

He arrived in London on the 16th of November, and next day sent to Dr. Burney, the following note, which I insert as the last token of his remembrance of this ingenious and amiable man, and as another of the many proofs of the tenderness and benignity of his heart.

“MR. JOHNSON, who came home last night, sends his respects to dear Dr. Burney, and all the dear Burneys, little and great.”

*To Mr. HECTOR, in Birmingham.*

“DEAR SIR,—I did not reach Oxford until Friday morning, and then I sent Francis to see the balloon fly, but could not go myself. I staid at Oxford 'till Tuesday, and then came in the common vehicle easily to London. I am as I was, and having seen Dr. Brocklesby, am to ply the squills; but whatever be their efficacy, this world must soon pass away. Let us think seriously on our duty.—I send my kindest respects to dear Mrs. Careless; let me have the prayers of both. We have all lived long, and must soon part. GOD have mercy on us, for the sake of our Lord JESUS CHRIST. Amen. I am, &c.

“SAM. JOHNSON.

“London, Nov. 17, 1784.”

His correspondence with me after his letter on the subject of my settling in London, shall now so far as is proper, be produced in one series.

July 26, he wrote to me from Ashbourne; “On the 14th I came to Lichfield, and found every body glad enough to see me. On the

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Croker accuses Boswell of having read Mr. Strahan's preface hastily, or not at all, and of having misconceived Johnson's intentions as to the “Prayers and Meditations.” “Portions of these MSS. were never intended,” adds Mr. Croker, “for publication.” Mr. Strahan,

however, states, “One morning, however, on my visiting him by desire at an early hour, he put these papers into my hands, with *instructions* for committing them to the press, and with a promise to prepare a sketch of his own life to accompany them.”

20th, I came hither, and found a house half built, of very uncomfortable appearance, but my own room has not been altered. That a man worn with diseases, in his seventy-second or third year, should condemn part of his remaining life to pass among ruins and rubbish, and that no inconsiderable part, appears to me very strange.—I know that your kindness makes you impatient to know the state of my health, in which I cannot boast of much improvement. I came through the journey without much inconvenience, but when I attempt self-motion I find my legs weak, and my breath very short; this day I have been much disordered. I have no company; the Doctor is busy in his fields, and goes to bed at nine, and his whole system is so different from mine, that we seem formed for different elements; I have, therefore, all my amusement to seek within myself.”

Having written to him in bad spirits, a letter filled with dejection and fretfulness, and at the same time expressing anxious apprehensions concerning him, on account of a dream which had disturbed me; his answer was chiefly in terms of reproach, for a supposed charge of “affecting discontent, and indulging the vanity of complaint.” It however proceeded, “Write to me often, and write like a man. I consider your fidelity and tenderness as a great part of the comforts which are yet left me, and sincerely wish we could be nearer to each other.—\* \* \* \* \*—My dear friend, life is very short and very uncertain; let us spend it as well as we can.—My worthy neighbour, Allen, is dead. Love me as well as you can. Pay my respects to dear Mrs. Boswell.—Nothing ailed me at that time; let your superstition at last have an end.”

Feeling very soon, that the manner in which he had written might hurt me, he in two days after, July 28, wrote to me again, giving me an account of his suffering, after which follows: “Before this letter you will have had one which I hope you will not take amiss; for it contains only truth, and that truth kindly intended. \* \* \* \* \*. *Spartam quam nactus es orna*; make the most and best of your lot, and compare yourself not with the few that are above you, but with the multitudes which are below you. \* \* \* \* \*. Go steadily forward with lawful business or honest diversions. ‘*Be (as Temple says of the Dutchmen) well when you are not ill, and pleased when you are not angry,*’ \* \* \* \* \*. This may seem but an ill return for your tenderness; but I mean it well, for I love you with great ardour and sincerity. Pay my respects to dear Mrs. Boswell, and teach the young ones to love me.”

I unfortunately was so much indisposed during a considerable

part of the year, that it was not, or at least I thought it was not, in my power to write to my illustrious friend as formerly, or without expressing such complaints as offended him. Having conjured him not to do me the injustice of charging me with affectation, I was with much regret long silent. His last letter to me then came, and affected me very tenderly :

To JAMES BOSWELL, *Esq.*

“DEAR SIR,—I have this summer sometimes amended and sometimes relapsed, but upon the whole, have lost ground very much. My legs are extremely weak, and my breath very short, and the water is now encreasing upon me. In this uncomfortable state your letters used to relieve ; what is the reason that I have them no longer? Are you sick, or are you sullen? Whatever be the reason, if it be less than necessity, drive it away, and of the short life that we have, make the best use for yourself and for your friends. \* \* \* \* \*. I am sometimes afraid that your omission to write has some real cause, and shall be glad to know that you are not sick, and that nothing ill has befallen dear Mrs. Boswell, or any of your family. I am, Sir, your, &c.

“SAM. JOHNSON.

“Lichfield, Nov. 3, 1784.”

Yet it was not a little painful to me to find, that in a paragraph of this letter, which I have omitted, he still persevered in arraigning me as before, which was strange in him who had so much experience of what I suffered. I however wrote to him two as kind letters as I could ; the last of which came too late to be read by him, for his illness increased more rapidly upon him than I had apprehended ; but I had the consolation of being informed that he spoke of me on his death-bed, with affection, and I look forward with humble hope of renewing our friendship in a better world.

I now relieve the readers of this work from any farther personal notice of its authour, who if he should be thought to have obtruded himself too much upon their attention, requests them to consider the peculiar plan of his biographical undertaking.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> There is no reader but what will feel regret at parting from Mr. Boswell. It is melancholy to find that the later course of the faithful biographer showed that he had not taken these wise counsels to heart. With the loss of his friend and master, his life seems to have become a pitiable record of vain efforts at advancement, dissipation, irresolution, and feeble attempts

at reformation. In 1789 he came to town, and took a house in Queen Anne-street, meaning to follow his profession at the English Bar ; though he was “sadly discouraged by having no practice or probable prospect of it,” and was afraid that were he tried, he should be “found so deficient in the forms, the *quirks* and the quiddities,” that he should

Soon after Johnson's return to the metropolis, both the asthma and dropsy became more violent and distressful. He had for some time kept a journal in Latin, of the state of his illness, and the remedies which

expose himself. He tried hard to be chosen member for his own county; but powerful lords coalesced against him. His eagerness to prosecute his political schemes made him leave his wife to go to London, where he presently learned that she was dying. He arrived too late to see her. She left five children to the care of an injudicious father. He sent his boys to Eton, and his girls to a boarding-school, gave up his house, and took rooms in the Temple. The state of his affairs became "disagreeable," as his income was not more than 850*l.* a year. Yet he neglected attendance at the courts, being busy with his life of Johnson, and still eager for preferment: "I cast about everywhere." In 1790 he was looking out for a fortune, "drinking with Lord Lonsdale," mourning his lost wife, praying, relapsing, and groaning over the disadvantage to his children in having so wretched a father. Finally, everything having failed, in April, 1795, he was seized with his last sickness, and thus began a letter to his old friend:—

"MY DEAR TEMPLE,—I would fain write to you in my own hand, but really cannot. Alas, my friend, what a state is this! My son James is to write for me what remains of this letter, and I am to dictate. The pain which continued for so many weeks was very severe indeed, and when it went off I thought myself quite well; but I soon felt a conviction that I was by no means as I should be—so exceedingly weak, as my miserable attempt to write to you afforded a full proof. All then that can be said is, that I must wait with patience

"But, O my friend! how strange is it that, at this very time of my illness, you and Miss Temple should have been in such a dangerous state. Much occasion for thankfulness is there that it has not been worse with you. Pray write, or make somebody write, frequently. I feel myself a good deal stronger to-day, notwithstanding the scrawl. God bless you, my dear Temple! I ever am your old and affectionate friend, here and I trust hereafter,

"JAMES BOSWELL

"Postscript.

"DEAR SIR,—You will find by the foregoing, the whole of which was dictated by my father, that he is ignorant of the dangerous situation in which he was, and, I am sorry to say, still continues to be. Yesterday and to-day he has been somewhat better, and we trust that the nourishment which he is now able to take, and his strong constitution, will support him through.

"I remain, with respect,  
"JAMES BOSWELL, JUN."

"London, 19th May, 1795.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have now the painful task of informing you that my dear brother expired this morning at two o'clock: we have both lost a kind, affectionate friend, and I shall never have such another. He has suffered a great deal during his illness, which has lasted five weeks, but not much in his last moments. May God Almighty have mercy upon his soul, and receive him into His heavenly kingdom! He is to be buried at Auchinleck, for which place his sons will set out in two or three days. They and his two eldest daughters have behaved in the most affectionate, exemplary manner during his confinement: they all desire to be kindly remembered to you and Miss Temple, and beg your sympathy on this melancholy occasion.

"I am, my dear Sir,  
"Your affectionate, humble servant,  
"T. D. BOSWELL."

On the coffin-plate of the poor jovial, good-hearted James Boswell was inscribed:—"James Boswell, Esq., died 19 May, 1795, aged 55 years." over which, in a shield, are the initials J. B., with two strips of hair on his crest—on a wreath, argent and sable, a hawk with a hood. A motto over the crest—Vraye foy. The arms borne by Mr. B., in virtue of a grant in Scotland, 1780, were—Quarterly, 1st and 4th: Argent, on a fess sable three cinquefoils of the field, a canton azure, charged with a galley sails, furled with a tressure or. 2nd and 3rd, quarterly; 1st and 4th argent, a lion rampant azure; 2nd and 3rd, or, a saltire and chief gules: over all a cross engrailed sable. Crest as above."



he used, under the title of *Ægri Ephemeris*, which he began on the 6th of July, but continued it no longer than the 8th of November; finding, I suppose, that it was a mournful and unavailing register. It is in my possession; and is written with great care and accuracy.

Still his love of literature\* did not fail. He drew out and gave to

\* It is truly wonderful to consider the extent and constancy of Johnson's literary ardour, notwithstanding the melancholy which clouded and embittered his existence. Besides the numerous and various works which he executed, he had at different times formed schemes of a great many more, of which the following catalogue was given by him to Mr. Langton, and by that gentleman presented to his Majesty.

“DIVINITY.

“A small book of precepts and directions for piety: the hint taken from the directions in Morton's exercise.

“PHILOSOPHY, HISTORY, and LITERATURE in general.

“History of Criticism, as it relates to judging of authours, from Aristotle to the present age. An account of the rise and improvements of that art; of the different opinions of authours, ancient and modern.

“Translation of the History of Herodian.

“New edition of Fairfax's Translation of Tasso, with notes, glossary, &c.

“Chaucer, a new edition of him, from manuscripts and old editions, with various readings, conjectures, remarks on his language, and the changes it had undergone from the earliest times to his age, and from his to the present: with notes explanatory of customs, &c. and references to Boccace, and other authours from whom he has borrowed, with an account of the liberties he has taken in telling the stories; his life, and an exact etymological glossary.

“Aristotle's Rhetorick, a translation of it into English.

“A Collection of Letters, translated from the modern writers, with some account of the several authours.

“Oldham's Poems, with notes historical and critical.

“Roscommon's Poems, with notes.

“Lives of the Philosophers, written with a polite air, in such a manner as may divert as well as instruct.

“History of the Heathen Mythology, with an explication of the fables, both allegorical and historical; with references to the poets.

“History of the State of Venice, in a compendious manner.

“Aristotle's Ethicks, an English translation of them with notes.

“Geographical Dictionary from the French.

“Hierocles upon Pythagoras, translated into English, perhaps with notes. This is done by Norris.

“A book of Letters upon all kinds of subjects.

“Claudian, a new edition of his works, *cum notis variorum*, in the manner of Burman.

“Tully's Tusculan Questions, a translation of them.

“Tully's *De Naturâ Deorum*, a translation of those books.

“Benzo's New History of the New World, to be translated.

“Machiavel's History of Florence, to be translated.

“History of the Revival of Learning in Europe, containing an account of whatever contributed to the restoration of literature; such as controversies, printing, the destruction of the Greek empire, the encouragement of great men, with the lives of the most eminent patrons and most eminent early professors of all kinds of learning in different countries.

“A body of chronology, in verse, with historical notes.

“A table of the Spectators, Tatlers, and Guardians, distinguished by figures into six degrees of value, with notes giving the reasons of preference or degradation.

“A Collection of Letters from English authours, with a preface giving some

his friend Mr. John Nichols, what perhaps he alone could have done, a list of the authours of the Universal History,<sup>1</sup> mentioning their several shares in that work. It has, according to his direction, been deposited in the British Museum, and is printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for December, 1784.

account of the writers ; with reasons for selection, and criticism upon styles ; remarks on each letter, if needful.

" A Collection of Proverbs from various languages. Jan. 6—53.

" A Dictionary to the Common Prayer, in imitation of Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible. March—52.

" A Collection of Stories and Examples, like those of Valerius Maximus. Jan. 10—53.

" From Ælian, a volume of select Stories, perhaps from others. Jan. 28—53.

" Collection of Travels, Voyages, Adventures, and Descriptions of Countries.

" Dictionary of Ancient History and Mythology.

" Treatise on the Study of Polite Literature, containing the history of learning, directions for editions, commentaries, &c.

" Maxims, Characters, and Sentiments, after the manner of Bruyère, collected out of ancient authours, particularly the Greek, with Apophthegms.

" Classical Miscellanies, Select Translations from ancient Greek and Latin authours.

" Lives of illustrious persons, as well of the active as the learned, in imitation of Plutarch.

" Judgement of the learned upon English authours.

" Poetical Dictionary of the English tongue.

" Considerations upon the present state of London.

" Collection of Epigrams, with notes and observations.

" Observations on the English language, relating to words, phrases, and modes of Speech.

" Minutiæ Literariæ, Miscellaneous reflections, criticisms, emendations, notes.

" History of the Constitution.

" Comparison of Philosophical and Christian Morality, by sentences collected from the moralists and fathers.

" Plutarch's Lives in English, with notes.

#### " POETRY and works of IMAGINATION.

" Hymn to Ignorance.

" The Palace of Sloth—a vision.

" Coluthus, to be translated.

" Prejudice—a poetical essay.

" The Palace of Nonsense—a vision."

<sup>1</sup> "As the letter," Mr. Malone says, "accompanying this list, (which fully supports the observation in the text,) was written but a week before Dr. Johnson's death, the reader may not be displeas'd to find it here preserved :

" TO MR. NICHOLS.

" THE late learned Mr. Swinton, having one day remarked that one man, meaning, I suppose, no man but himself, could assign all the parts of the Ancient Universal History to their proper authours, at the request of Sir Robert Chambers, or of myself, gave the account which I now transmit to you in

his own hand ; being willing that of so great a work the history should be known, and that each writer should receive his due proportion of praise from posterity.

" I recommend to you to preserve this scrap of literary intelligence in Mr. Swinton's own hand, or to deposit it in the Museum, that the veracity of this account may never be doubted.

" I am, Sir,

" Your most humble servant,

" SAM. JOHNSON.

" Dec. 6, 1784."

With the letter is sent the list.

During his sleepless nights he amused himself by translating into Latin verse, from the Greek, many of the epigrams in the *Anthologia*. These translations, with some other poems by him in Latin, he gave to his friend Mr. Langton, who, having added a few notes, sold them

Johnson's extraordinary facility of composition, when he shook off his constitutional indolence, and resolutely sat down to write, is admirably described by Mr. Courtenay, in his "Poetical Review," which I have several times quoted :

" While through life's maze he sent a piercing view,  
His mind expansive to the object grew.  
With various stores of erudition fraught,  
The lively image, the deep-searching thought,  
Slept in repose ;—but when the moment press'd,  
The bright ideas stood at once confess'd ;  
Instant his genius sped its vigorous rays,  
And o'er the letter'd world diffus'd a blaze :  
As womb'd with fire the cloud electric flies,  
And calmly o'er th' horizon seems to rise ;  
Touch'd by the pointed steel, the lightning flows,  
And all th' expanse with rich effulgence glows."

We shall in vain endeavour to know with exact precision every production of Johnson's pen. He owned to me, that he had written about forty sermons ; but as I understood that he had given or sold them to different persons, who were to preach them as their own, he did not consider himself at liberty to acknowledge them. Would those who were thus aided by him, who are still alive, and the friends of those who are dead, fairly inform the world, it would be obligingly gratifying a reasonable curiosity, to which there should, I think, now be no objection.—I have lying before me, in his hand-writing, a fragment of twenty quato leaves, of a translation into English of Sallust, *De Bello Catalinario*. When it was done I have no notion ; but it seems to have no very superior merit to mark it as his. Besides those publications, which with all my chronological care I have ascertained in the course of this work, I am satisfied, from internal evidence, to admit also as genuine the following :

" Considerations on the Case of Dr. Trapp's Sermons," † published in 1739, in the Gentleman's Magazine. It is a very ingenious defence of the right of *abridging* an author's work, without being held as infringing his property. This is one of the nicest questions in the *Law of Literature* ; and I cannot help thinking, that the indulgence of abridging is often exceedingly injurious to authors and booksellers, and should in very few cases be permitted.

Dedication for Mrs. Lennox to the Earl of Middlesex, of her "Female Quixote," in 1762. †

Preface to the Catalogue of the Artists' Exhibition in 1762. †

Preface to Baret's "Easy Lessons in Italian and English," in 1775. †

But, though it has been confidently ascribed to him, I cannot allow that he wrote a Dedication to both Houses of Parliament of a book entitled "The Evangelical History Harmonized." He was no *croaker* ; no declaimer against the *times*. He would not have written, "That we are fallen upon an age in which corruption is not barely universal, is universally confessed." Nor, "Rapine preys on the publick without opposition, and perjury betrays it without inquiry." Nor would he, to excite a speedy reformation, have conjured up such phantoms of terror as these : "A few years longer, and perhaps all endeavours will be in vain. We may be swallowed by an earthquake ; we may be delivered to our enemies." This is not Johnsonian.

There are indeed, in this Dedication, several sentences constructed upon the

*Cor. et Ad.*—After line 34 of note, read—"At any rate, to prevent difficult and uncertain discussion, and give an absolute security to authors in the property of their labours, no abridgement whatever should be permitted, till after the expiration of such a number of years as the Legislature may be pleased to fix."

to the booksellers for a small sum,<sup>1</sup> to be given to some of Johnson's relations, which was accordingly done; and they are printed in the collection of his works.

A very erroneous notion has circulated as to Johnson's deficiency in the knowledge of the Greek language, partly owing to the modesty with which, from knowing how much there was to be learnt, he used to mention his own comparative acquisitions. When Mr. Cumberland\* talked to him of the Greek fragments which are so well illustrated in "The Observer," and of the Greek dramatists in general, he candidly acknowledged his insufficiency in that particular branch of Greek literature. Yet it may be said, that though not a great, he was a good Greek scholar. Mr. Burney, who is universally acknowledged by the best judges, to be one of the few men of this age who are very eminent for their skill in that noble language, has assured me, that Johnson could give a Greek word for almost every English one; and that although not sufficiently conversant in the niceties of the language, he upon some occasions discovered, even in these, a considerable degree of critical acumen. Mr. Dalzell, Professor of Greek at Edinburgh, whose skill in it is unquestionable, mentioned to me, in very liberal terms, the impression which was made upon him by Johnson, in a conversation which they had in London concerning that language. As Johnson, therefore, was undoubtedly one of the first Latin scholars in modern times, let us not deny to his fame some additional splendour from Greek.

model of those of Johnson. But the imitation of the form, without the spirit of his style, has been so general, that this of itself is not sufficient evidence. Even our news-paper writers aspire to it. In an account of the funeral of Edwin the comedian, in "The Diary" of Nov. 9, 1790, that son of drolleiy is thus described: "A man who had so often cheered the sullenness of vacancy, and suspended the approaches of sorrow."

I have not thought it necessary to specify every copy of verses written by Johnson, it being my intention to publish an authentick edition of all his Poetry, with Notes.

\* Mr. Cumberland assures me, that he was always treated with great courtesy by Dr. Johnson, who, in his "Letters to Mrs. Thrale," Vol. II. p. 68, thus speaks of that learned, ingenious, and accomplished gentleman: "The want of company is an inconvenience: but Mr. Cumberland is a million"

*Cor. et Ad*—Line 12: For "Mr. Burney," read "Dr. Charles Burney the younger."

*Ibid.*—After line 6 of notes read—"And in 'The Dublin Evening Post,' August 16, 1791, there is the following paragraph: 'It is a singular circumstance, that in a city like this, containing 200,000 people, there are three months in the year during which no place of public amusement is open. Long vacation is here a vacation from pleasure, as well as business; nor is there any mode of passing the listless evenings of declining summer, but in the riots of a tavern, or the stupidity of a coffee-house.'"

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<sup>1</sup> "Twenty pounds, to which Lady Di Beauclerk added 30*l.* due to her husband out of Johnson's estate."—*Hawkins.*

I shall now fulfil my promise of exhibiting specimens of various sorts of imitations of Johnson's style.<sup>1</sup>

In the "Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, 1787," there is an "Essay on the Style of Dr. Samuel Johnson," by the Rev. Robert Burrowes, whose respect for the great object of his criticism\* is thus evinced in the concluding paragraph: "I have singled him out from the whole body of English writers, because his universally acknowledged beauties would be most apt to induce imitation; and I have treated rather on his faults than his perfections, because an essay might comprize all the observations I could make upon his faults, while volumes would not be sufficient for a treatise on his perfections."

Mr. BURROWES has analysed the composition of Johnson, and pointed out its peculiarities with much acuteness; and I would recommend a careful perusal of his Essay to those, who being captivated by the union of perspicuity and splendour which the writings of Johnson contain, without having a sufficient portion of his vigour of mind, may be in danger of becoming bad copyists of his manner. I however cannot but observe, and I observe it to his credit, that this learned gentleman has himself caught no mean degree of the expansion and harmony which, independent of all other circumstances, characterise the sentences of Johnson. Thus, in the Preface to the volume in which his Essay appears, we find, "If it be said that in societies of this sort, too much attention is frequently bestowed on subjects barren and speculative, it may be answered, that no one science is so little connected with the rest, as not to afford many principles whose use may extend considerably beyond the science to which they primarily belong; and that no proposition is so purely theoretical as to be totally incapable of being applied to practical purposes. There is no apparent connection between duration and the cycloidal arch, the properties of which duly attended to, have furnished us with our best regulated methods of measuring time: and he who has made himself master of the nature and affections of the logarithmick curve, is not aware that he has advanced considerably towards ascertaining the proportion-

\* We must smile at a little inaccuracy of metaphor in the Preface to the Transactions, which is written by Mr. Burrowes. The *critick of the style of Johnson* having, with a just zeal for literature, observed, that the whole nation are called on to exert themselves, afterwards says: "They are called on by every *tye* which can have a laudable influence on the heart of man."

<sup>1</sup> What follows is, perhaps, the only passage in Boswell's work which we would wish away; and it seems strange how so artistic a workman should have

suspended his narrative at such an interesting point to introduce these dull illustrations.

able density of the air at its various distances from the surface of the earth."

The ludicrous imitators of Johnson's style are innumerable. Their general method is to accumulate hard words, without considering, that although he was fond of introducing them occasionally, there is not a single sentence in all his writings where they are crowded together, as in the first verse of the following imaginary Ode by him to Mrs. Thrale,\* which appeared in the news-papers :

" *Cervical coctor's viduate* dame,  
*Opin'st* thou this gigantic frame,  
*Procumbing* at thy shrine :  
 Shall, *catenated* by thy charms,  
 A captive in thy *ambient* arms,  
*Perennially* be thine ? "

This, and a thousand other such attempts, are totally unlike the original, which the writers imagined they were turning into ridicule. There is not similarity enough for burlesque, or even for caricature.

Mr. COLMAN, in his "Prose on several Occasions," has "A Letter from LEXIPHANES ; containing Proposals for a *Glossary* or *Vocabulary* of the *Vulgar Tongue* : intended as a supplement to a larger DICTIONARY." It is evidently meant as a sportive sally of ridicule on Johnson, whose style is thus imitated, without being grossly overcharged. "It is easy to foresee, that the idle and illiterate will complain that I have increased their labours by endeavouring to diminish them ; and that I have explained what is more easy by

\* Johnson's wishing to unite himself with this rich widow was much talked of, but I believe without foundation.<sup>1</sup> The report, however, gave occasion for a poem, not without characteristic merit, entitled, "Ode to Mrs. Thrale, by Samuel Johnson, L.L.D. on their supposed approaching Nuptials : " printed for Mr. Faulder, in Bondstreet.

*Cor. et Ad.*—To above note add : "I shall quote as a specimen, the first three stanzas :—

" " If e'er my fingers touch'd the lyre,  
 In satire fierce, in pleasure gay ;  
 Shall not my THRALIA'S smiles inspire ?  
 Shall SAM refuse the sportive lay ?

" " My dearest Lady ! view your slave,  
 Behold him as your very *Scrub* ;  
 Eager to write as authour grave,  
 Or govern well, the brewing-tub.

" " To rich felicity thus raised,  
 My bosom glows with amorous fire,  
 Porter no longer shall be praised,  
 'Tis I MYSELF am *Thrale's Entire*."

<sup>1</sup> "I believe so too," writes the lady opposite this passage.

what is more difficult—*ignotum per ignotius*. I expect, on the other hand, the liberal acknowledgements of the learned. He who is buried in scholastick retirement, secluded from the assemblies of the gay, and remote from the circles of the polite, will at once comprehend the definitions, and be grateful for such a seasonable and necessary elucidation of his mother tongue." Annexed to this letter is a short specimen of the work, thrown together in a vague and desultory manner, not even adhering to alphabetical concatenation.\*

The serious imitators of Johnson's style, whether intentionally or by the imperceptible effect of its strength and animation, are, as I have had already occasion to observe, so many, that I might introduce quotations from a great proportion of the writers in our language since he appeared. I shall point out only the following.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON, D.D.

"In other parts of the globe, man, in his rudest state, appears as lord of the creation, giving law to various tribes of animals which he has tamed and reduced to subjection. The Tartar follows his prey on the horse which he has reared, or tends his numerous herds, which furnish him both with food and clothing; the Arab has rendered the camel docile, and avails himself of its persevering strength; the Laplander has formed the rein-deer to be subservient to his will; and even the people of Kamschatka have trained their dogs to labour. This command over the inferiour creatures is one of the noblest prerogatives of man, and among the greatest efforts of his wisdom and power. Without this, his dominion is incomplete. He is a monarch who has no subjects; a master without servants; and must perform every operation by the strength of his own arm."<sup>b</sup>

EDWARD GIBBON, Esq.

"Of all our passions and appetites, the love of power is of the most imperious and unsociable nature, since the pride of one man requires the submission of the multitude. In the tumult of civil discord the laws of society lose their force, and their place is seldom

\* "*Higgledy piggledy*—Conglomeration and confusion.

"*Hodge-podge*—A culinary mixture of heterogeneous ingredients; applied metaphorically to all discordant combinations.

"*Tit for Tat*—Adequate retaliation.

"*Shilly Shally*—Hesitation and irresolution.

"*Fee! fa! fum!*—Gigantick intonations.

"*Rigmarole*—Discourse, incoherent and rhapsodical.

"*Circum-circum*—Lines of irregularity and involution.

"*Ding-dong*—Tintunabulary chimes, used metaphorically to signify dispatch and vehemence."

<sup>b</sup> "History of America," Vol. I. quarto, p. 332.

supplied by those of humanity. The ardour of contention, the pride of victory, the despair of success, the memory of past injuries, and the fear of future dangers, all contribute to inflame the mind, and to silence the voice of pity." <sup>a</sup>

MISS BURNEY.

"My family mistaking ambition for honour, and rank for dignity, have long planned a splendid connection for me, to which, though my invariable repugnance has stopped any advances, their wishes and their views immoveably adhere. I am but too certain they will now listen to no other. I dread therefore to make a trial where I despair of success; I know not how to risk a prayer with those who may silence me by a command." <sup>b</sup>

REVEREND MR. NARES. <sup>c</sup>

"In an enlightened and improving age, much perhaps is not to be apprehended from the inroads of mere caprice; at such a period it will generally be perceived, that needless irregularity is the worst of all deformities, and that nothing is so truly elegant in language as the simplicity of unviolated analogy.—Rules will therefore be observed, so far as they are known and acknowledged: but, at the same time, the desire of improvement having been once excited will not remain inactive; and its efforts, unless assisted by knowledge, as much as they are prompted by zeal, will not unfrequently be found pernicious; so that the very persons whose intention it is to perfect the instrument of reason, will deprave and disorder it unknowingly. At such a time, then, it becomes peculiarly necessary that the analogy of language should be fully examined and understood; that its rules should be carefully laid down; and that it should be clearly known how much it contains, which being already right should be defended from change and violation: how much it has that demands amendment; and how much that, for fear of greater inconveniences, must perhaps be left unaltered, though irregular."

A distinguished author in "THE MIRROR," <sup>d</sup> a periodical paper

<sup>a</sup> "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Vol. I. Chap. IV.

<sup>b</sup> "Cecilia," Book VII. Chap. I.

<sup>c</sup> The passage which I quote is taken from that gentleman's "ELEMENTS OF ORTHOEPY; containing a distinct View of the whole Analogy of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE, so far as relates to *Pronunciation, Accent, and Quantity*," London, 1784. I beg leave to offer my particular acknowledgements to the authour of a work of uncommon merit and great utility. I know no book which contains, in the same compass, more learning, polite literature, sound sense, accuracy of arrangement, and perspicuity of expression.

<sup>d</sup> That collection was presented to Dr. Johnson I believe by its authours; and I heard him speak very well of it.



published at Edinburgh, has imitated Johnson very closely. Thus, in No. 16—"The effects of the return of spring have been frequently remarked as well in relation to the human mind as to the animal and vegetable world. The reviving power of this season has been traced from the fields to the herds that inhabit them, and from the lower classes of beings up to man. Gladness and joy are described as prevailing through universal Nature, animating the low of the cattle, the carol of the birds, and the pipe of the shepherd."

The Reverend Mr. KNOX, master of Tunbridge school, appears to have the *imitare avaro* of Johnson's style perpetually in his mind; and to his assiduous study of it we may partly ascribe the extensive popularity of his writings.<sup>a</sup>

In his "Essays, Moral and Literary," No. 3, we find the following passage:—"The polish of external grace may indeed be deferred all the approach of manhood. When solidity is obtained by pursuing the modes prescribed by our forefathers, then may the file be used. The firm substance will bear attrition, and the lustre then acquired will be durable."

There is, however, one in No. 11, which is blown up into such tumidity as to be truly ludicrous. The writer means to tell us, that Members of Parliament, who have run in debt by extravagance, will sell their votes to avoid an arrest,<sup>b</sup> which he thus expresses:—"They who build houses and collect costly pictures and furniture, with the money of an honest artizan or mechanick, will be very glad of emancipation from the hands of a bailiff, by a sale of their senatorial suffrage."

<sup>a</sup> It were to be wished, that he had imitated that great man in every respect, and had not followed the example of Dr. Adam Smith, in ungraciously attacking his venerable *Alma Mater*, Oxford.

<sup>b</sup> Mr. Knox, in his "Moral and Literary Abstraction," may be excused for not knowing the political regulations of his country. No senator can be in the hands of a bailiff.

*Cor. et Ad.*—Line 9: For "Mr." read "Dr."

*Ibid.*—Line 10: For "imitare" read "imitari."

*Ibid.*—To the first note, add, "It must, however, be observed, that he is much less to blame than Smith: he only objects to certain particulars; Smith to the whole institution; though indebted for much of his learning to an exhibition which he enjoyed, for many years at Baliol College. Neither of them, however, will do any hurt to the noblest university in the world. While I animadvert on what appears to me, exceptionable in some of the works of Dr. Knox, I cannot refuse due praise to others of his productions; particularly his sermons, and to the spirit with which he maintains, against presumptuous hereticks, the consolatory doctrines peculiar to the Christian Revelation. This he has done in a manner equally strenuous and conciliating. Neither ought I to omit mentioning a remarkable instance of his candour: Notwithstanding the wide difference of our opinions, upon the important subject of University education, in a letter to me concerning this Work, he thus expresses himself: 'I thank you for the very great entertainment your Life of Johnson gives me. It is a most valuable work. Yours is a new species of biography. Happy for Johnson, that he had so able a recorder of his wit and wisdom.'"

*Ibid.*—Note second: For "Mr." read "Dr."

But I think the most perfect imitation of Johnson is a professed one, entitled "A Criticism on Gray's Elegy in a Country Church-yard," said to be written by Mr. YOUNG, Professor of Greek at Glasgow, and of which let him have the credit, unless a better title can be shewn. It has not only the peculiarities of Johnson's style, but that very species of literary discussion and illustration for which he was eminent. Having already quoted so much from others, I shall refer the curious to this performance, with an assurance of much entertainment.

Yet whatever merit there may be in any imitations of Johnson's style, every good judge must see that they are obviously different from the original; for all of them are either deficient in its force, or overloaded with its peculiarities; and the powerful sentiment to which it is suited is not to be found.

Johnson's affection for his departed relations seemed to grow warmer as he approached nearer to the time when he might hope to see them again. It probably appeared to him that he should upbraid himself with unkind inattention, were he to leave the world, without having paid a tribute of respect to their memory.

*To Mr. GREEN, Apothecary at Lichfield.*

"DEAR SIR,—I have enclosed the Epitaph<sup>a</sup> for my Father, Mother, and Brother, to be all engraved on the large size, and laid in the middle aisle in St. Michael's church, which I request the clergyman and church-wardens to permit.

"The first care must be to find the exact place of interment, that the stone may protect the bodies. Then let the stone be deep, massy, and hard; and do not let the difference of ten pounds, or more, defeat our purpose.

"I have enclosed ten pounds, and Mrs. Porter will pay you ten more, which I gave her for the same purpose. What more is wanted shall be sent; and I beg that all possible haste may be made, for I wish to have it done while I am yet alive. Let me know, dear Sir, that you receive this. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"Dec. 2, 1784."

<sup>a</sup> No man understood that species of composition better than Johnson. I should have mentioned in 1773, his Epitaph on Mrs. Bell, wife of his friend JOHN BELL, Esq. It is printed in his Works, as well as the above.

*Second Edition*—This note omitted in this place, and put on the word "preface," Vol. I., p. 447, line 25, in the following shape:—"He, however, wrote, or partly wrote, an Epitaph on Mrs. Bell, wife of his friend John Bell, Esq., brother of the Rev. Dr. Bell, Prebendary of Westminster, which is printed in his works. It is in English prose, and

To Mrs. LUCY PORTER, in Lichfield.

"DEAR MADAM,—I am very ill, and desire your prayers. I have sent Mr. Green the Epitaph, and a power to call on you for ten pounds.

"I laid this summer a stone over Tetty, in the chapel of Bromley in Kent. The inscription is in Latin, of which this is the English. [Here a translation.]

"That this is done, I thought it fit that you should know. What care will be taken of us, who can tell? May GOD pardon and bless us, for JESUS CHRIST'S sake. I am, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"Dec. 2, 1784."

My readers are now at last to behold SAMUEL JOHNSON preparing himself for that doom from which the most exalted powers afford no exemption to man. Death had always been to him an object of terrour; so that though by no means happy, he still clung to life with an eagerness at which many have wondered. At any time when he was ill, he was very much pleased to be told that he looked better. An ingenious member of the *Eumelian Club*<sup>a</sup> informs me, that upon one occasion when he said to him that he saw health returning to his cheek, Johnson seized him by the hand and exclaimed, "Sir, you are one of the kindest friends I ever had."

His own state of his views of futurity will appear truly rational, and may perhaps impress the unthinking with seriousness.

"You know (says he<sup>b</sup>) I never thought confidence with respect to futurity any part of the character of a brave, a wise, or a good man. Bravery has no place where it can avail nothing; wisdom impresses strongly the consciousness of those faults, of which it is perhaps itself an aggravation; and goodness, always wishing to be better, and imputing every deficiency to criminal negligence, and every fault to voluntary corruption, never dares to suppose the condition of forgiveness fulfilled, nor what is wanting in the crime supplied by penitence:

"This is the state of the best; but what must be the condition of

has so little of his manner, that I did not believe he had any hand in it, till I was satisfied of the fact by the authority of Mr. Bell.—BOSWELL. See *anti*, p. 225 —C."

<sup>a</sup> A Club in London, founded by the learned and ingenious physician, Dr. Ash, in honour of whose name it was called *Eumelian*, from the Greek *Ευμελιος*; though it was warmly contended, and even put to a vote, that it should have the more obvious appellation of *Fraxinean*, from the Latin.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>b</sup> "Letters to Mrs. Thrale," Vol. II. p. 350.

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<sup>1</sup> Mr. Boswell was himself a member of this club.—*Nicholls*.

him whose heart will not suffer him to rank himself among the best, or among the good? Such must be his dread of the approaching trial, as will leave him little attention to the opinion of those whom he is leaving for ever; and the serenity that is not felt, it can be no virtue to feign."

His great fear of death, and the strange dark manner in which Sir John Hawkins imparts the uneasiness which he expressed on account of offences with which he charged himself, may give occasion to injurious suspicions, as if there had been something of more than ordinary criminality weighing upon his conscience. On that account, therefore, as well as from the regard to truth which he inculcated,\* I am to mention, (with all possible respect and delicacy however,) that his conduct after he came to London, and had associated with Savage and others, was not so strictly virtuous, in one respect, as when he was a younger man. It was well known, that his amorous inclinations were uncommonly strong and impetuous. He owned to many of his friends, that he used to take women of the town to taverns, and hear them relate their history.—In short, it must not be concealed, that like many other good and pious men, amongst whom we may place the Apostle Paul, upon his own authority, Johnson was not free from propensities which were ever "warring against the law of his mind,"—and that in his combats with them, he was sometimes overcome.<sup>1</sup>

Here let the profane and licentious pause;—let them not thoughtlessly say that Johnson was an *hypocrite*, or that his *principles* were

\* See what he said to Mr. Malone, Vol. II., p. 436.

<sup>1</sup> Here Mr. Croker makes a vehement onslaught on Boswell, accusing him of "disingenuousness," garbling, and of suppression. "It is quite *another thing*," he says, "to insinuate oneself into a man's confidence, to follow him for twenty years like his shadow, to note his words and actions like a spy, to ransack his most secret papers, and scrutinize and garble even his conscientious confessions, and *then*, with all the sinister authority which such a show of friendship must confer, to accuse him of low and filthy guilt, *supposed* to have been committed a quarter of a century before the informer and his calumniated friend had ever met, and which, consequently, Boswell could only have had from hearsay or from guess, and which all personal testimony and all the documentary evidence seem to disprove. Boswell must have been *actuated by some secret motive*, or labouring under

a morbid delusion, when he thus regarded these wanton, and, I conscientiously believe, calumnious, slanders on his illustrious friend, as conducive to 'the interest of *virtue* and *religion*,' and, above all, 'of *truth*.' I entreat any reader who may at all question the validity of my charges against Boswell, and my defence of Dr. Johnson on this point, to refer to the volume of 'Prayers and Meditations' itself, which I pledge myself will effectually refute all Boswell's extraordinary imputations." He thus argues that because Johnson accused himself of scrupulousness and other light offences, that these must be the sole matters that troubled his conscience. This is quite fallacious, as Johnson accused himself of both classes of offence. The evidence of Hawkins and Boswell, who had seen his private diaries, is more to be relied on than such speculations as Mr. Croker's.

not firm, because his *practice* was not uniformly conformable to what he professed.

Let the question be considered independent of moral and religious association; and no man will deny that thousands, in many instances, act against conviction. Is a prodigal, for example, an *hypocrite*, when he owns he is satisfied that his extravagance will bring him to ruin and misery? We are *sure* he *believes* it; but immediate inclination, strengthened by indulgence, prevails over that belief in influencing his conduct. Why then shall credit be refused to the *sincerity* of those who acknowledge their persuasion of moral and religious duty, yet sometimes fail of living as it requires? I heard Dr. Johnson once observe, "There is something noble in publishing truth, though it condemns one's self."<sup>a</sup> And one who said in his presence, "he had no notion of people being in earnest in their good professions, whose practice was not suitable to them," was thus reprimanded by him:—"Sir, are you so grossly ignorant of human nature as not to know that a man may be very sincere in good principles, without having good practice?"<sup>b</sup>

But let no man encourage or soothe himself in "presumptuous sin," from knowing that Johnson was sometimes hurried into indulgences which he thought criminal. I have exhibited this circumstance as a shade in so great a character, both from my sacred love of truth, and to shew that he was not so weakly scrupulous as he has been represented by those who imagine that the sins of which a deep sense was upon his mind, were merely such little venial trifles as pouring milk into his tea on Good-Friday. His understanding will be defended by my statement, if his consistency of conduct be in some degree impaired. But what wise man would, for momentary gratifications, deliberately subject himself to suffer such uneasiness as we find was experienced by Johnson in reviewing his conduct as compared with his notion of the ethicks of the gospel? Let the following passages be kept in remembrance:—"O GOD, giver and preserver of all life, by whose power I was created, and by whose providence I am sustained, look down upon me with tenderness and mercy; grant that I may not have been created to be finally destroyed; that I may not be preserved to add wickedness

<sup>a</sup> "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," 3d edit. p. 209.

<sup>b</sup> *Ibid.* p. 374.

*Cor. et Ad.*—To the first note add: "On the same subject, in his Letter to Mrs. Thrale, dated Nov. 29, 1783, he makes the following just observation: 'Life, to be worthy of a rational being, must be always in progression; we must always propose to do more or better than in time past. The mind is enlarged and elevated by mere purposes, though they end as they began, by airy contemplation. We compare and judge, though we do not practise.'"

to wickedness." <sup>a</sup>—"O LORD, let me not sink into total depravity; look down upon me, and rescue me at last from the captivity of sin." <sup>b</sup>—"Almighty and most merciful Father, who hast continued my life from year to year, grant that by longer life I may become less desirous of sinful pleasures, and more careful of eternal happiness." <sup>c</sup>—"Let not my years be multiplied to increase my guilt; but as my age advances, let me become more pure in my thoughts, more regular in my desires, and more obedient to thy laws." <sup>d</sup>—"Forgive, O merciful LORD, whatever I have done contrary to thy laws. Give me such a sense of my wickedness as may produce true contrition and effectual repentance; so that when I shall be called into another state, I may be received among the sinners to whom sorrow and reformation have obtained pardon, for JESUS CHRIST'S sake. Amen." <sup>e</sup>

Such was the distress of mind, such the penitence of Johnson in his hours of privacy, and in his devout approaches to his Maker. His *sincerity* therefore must appear to every candid mind unquestionable.

It is of essential consequence to keep in view, that there was in this excellent man's conduct no false principle of *commutation*, no *deliberate* indulgence in sin, in consideration of a counterbalance of duty. His offending, and his repenting, were distinct and separate: <sup>f</sup> and when we consider his almost unexampled attention to truth, his inflexible integrity, his constant piety, who will dare to "cast a stone" at him? Besides, let it never be forgotten, that he cannot be charged with any offence indicating badness of *heart*, any thing dishonest, base, or malignant; but that, on the contrary, he was charitable in an extraordinary degree: so that even in one of his own rigid judgements of himself, (Easter-eve, 1781,) while he says, "I have corrected no external habits;" he is obliged to own, "I hope that since my last communion I have advanced by pious reflections in my submission to GOD, and my benevolence to man." <sup>g</sup>

I am conscious that this is the most difficult and dangerous part of my biographical work, and I cannot but be very anxious concerning it. I trust that I have got through it, preserving at once my regard to truth—to my friend—and to the interests of virtue and

<sup>a</sup> "Prayers and Meditations," p. 47.

<sup>b</sup> *Ibid.* p. 68.

<sup>c</sup> *Ibid.* 84.

<sup>d</sup> *Ibid.* 120.

<sup>e</sup> *Ibid.* p. 130.

<sup>f</sup> Dr. Johnson related, with an earnestness of approbation, a story of a gentleman, who, in an impulse of passion, overcame the virtue of a young woman. When she said to him, "I am afraid we have done wrong!" he answered, "Yes, we have done wrong;—for I would not *debauch her mind.*"

<sup>g</sup> "Prayers and Meditations," p. 192.

religion. Nor can I apprehend that more harm can ensue from the knowledge of the irregularity of Johnson, guarded as I have stated it, than from knowing that Addison and Parnell were intemperate in the use of wine; which Johnson himself, in his Lives of those celebrated writers, and pious men, has not forbore to record.

It is not my intention to give a very minute detail of the particulars of Johnson's remaining days, of whom it was now evident, that the crisis was fast approaching, when he must "*die like men, and fall like one of the Princes.*" Yet it will be instructive, as well as gratifying to the curiosity of my readers, to record a few circumstances, on the authenticity of which they may perfectly rely, as I have been at the utmost pains to obtain them from the best authority.

Dr. Heberden, Dr. Brocklesby, Dr. Warren, and Dr. Butter, physicians, generously attended him, without accepting of any fees, as did Mr. Cruikshank, surgeon; and all that could be done from professional skill and ability was tried, to prolong a life so truly valuable. He himself, indeed, having on account of his very bad constitution been perpetually applying himself to medical inquiries, united his own efforts with those of the gentlemen who attended him; and imagining that the dropsical collection of water which oppressed him, might be drawn off, by making incisions in his body, he, with his usual resolute defiance of pain, cut deep, when he thought that his surgeon had done it too tenderly.\*

About eight or ten days before his death, when Dr. Brocklesby

\* This bold experiment, Sir John Hawkins has related in such a manner as to suggest a charge against Johnson of intentionally hastening his end; a charge so very inconsistent with his character in every respect, that it is injurious even to refute it, as Sir John has thought it necessary to do.<sup>1</sup> It is evident, that what Johnson did in hopes of relief indicated an extraordinary eagerness to retard his dissolution.

<sup>1</sup> "At eleven the same evening Mr. Langton came to me, and in an agony of mind gave me to understand that our friend had wounded himself in several parts of the body. The fact was, that conceiving himself to be full of water, he had done that, which he had often solicited his medical assistants to do, made two or three incisions in his lower limbs, vainly hoping for some relief from the flux that might follow.

"Early the next morning, Frank came to me; and, being desirous of knowing all the particulars of this transaction, I interrogated him very strictly concerning it, and received from him answers to the following effect:

"That, at eight in the morning of the preceding day, upon going into the bedchamber, his master, being in bed, ordered him to open a cabinet, and give him a drawer in it; that he did so, and that out of it his master took a case of lancets, and choosing one of them, would have conveyed it into the bed, which Frank, and a young man that sat up with him, seeing, they seized his hand, and intreated him not to do a rash action: he said he would not; but drawing his hand under the bed-clothes, they saw his arm move. Upon this they turned down the clothes, and saw a great effusion of blood, which soon stopped.—That soon after, he got at a pair of

paid him his morning visit, he seemed very low and desponding, and said, "I have been as a dying man all night." He then emphatically broke out, in the words of Shakspeare,

"Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseases'd?  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow?  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain?  
And with some sweet oblivious antidote,  
Cleanse the full bosom of that perilous stuff,  
Which weighs upon the heart."

To which Dr. Brocklesby readily answered from the same great poet :

"————— therein the patient  
Must minister unto himself."

Johnson expressed himself much satisfied with the application.

On another day after this, when talking on the subject of prayer, Dr. Brocklesby repeated from Juvenal,

"*Orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano,*"

and so on to the end of the tenth satire ; but in running it quickly over he happened in the line

"*Qui spatium vitæ extremum inter munera ponat,*"

to pronounce *supremum* for *extremum* ; at which Johnson's critical ear instantly took offence, and discoursing vehemently on the unmetrical effect of such a lapse, he showed himself as full as ever of the spirit of the grammarian.

Having no near relations, it had been for some time Johnson's intention to make a liberal provision for his faithful servant, Mr. Francis Barber, whom he looked upon as particularly under his

scissars that lay in a drawer by him, and plunged them deep in the calf of each leg—That immediately they sent for Mr Cruikshank, and the apothecary, and they, or one of them, dressed the wounds—That he then fell into that dozing which carried him off.—That it was conjectured he lost eight or ten ounces of blood ; and that this effusion brought on the dozing, though his pulse continued firm till three o'clock

"That this act was not done to hasten his end, but to discharge the water that he conceived to be in him, I have not the least doubt. A dropsy was his disease ;

he looked upon himself as a bloated carcase ; and, to attain the power of easy respiration, would have undergone any degree of temporary pain. He dreaded neither punctures nor incisions, and, indeed, defied the trochar and the lancet : he had often reproached his physicians and surgeons with cowardice ; and, when Mr Cruikshank scarified his leg, he cried out—'Deeper, deeper ;—I will abide the consequence : you are afraid of your reputation, but that is nothing to me.'—To those about him, he said,—'You all pretend to love me, but you do not love me so well as I myself do.'"



protection, and whom he had all along treated truly as an humble friend. Having asked Dr. Brocklesby what would be a proper annuity to bequeath to a favourite servant, and being answered that it must depend on the circumstances of the master; and that in the case of a nobleman fifty pounds a year was considered as an adequate reward for many years' faithful service. "Then (said Johnson) shall I be *nobilissimus*, for I mean to leave Frank seventy pounds a year, and I desire you to tell him so." It is strange, however, to think, that Johnson was not free from that general weakness of being averse to execute a will, so that he delayed it from time to time; and had it not been for Sir John Hawkins's repeatedly urging it, I think it is probable that his kind resolution would not have been fulfilled. After making one which, as Sir John Hawkins informs us, extended no further than the promised annuity, Johnson's final disposition of his property was established by a Will and Codicil, of which copies are subjoined.\*

\* "IN THE NAME OF GOD. AMEN. I SAMUEL JOHNSON, being in full possession of my faculties, but fearing this night may put an end to my life, do ordain this my last Will and Testament. I bequeath to GOD a soul polluted with many sins, but I hope purified by JESUS CHRISF.—I leave seven hundred and fifty pounds in the hands of Bennet Langton, Esq. three hundred pounds in the hands of Mr. Barclay and Mr. Perkins, brewers; one hundred and fifty pounds in the hands of Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore; one thousand pounds, three *per cent.* annuities, in the publick funds; and one hundred pounds now lying by me in ready money: all these before-mentioned sums and property I leave, I say, to Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir John Hawkins, and Dr. William Scott, of Doctors Commons, in trust, for the following uses:—That is to say, to pay to the representatives of the late William Innys, bookseller, in St. Paul's Churchyard, the sum of two hundred pounds; to Mrs. White, my female servant, one hundred pounds stock in the three *per cent.* annuities aforesaid. The rest of the aforesaid sums of money and property, together with my books, plate, and house-hold furniture, I leave to the before-mentioned Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir John Hawkins, and Dr. William Scott, also in trust, to be applied, after paying my debts, to the use of Francis Barber, my man-servant, a negro, in such a manner as they shall judge most fit and available to his benefit. And I appoint the aforesaid Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir John Hawkins, and Dr. William Scott, sole executors of this my last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills and testaments whatever. In witness whereof I hereunto subscribe my name, and affix my seal, this eighth day of December, 1784.

"SAM. JOHNSON, (L. S.)

"Signed, sealed, published, declared, and delivered by the said testator, as his last will and testament, in the presence of us, the word *two* being first inserted in the opposite page.

"GEORGE STRAHAN.

"JOHN DESMOULINS."

"By way of Codicil to my last Will and Testament, I SAMUEL JOHNSON, give, devise, and bequeath, my message or tenement, situate at Lichfield, in the county of Stafford, with the appurtenances, in the tenure or occupation of Mrs. Bond, of Lichfield aforesaid, or of Mr. Hinchman, her under-tenant, to my executors in trust, to sell and dispose of the same; and the money arising from such sale I give and bequeath as follows, viz. to Thomas and Benjamin the sons of Fisher Johnson, late of Leicester, and ——— Whiting, daughter of Thomas Johnson, late of Coventry, and the grand-daughter of the said Thomas Johnson, one full and equal fourth part each; but in case there shall be more grand-daughters than one of the said Thomas

The consideration of the numerous papers of which he was possessed, seems to have struck Johnson's mind with a sudden anxiety, and as they were in great confusion, it is much to be

Johnson, living at the time of my decease, I give and bequeath the part or share of that one to, and equally between such grand-daughters. I give and bequeath to the Reverend Mr. Rogers, of Berkley, near Froome, in the county of Somerset, the sum of one hundred pounds, requesting him to apply the same towards the maintenance of Elizabeth Herne, a lunatick.<sup>1</sup> I also give and bequeath to my god-children, the son and daughter of Mauritius Lowe, painter, each of them, one hundred pounds of my stock in the three *per cent.* consolidated annuities, to be applied and disposed of by and at the discretion of my Executors, in the education or settlement in the world of them my said legatees. Also I give and bequeath to Sir John Hawkins, one of my Executors, and the *Annales Ecclesiastici* of Baronius, and Holingshed's and Stowe's *Chronicles*, and also an octavo Common Prayer Book. To Bennet Langton, Esq. I give and bequeath my Polyglot Bible. To Sir Joshua Reynolds, my great French Dictionary, by Martiniere, and my own copy of my folio English Dictionary, of the last revision. To Dr. William Scott, one of my Executors, the *Dictionnaire de Commerce*, and *Lectius's* edition of the Greek Poets. To Mr. Windham, *Poetæ Græci Heroici per Henricum Stephanum*. To the Reverend Mr. Strahan, vicar of Islington, in Middlesex, Mills's Greek Testament, Beza's Greek Testament by Stephens, all my Latin Bibles, and my Greek Bible by Wechelius. To Dr. Heberden, Dr. Brocklesby, Dr. Butter, and Mr. Cruikshank the surgeon who attended me, Mr. Holder my apothecary, Gerard Hamilton, Esq. Mrs. Gardiner, of Snow-hill, Mrs. Frances Reynolds, Mr. Hoole and the Reverend Mr. Hoole, his son, each a book at their election, to keep as a token of remembrance. I also give and bequeath to Mr. John Desmoulins, two hundred pounds consolidated three *per cent.* annuities; and to Mr. Sastres, the Italian master, the sum of five pounds, to be laid out in books of piety for his own use. And whereas the said Bennet Langton hath agreed, in consideration of the sum of seven hundred and fifty pounds, mentioned in my Will to be in his hands, to grant and secure an annuity of seventy pounds, payable during the life of me and my servant Francis Barber, and the life of the survivor of us, to Mr. George Stubbs in trust for us; my mind and will is, that in case of my decease before the said agreement shall be perfected, the said sum of seven hundred and fifty pounds, and the bond for securing the said sum, shall go to the said Francis Barber; and I hereby give and bequeath to him the same, in lieu of the bequest in his favour, contained in my said will. And I hereby empower my Executors to deduct and retain all expences that shall or may be occurred in the execution of my said Will, or of this Codicil thereto, out of such estates and effects as I shall die possessed of. All the rest, residue, and remainder of my estate and effects, I give and bequeath to my said Executors, in trust for the said Francis Barber, his Executors, and Administrators. Witness my hand and seal this ninth day of December, 1784.

"SAM. JOHNSON, (L. S.)

"Signed, sealed, published, declared, and delivered by the said Samuel Johnson, as, and for a Codicil to his last Will and Testament, in the presence of us, who, in his presence, and at his request, and also in the presence of each other, have hereto subscribed our names as witnesses.

"JOHN COPLEY.

"WILLIAM GIBSON.

"HENRY COLE."

Upon these testamentary deeds it is proper to make a few observations.

His express declaration with his dying breath of his faith as a Christian, as it had been often practised in such solemn writings, was of real consequence from this great man, as the conviction of a mind equally acute and strong might well overbalance the doubts of others who were his contemporaries. The expression *polluted* may to some convey an impression of more than ordinary contamination; but that is not

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Rogers repudiated the arrangement made by his wife (*ante*, p. 54), and declined the trust.—*Hawkins*.

lamented that he had not entrusted some faithful and discreet person with the care and selection of them; instead of which, he, in a precipitate manner, burnt masses of them, as I should apprehend, with little regard to discrimination. Not that I suppose we have

warranted by its genuine meaning, as appears from "The Rambler," No. 42. The same word is used in the will of Dr. Sanderson, Bishop of Lincoln, who was piety itself.

His legacy of two hundred pounds to the representatives of Mr. Innys, bookseller in St. Paul's Church-yard, was the effect of a very worthy motive. He told Sir John Hawkins, that his father having become bankrupt, Mr. Innys had assisted him with money or credit to continue his business. "This (said he) I consider as an obligation on me to be grateful to his descendants."

The amount of his property proved to be considerably more than he had supposed it to be. Sir John Hawkins estimates the bequest to Francis Barber at a sum little short of fifteen hundred pounds, including an annuity of seventy pounds to be paid to him by Mr. Langton, in consideration of seven hundred and fifty pounds, which Johnson had lent to that gentleman. Sir John seems not a little angry at this bequest, and mutters "a caveat against ostentatious bounty and favour to negroes." But surely when a man has money entirely of his own acquisition, especially when he has no near relatives, he may, without blame, dispose of it as he pleases, and with great propriety to a faithful servant. Mr. Barber, by the recommendation of his master, retired to Lichfield, where he might pass the rest of his days in comfort.

It has been objected that Johnson has omitted many of his best friends when leaving books to several as tokens of his last remembrance. The names of Dr. Adams, Dr. Taylor, Dr. Burney, Mr. Hector, Mr. Murphy, the Authour of this Work, and others who were intimate with him, are not to be found in his Will. This may be accounted for by considering, that as he was very near his dissolution at the time, he probably mentioned such as happened to occur to him; and that he may have recollected, that he had formerly shewn others such proofs of his regard, that it was not necessary to crowd his Will with their names.<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Lucy Porter was much displeased that nothing was left to her; but besides what I have now stated, she should have considered, that she had left nothing to Johnson by her Will, which was made during his life-time, as appeared at her decease.

His enumerating several persons in one group, and leaving them "each a book at their election," might possibly have given occasion to a curious question as to the order of choice, had they not luckily fixed on different books. His library, though by no means handsome in its appearance, was sold by Mr. Christie for two hundred and forty-seven pounds, nine shillings, many people being desirous to have a book which had belonged to Dr. Johnson.<sup>2</sup> In many of them he had written little notes, sometimes tender memorials of his departed wife; as, "This was dear Tetty's book:"

*Cor. et Ad.*—Line 3: After "burnt," read "large"

<sup>1</sup> It is certainly strange that the faithful friend and comrade, during so many years, should have been passed over. The trifling excuse offered that Adams, Murphy, and the rest were omitted, and that only such names as happened to occur to him were inserted, will not hold. For there was evidently discrimination exerted on Johnson's part, and Langton, Reynolds, Windham, Strahan, *Hawkins* (*l*), the doctors, and even Mrs. Gardiner, the chandler of Snow-hill, were all recollected. Mr. Boswell ought certainly to have been at his bed-side, and Johnson might have been hurt at what he thought neglect, though he spoke affectionately of his friend when dying.

Possibly Hawkins suggested the different names, and took care to omit that of Boswell.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Peter Cunningham discovered a copy of the catalogue: "A catalogue of the valuable library of books of the late learned Samuel Johnson, Esq., LL.D., deceased, which will be sold by auction (by order of the executors) by Mr. Christie, at the great room in Pall Mall, on Wednesday, Feb. 16, 1785, and three following days. To be viewed on Monday and Tuesday preceding the sale, which will begin each day at 12 o'clock. Catalogues may be had as above."

thus been deprived of any compositions which he had ever intended for the publick eye ; but, from what escaped the flames, I judge that many curious circumstances relating both to himself and other literary characters have perished.

Two very valuable articles, I am sure, we have lost, which were two quarto volumes, containing a full, fair, and most particular account of his own life, from his earliest recollection. I owned to him, that having accidentally seen them, I had read a great deal in them ; and apologising for the liberty I had taken, asked him if I could help it.<sup>1</sup> He placidly answered, "Why, Sir, I do not think you could have helped it." I said that I had for once in my life felt half an inclination to commit theft. It had come into my mind to carry off those two volumes, and never see him more. Upon my inquiring how this would have affected him, "Sir, (said he,) I believe I should have gone mad."\*

sometimes occasional remarks of different sorts. Mr. Lysons, of Clifford's Inn, has favoured me with the two following :

In "Holy Rules and Helps to Devotion, by Bryan Duppa, Lord Bishop of Winton," "*Preces quidam videtur diligentur tractasse ; spero non inauditus.*"

In "The Rosicrucian infallible Axiomata, by John Heydon, Gent." Prefixed to which are some verses addressed to the authour, signed Ambr. Waters, A. M. Coll. Ex. Oxon. "*These Latin verses were written to Hobbes by Bathurst, upon his Treatise on Human Nature, and have no relation to the book.—An odd fraud.*"

\* One of those volumes, Sir John Hawkins informs us he put into his pocket ;<sup>2</sup> for which the excuse he states is, that he meant to preserve it from falling into the hands of a person whom he describes so as to make it sufficiently clear who is meant ; "having strong reasons (says he) to suspect that this man might find and make an ill use of the book." Why Sir John should suppose that the gentleman alluded to would act in this manner, he has not thought fit to explain. But what he did was not approved of by Johnson ; who, upon being acquainted of it without delay by a friend, expressed great indignation, and warmly insisted on the book being delivered up ; and, in the supposition of his afterwards missing it, without knowing by whom it had been taken, he said, "Sir, I should have gone out of the world distrusting half mankind." Sir John next day wrote a letter to Johnson, assigning the reasons for his conduct ; upon which Johnson observed to Mr. Langton, "Bishop Sanderson could not have dictated a better letter. I could almost say, *Melius est sic penitusse quam non errasse.*" The agitation into which Johnson was thrown by this incident,

Second Edition.—Line 10 of notes : "those" altered to "these."

<sup>1</sup> Sir John Hawkins and Mr. Boswell, in their lives of Johnson, both quoted the same passages of Johnson's diaries and notes of his life. It is evident that Hawkins had used his opportunities as executor to consult or transcribe these papers, which afterwards passed into Boswell's possession. The first portion, in English, which was rescued from the fire by Barber, was disposed of to Mr. Wright, who published it ; and it seems strange that he did not offer them to Mr. Boswell. The

latter, however, was in possession of some notes "in which some of the early particulars of his life are registered in Latin."

<sup>2</sup> What Hawkins attempted to take was "a parchment-covered book," containing "meditations and reflections," "with a less one of the same kind." These were, no doubt, the volumes Boswell speaks of. The "less one of the same kind" must have been among the masses of papers which Johnson was destroying.

During his last illness, Johnson experienced the steady and kind attachment of his numerous friends. Mr. Hoole has drawn up a narrative of what passed in the visits which he paid to him during that time, from the 10th of November to the 13th of December, the day of his death inclusive, and has favoured me with a perusal of it. Nobody was more attentive to him than Mr. Langton, to whom he tenderly said, *Te teneam moriens deficiente manu*.<sup>1</sup> And I think it highly to the honour of Mr. Windham, that his important occupations as an active statesman did not prevent him from paying assiduous respect to the dying Sage, whom he revered. Mr. Langton informs me, that "one day he found Mr. Burke and four or five more friends sitting with Johnson. Mr. Burke said to him, 'I am afraid, Sir, such a number of us may be oppressive to you.'—'No, Sir, (said Johnson,) it is not so; and I must be in a wretched state indeed, when your company would not be a delight to me.' Mr. Burke, in a tremulous voice, expressive of being very tenderly affected, replied, 'My dear Sir, you have always been too good to probably made him hastily burn those precious records which must ever be regretted.'<sup>2</sup>

*Cor. et Ad.*—Line 6 : After "it," read "with permission to make extracts, which I have done."

<sup>1</sup> Langton, as Hannah More wrote, specially came to town, and took a little lodging in Fleet-street.

<sup>2</sup> It is only fair to allow Sir John Hawkins to give his own account of this extraordinary incident :—"While he was dressing and preparing for this solemnity, an accident happened which went very near to disarrange his mind. He had mislaid, and was very anxious to find a paper that contained private instructions to his executors; and myself, Mr. Strahan, Mr. Langton, Mr. Hoole, Frank, and I believe some others that were about him, went into his bed-chamber to seek it. In our search I laid my hands on a parchment covered book, into which I imagined it might have been slipped. Upon opening the book, I found it to be meditations and reflections, in Johnson's own handwriting; and having been told a day or two before by Frank, that a person formerly intimately connected with his master, a joint proprietor of a newspaper, well known among the book-sellers, and of whom Mrs. Williams once told me she had often cautioned him to beware; I say, having been told that this person had lately been very importunate to get access to him, indeed to such a degree as that, when he was

told that the doctor was not to be seen, he would push his way up stairs; and having stronger reasons than I need here mention, to suspect that this man might find and make an ill use of the book, I put it, and a less of the same kind, into my pocket; at the same time telling those around me, and particularly Mr. Langton and Mr. Strahan, that I had got both, with my reasons for thus securing them. After the ceremony was over, Johnson took me aside, and told me that I had a book of his in my pocket; I answered that I had two, and that to prevent their falling into the hands of a person who had attempted to force his way into the house, I had done as I conceived a friendly act, but not without telling his friends of it, and also my reasons. He then asked me what ground I had for my suspicion of the man I mentioned: I told him his great importunity to get admittance; and further, that immediately after a visit which he made me, in the year 1775, I missed a paper of a public nature, and of great importance; and that a day or two after, and before it could be put to its intended use, I saw it in the newspapers.

"At the mention of this circumstance Johnson paused; but recovering himself,

me.' Immediately afterwards he went away. This was the last circumstance in the acquaintance of these two eminent men."

It is to the mutual credit of Johnson and divines of different com-

*Cor. et Ad.*—After line 2, read, "The following particulars of his conversation within a few days of his death, I give on the authority of Mr John Nichols: \*

"He said, that the Parliamentary Debates were the only part of his writings which then gave him any compunction: but that at the time he wrote them, he had no conception he was imposing upon the world, though they were frequently written from very slender materials, and often, from none at all,—the mere coinage of his own imagination. He never wrote any part of his works with equal velocity. Three columns of the Magazine, in an hour, was no uncommon effort, which was faster than most persons could have transcribed that quantity.

"Of his friend Cave, he always spoke with great affection. "Yet, (said he,) Cave, (who never looked out of his window, but with a view to the Gentleman's Magazine,) was a penurious paymaster; he would contract for lines by the hundred, and expect the long hundred; but he was a good man, and always delighted to have his friends at his table."

"When talking of a regular edition of his own works, he said that he had power, [from the booksellers,] to print such an edition, if his health admitted it; but had no power to assign over any edition, unless he could add notes, and so alter them as to make them new works; which his state of health forbade him to think of. "I may possibly live, (said he,) or rather breathe, three days, or perhaps three weeks; but find myself daily and gradually weaker"

"He said at another time, three or four days only before his death, speaking of the little fear he had of undergoing a chirurgical operation, "I would give one of these legs for a year more of life, I mean of comfortable life, not such as that which I now suffer;"—and lamented much his inability to read during his hours of restlessness. "I used formerly, (he added,) when sleepless in bed, to read like a Turk."

"Whilst confined by his last illness, it was his regular practice to have the church service read to him, by some attentive and friendly divine. The Rev. Mr. Hoole performed this kind office in my presence for the last time, when, by his own desire, no more than the litany was read; in which his responses were in the deep and sonorous voice which Mr Boswell has occasionally noticed, and with the most profound devotion that can be imagined. His hearing not being quite perfect, he more than once interrupted Mr. Hoole with, "Louder, my dear Sir, louder, I entreat you, or you pray in vain!"—and, when the service was ended, he, with great earnestness, turned round to an excellent lady who was present, saying, "I thank you, Madam, very heartily, for your kindness in joining me in this solemn exercise. Live well, I conjure you; and you will not feel the compunction at the last, which I now feel." So truly humble were the thoughts which this great and good man entertained of his own approaches to religious perfection.

"He was earnestly invited to publish a volume of *Devotional Exercises*; but this, (though he listened to the proposal with much complacency, and a large sum of money was offered for it,) he declined from motives of the sincerest modesty.

"He seriously entertained the thought of translating *Thuanus*. He often talked to me on the subject; and once, in particular, when I was rather wishing that he would favour the world, and gratify his Sovereign, by a Life of Spenser, (which he said that he would readily have done, had he been able to obtain any new materials for the purpose,) he added, "I have been thinking again, Sir, of *Thuanus*: it would not be the laborious task which you have supposed it. I should have no trouble but that of dictation, which would be performed as speedily as an amanuensis could write."

\* "On the same undoubted authority, I give a few articles, which should have

said, 'You should not have laid hands on the book; for had I missed it, and not known you had it, I should have roared

for my book, as Othello did for his handkerchief, and probably have run mad."

"I gave him time, till the next day, to

munions, that although he was a steady Church-of-England man, there was nevertheless much agreeable intercourse between him and them. Let me particularly name the late Mr La Trobe, and Mr. Hutton of the Moravian profession. His intimacy with the English Benedictines at Paris has been mentioned; and as an additional

been inserted in chronological order; but which, now that they are before me, I should be sorry to omit:

“In 1736, Dr. Johnson had a particular inclination to have been engaged as an assistant to the Reverend Mr. Budworth, then head master of the Grammar-school, at Brewood, in Staffordshire, “an excellent person, who possessed every talent of a perfect instructor of youth, in a degree which, (to use the words of one of the brightest ornaments of literature, the Reverend Dr. Hurd, Bishop of Worcester,) has been rarely found in any of that profession since the days of Quintilian.” Mr. Budworth, “who was less known in his life-time, from that obscure situation to which the caprice of fortune oft condemns the most accomplished characters, than his highest merit deserved,” had been bred under Mr. Blackwell, at Market Bosworth, where Johnson was some time an usher; which might naturally lead to the application. Mr. Budworth was certainly no stranger to the learning or abilities of Johnson, as he more than once lamented his having been under the necessity of declining the engagement, from an apprehension that the paralytick affection, under which our great Philologist laboured through life, might become the object of imitation or of ridicule, among his pupils.—Captain Budworth, his grandson, has confirmed to me this anecdote.

“Among the early associates of Johnson, at St. John’s Gate, was Samuel Boyse, well known by his ingenious productions; and not less noted for his imprudence. It was not unusual for Boyse to be a customer to the pawnbroker. On one of these occasions, Dr. Johnson collected a sum of money to redeem his friend’s clothes, which in two days after were pawned again. “The sum, (said Johnson,) was collected by sixpences, at a time when to me a sixpence was serious consideration.”

“Speaking one day of a person for whom he had a real friendship, but in whom vanity was somewhat too predominant, he observed, that “Kelly was so fond of displaying on his side-board the plate which he possessed, that he added to it his spurs. For my part, (said he,) I never was master of a pair of spurs, but once; and they are now at the bottom of the ocean. By the carelessness of Boswell’s servant, they were dropped from the end of the boat, on our return from the Isle of Sky.”

“The late Reverend Mr. Samuel Badcock, having been introduced to Dr. Johnson, by Mr. Nichols, some years before his death, thus expressed himself in a letter to that gentleman:

“How much I am obliged to you for the favour you did me in introducing me to Dr. Johnson! *Tantum vires Virgilium*. But to have seen him, and to have received a testimony of respect from him, was enough. I recollect all the conversation, and shall never forget one of his expressions.—Speaking of Dr. P\*\*\*\*\*, (whose writings, I saw, he estimated at a low rate,) he said, “You have proved him as deficient in *probity* as he is in learning.”—I called him an “*Index-scholar*;” but he was not willing to allow him a claim even to that merit. He said, “that he borrowed from those who had been borrowers themselves, and did not know that the mistakes he adopted had been answered by others.”—I often think of our short, but precious, visit to this great man. I shall consider it as a kind of *æra* in my life.”

compose himself, and then wrote him a letter, apologizing, and assigning at large the reasons for my conduct; and received a verbal answer by Mr. Langton, which, were I to repeat it, would render me suspected of inexcusable vanity; it concluded with these words, ‘If I was not satisfied with this, I must be a savage.’”

This questionable transaction Sir John

Hawkins passes by in his first edition; but the story got abroad, and he was obliged to explain it. The excuse he gave was, no doubt, a gross invention; and the charge against a third person, understood to be Mr. Steevens—a scandalous way of shielding himself. As Johnson had been busy destroying papers a day or two before, Hawkins’s real motive was,

proof of the charity in which he lived with good men of the Romish Church, I am happy in this opportunity of recording his friendship with the Reverend Thomas Hussey, D. D. His Catholic Majesty's Chaplain of Embassy at the Court of London, that very respectable man, eminent not only for his powerful eloquence as a preacher, but for his various abilities and acquisitions.—Nay though Johnson loved a Presbyterian the least, this did not prevent his having a long and uninterrupted social connection with the Reverend Dr. James Fordyce, who, since his death hath gratefully celebrated him in a warm strain of devotional composition.

Amidst the melancholy clouds which hung over the dying Johnson, his characteristical manner shewed itself on different occasions.

When Dr. Warren, in the usual style, hoped that he was better; his answer was, "No, Sir. You cannot conceive with what acceleration I advance towards death."

A man whom he had never seen before was employed one night

no doubt, to secure the books for himself, though the fact that he called Langton's and Strahan's attention to what he was doing, barely removes the act from the category of absolute theft. After Johnson's death his behaviour was equally extraordinary in respect to other articles of property, so that his conduct may be attributed more to eccentricity and arrogance. This will be seen from the account of him in the *Malomana*, where he is described as behaving in the same style:—

"The bishop (Dr. Percy) concurred with every other person I have heard speak of Hawkins, in saying that he was a most detestable fellow. He was the son of a carpenter, and set out in life in the very lowest line of the law. Dyer knew him well at one time, and the bishop heard him give a character of Hawkins once that painted him in the blackest colours; though Dyer was by no means apt to deal in such portraits. Dyer said he was a man of the most mischievous, uncharitable, and malignant disposition, and that he knew instances of his setting a husband against a wife, and a brother against a brother; fomenting their animosity by anonymous letters.

"A few days afterwards I had some conversation with Sir J. Reynolds relative to both Hawkins and Dyer. Sir Joshua observed that Hawkins, though he assumed great outward sanctity, was

not only mean and grovelling in disposition but absolutely dishonest. After the death of Dr. Johnson, he, as one of his executors, laid hold of his watch and several trinkets, coins, &c., which he said he should take to himself for his trouble—a pretty *liberal* construction of the rule of law, that an executor may satisfy his own demands in the first instance. Sir Joshua and Sir Wm. Scott, the other executors, remonstrated against this, and with great difficulty compelled him to give up the watch, which Dr. Johnson's servant, Francis Barber, now has; but the coins and old pieces of money they could never get.

"He likewise seized on a gold-headed cane which some one had by accident left in Dr. Johnson's house previous to his death. They in vain urged that Francis had a right to this till an owner appeared, and should hold it *in usum jus habentis*. He would not restore it; and his house being soon afterwards consumed by fire, he *said* it was there burnt. The executors had several meetings relative to the business of their trust. Sir John Hawkins was paltry enough to bring them in a bill, charging his coach hire for every time they met."—*Malomana*.

Mr. Croker says that Hawkins was forced into making an explanation by Boswell's notice of the affair. But Boswell's work did not appear until several years after Hawkins's death.



to sit up with him. Being asked next morning how he liked his attendant, his answer was, "Not at all, Sir. The fellow's an ideot; he is as aukward as a turn-spit when first put into the wheel, and as sleepy as a dormouse."<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Windham having placed a pillow conveniently to support him, he thanked him for his kindness, and said, "That will do—all that a pillow can do."

*Third Edition.*—Line 7: Omit next paragraph, and after "can do," read—"He repeated with great spirit a poem, consisting of several stanzas, in four lines, in alternate rhyme, which he said he had composed some years before,<sup>2</sup> on occasion of a rich, extravagant young gentleman's coming of age; saying he had never repeated it but once since he composed it, and had given but one copy of it. That copy was given to Mrs. Thrale, now Piozzi, who has published it in a book which she entitles 'British Synonimy,' but which is truly a collection of entertaining remarks and stories, no matter whether accurate or not. Being a piece of exquisite satire, conveyed in a strain of pointed vivacity and humour, and in a manner of which no other instance is to be found in Johnson's writings, I shall here insert it: <sup>3</sup>

"Long-expected one-and-twenty,  
Ling'ring year, at length is flown;  
Pride and pleasure, pomp and plenty,  
Great \*\*\* \*\*\*\*, are now your own.

"Loosen'd from the Minor's tether,  
Free to mortgage or to sell,  
Wild as wind, and light as feather,  
Bid the sons of thrift farewell.

"Call the Betseys, Kates, and Jennies,  
All the names that banish care,  
Lavish of your grandsire's guineas,  
Shew the spirit of an heir.

"All that prey on vice and folly  
Joy to see their quarry fly;  
There the gamester, light and jolly,  
There the lender, grave and sly.

"Wealth, my lad, was made to wander,  
Let it wander as it will;  
Call the jockey, call the pander,  
Bid them come and take their fill.

"When the bonny blade carouses,  
Pockets full, and spirits high—  
What are acres? what are houses?  
Only dirt, or wet or dry.

"Should the guardian friend or mother  
Tell the woes of wilful waste:  
Scorn their counsel, scorn their pother,—  
You can hang or drown at last."

<sup>1</sup> This speech was made to Sir John Hawkins, who reports it. Mr. Boswell is under other obligations to him.

<sup>2</sup> In 1780. See his letter to Mrs. Thrale, dated August 8, 1780: "You have heard in the papers how \*\*\* is come to age: I have enclosed a short song of congratulation, which you must not shew to any body.—It is odd that

it should come into any body's head. I hope you will read it with candour; it is, I believe one of the author's first essays in that way of writing, and a beginner is always to be treated with tenderness."

<sup>3</sup> Such are the numerous variations in this little passage.

<sup>4</sup> "Sir John."

He repeated<sup>1</sup> with great spirit a poem, consisting of about fifteen stanzas in four lines, in alternate rhymes, which he said he had composed some years before, on occasion of a young gentleman's coming of age; saying he had never repeated it but once since he composed it, and had given but one copy of it. From the specimen of it which Mrs. Piozzi had given of it in her "Anecdotes," p. 196, it is much to be wished that we could see the whole.

As he opened a note which his servant brought to him, he said, "An odd thought strikes me.—We shall receive no letters in the grave."

He requested three things of Sir Joshua Reynold:—To forgive him thirty pounds which he had borrowed of him—to read the Bible—and never to use his pencil on a Sunday. Sir Joshua readily acquiesced.<sup>2</sup>

Indeed he shewed the greatest anxiety for the religious improvement of his friends, to whom he discoursed on its infinite consequence. He begged of Mr. Hoole to think of what he had said, and to commit it to writing; and upon being afterwards assured that this was done, pressed his hands, and in an earnest tone, thanked him. Dr. Brocklesby having attended him with the utmost assiduity and kindness as his physician and friend, he was peculiarly desirous that this gentleman should not entertain any loose speculative notions but be confirmed in the truths of Christianity, and insisted on his writing down in his presence, as nearly as he could collect it, the import of what passed on the subject; and Dr. Brocklesby having complied with the request, he made him sign the paper, and urged him to keep it in his own custody as long as he lived.

Johnson, with that native fortitude which amidst all his bodily distress and mental sufferings never forsook him, asked Dr. Brocklesby, as a man in whom he had confidence, to tell him plainly whether he could recover. "Give me (said he) a direct answer."

*Second Edition.*—Line 5: Altered to—"From the specimen which Mrs. Piozzi has exhibited of it, it is much to be wished that the world could see the whole." And on "it" put note—"Anecdotes,' 196."

*Cor. et Ad.*—Line 7: After "whole," read—"Indeed I can speak from my own knowledge, for having had the pleasure to read it, I found it to be an exquisite piece of satire, conveyed in a strain of pointed vivacity and humour, and in a manner of which no other instance is to be found in Johnson's writings. After describing the ridiculous and ruinous career of a wild spendthrift, he consoles him with this reflection:

"You may hang or drown at last."

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Croker inscrutably omits the preceding paragraph: "Mr. Windham having placed," &c.

<sup>2</sup> "With some hesitation," says Hannah More. But Mr. Tom Taylor

ascertained by the evidence of the painter's "pocket-books," that he did not adhere to his promise of not painting on a Sunday.

The Doctor having first asked him if he could bear the whole truth, which way soever it might lead, and being answered that he could, declared that in his opinion he could not recover without a miracle. "Then (said Johnson) I will take no more physick, not even my opiates; for I have prayed that I may render up my soul to GOD unclouded." In this resolution he persevered, and at the same time used only the weakest kinds of sustenance.

The Reverend Mr. Strahan, who was the son of his friend, and had been always one of his great favourites, had, during Johnson's last illness, the satisfaction of contributing to soothe and comfort him. That gentleman's house at Islington, of which he is Vicar, afforded occasionally and easily an agreeable change of place and fresh air; and he attended also upon Johnson in town in the discharge of the sacred offices of his profession.

Mr. Strahan has given me the agreeable assurance, that after being in much agitation, Johnson became quite composed, and continued so till his death.

Dr. Brocklesby, who will not be suspected of fanaticism, obliged me with the following accounts:

"For some time before his death all his fears were calmed and absorbed by the prevalence of his faith, and his trust in the merits and *propitiation* of JESUS CHRIST.

"He talked often to me about the necessity of faith in the *sacrifice* of JESUS, as necessary beyond all good works whatever for the salvation of mankind.

"He pressed me to study Dr. Clarke, and to read his Sermons. I asked him why he pressed Dr. Clarke, an Arian.\* 'Because (said he) he is fullest on the *propitiatory sacrifice*.'

Johnson having thus in his mind the true Christian scheme, at once rational and consolatory, uniting justice and mercy in the

\* The change of his sentiments with regard to Dr. Clarke, is thus mentioned to me in a letter from the late Dr. Adams, Master of Pembroke College, Oxford.—"The Doctor's prejudices were the strongest, and certainly in another sense the weakest, that ever possessed a sensible man. You know his extreme zeal for orthodoxy. But did you ever hear what he told me himself? That he had made it a rule not to admit Dr. Clarke's name in his Dictionary. This, however, wore off. At some distance of time he advised with me what books he should read in defence of the Christian Religion. I recommended 'Clarke's Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion,' as the best of the kind; and I find in what is called his 'Prayers and Meditations,' that he was frequently employed in the latter part of his time in reading Clarke's Sermons.

*Cor. et Ad.*—Line 7: After "sustenance," read—"Being pressed by Mr. Windham to take somewhat more generous nourishment, lest too low a diet should have the very effect he dreaded by debilitating his mind, he said 'I will take anything but inebriating substance.'"

Divinity, with the improvement of human nature, while the Holy Sacrament was celebrating in his apartment, fervently uttered this prayer : \*

“Almighty and most merciful Father, I am now, as to human eyes it seems, about to commemorate, for the last time, the death of thy Son JESUS CHRIST our Saviour and Redeemer. Grant, O LORD, that my whole hope and confidence may be in his merits, and thy mercy ; enforce and accept my imperfect repentance ; make this commemoration available to the confirmation of my faith, the establishment of my hope, and the enlargement of my charity ; and make the death of thy Son JESUS CHRIST effectual to my redemption. Have mercy upon me, and pardon the multitude of my offences. Bless my friends ; have mercy upon all men. Support me, by thy Holy Spirit, in the days of weakness, and at the hour of death ; and receive me, at my death, to everlasting happiness, for the sake of JESUS CHRIST. Amen.”

From my brother Thomas David I have these particulars :

“The Doctor, from the time that he was certain his death was near, appeared to be perfectly resigned, was seldom or never fretful or out of temper, and often said to his faithful servant, who gave me this account, ‘Attend, Francis, to the salvation of your soul, which is the object of greatest importance :’ he also explained to him passages in the scripture, and seemed to have pleasure in talking upon religious subjects.<sup>1</sup>

\* The Reverend Mr. Strahan took care to have it preserved, and has inserted it in “Prayers and Meditations,” p. 222.

*Cor. et Ad.*—Line 1 : For “while” read “previous to his receiving ;” and, line 2, *dele* “was celebrating.” After “apartment,” read “composed and.”

*Ibid.*—After line 16 read as follows :—“Having, as has been already mentioned, made his will on the 8th and 9th of December, and settled all his worldly affairs, he languished till Monday, the 13th of that month, when he expired, about seven o’clock in the evening, with so little apparent pain that his attendants hardly perceived when his dissolution took place. Of his last moments, my brother Thomas David has furnished me with the following particulars.”

*Ibid.*—*Dele* line 17

<sup>1</sup> Sir John Hawkins supplies some touching incidents of this closing scene : “He was now so weak as to be unable to kneel, and lamented, that he must pray sitting, but, with an effort, he placed himself on his knees, while Mr. Strahan repeated the Lord’s Prayer. During the whole of the evening, he was much composed and resigned. . . . In the presence and hearing of Mr. Strahan and Mr. Langton, asked me where I meant to bury him. I answered, doubtless, in Westminster Abbey : ‘If,’ said he, ‘my executors think it proper to mark the spot of my interment by a stone, let it be so

placed as to protect my body from injury.’ I assured him it should be done. . . . 13th. At noon, I called at the house, but went not into his room, being told, that he was dozing. I was further informed by the servants, that his appetite was totally gone, and that he could take no sustenance. At eight in the evening of the same day, word was brought me by Mr. Sastrès, to whom, in his last moments, he uttered these words ‘Jam moriturus,’ that, at a quarter past seven, he had, without a groan, or the least sign of pain or uneasiness, yielded his last breath.”

“On Monday the 13th of December, the day on which he died, a Miss Morris, daughter to a particular friend of his, called, and said to Francis, that she begged to be permitted to see the Doctor, that she might earnestly request him to give her his blessing. Francis went into the room, followed by the young lady, and delivered the message. The Doctor turned himself in the bed, and said ‘God bless you, my dear!’ These were the last words he spoke.—His difficulty of breathing increased till about seven o’clock in the evening, when Mr. Barber and Mrs. Desmoulins, who were sitting in the room, observing that the noise he made in breathing had ceased, went to the bed, and found he was dead.”

About two days after his death, the following very agreeable account was communicated to Mr. Malone, in a letter by the Honourable John Byng, to whom I am much obliged for granting me permission to introduce it in my work.

“DEAR SIR,—Since I saw you, I have had a long conversation with Cawston,\* who sat up with Dr. Johnson from nine o’clock on Sunday evening till ten o’clock on Monday morning. And from what I can gather from him, it should seem, that Dr. Johnson was perfectly composed, steady in hope, and resigned to death. At the interval of each hour, they assisted him to sit up in his bed, and move his legs, which were in much pain; when he regularly addressed himself to fervent prayer; and though sometimes his voice failed him, his senses never did during that time. The only sustenance he received was cyder and water. He said his mind was prepared, and the time to his dissolution seemed long. At six in the morning he enquired the hour, and on being informed, said that all went on regularly, and he felt he had but a few hours to live.

“At ten o’clock in the morning he parted from Cawston, saying, ‘You should not detain Mr. Windham’s servant.—I thank you;—bear my remembrance to your master.’ Cawston says, that no man could appear more collected, more devout, or less terrified at the thoughts of the approaching minute.

“This account, which is so much more agreeable than, and somewhat different from yours, has given us the satisfaction of thinking that that great man died as he lived, full of resignation, strengthened in faith, and joyful in hope.”

A few days before his death he had asked Sir John Hawkins, as one of his executors, where he should be buried; and on being answered, “Doubtless in Westminster Abbey,” seemed to feel a

\* Servant to the Right Honourable William Windham.

satisfaction very natural to a poet, and indeed, in my opinion, very natural to every man of any imagination, who has no family sepulchre in which he can be laid with his fathers. Accordingly, upon Monday, December 20, his remains were deposited in that noble and renowned edifice; and over his grave was placed a large blue flag-stone, with this inscription:

“SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.  
Obiit XIII die Decembris,  
Anno Domini  
M. DCC. LXXXIV.  
Ætatis sue LXXV.”

His funeral was attended by a respectable number of his friends, particularly by many of the members of THE LITERARY CLUB, who were then in town; and was also honoured by the presence of several of the Reverend Chapter of Westminster. His school-fellow, Dr. Taylor, performed the mournful office of reading the service.

I trust I shall not be accused of affectation when I declare, that I find myself unable to express all that I felt upon the loss of such a “Guide, Philosopher, and Friend.”<sup>1</sup> I shall therefore not say one word of my own, but adopt those of an eminent friend, which he

*Cor. et Ad.*—Line 15: After “Westminster,” read—“Mr. Burke, Sir Joseph Banks, Mr. Windham, Mr. Langton, Sir Charles Bunbury, and Mr. Colman, bore his pall.”

*Ibid.*—Line 16: Before “service,” read “burial.”

*Third Edition.*—Last line: Note on “eminent friend:”—“On the subject of Johnson I may adopt the words of Sir John Harrington, concerning his venerable Tutor and Diocesan, Dr. John Still, Bishop of Bath and Wells; ‘who hath given me some helps, more hopes, all encouragements in my best studies: to whom I never came but I grew more religious; from whom I never went, but I parted better instructed. Of him therefore, my acquaintance, my friend, my instructor, if I speak much, it were not to be marvelled; if I speak frankly, it is not to be blamed; and though I speak partially, it were to be pardoned.’—*Nugæ Antiquæ*, Vol. I. p. 136. There is one circumstance in Sir John’s character of Bishop Still, which is peculiarly applicable to Johnson: ‘He became so famous a disputer, that the learnedest were even afraid to dispute with him: and he finding his own strength, could not stick to warn them in their arguments to take heed to their answers, like a perfect fencer that will tell beforehand in which button he will give the venew, or like a cunning chess-player that will appoint beforehand with which pawn, and in which place he will give the mate.’”

<sup>1</sup> “20 Mar., 1785.

“I SHALL proceed directly to a subject which affects us mutually—the death of our illustrious friend Dr. Johnson. I certainly need not enlarge on the shock it gave my mind. I do not expect to recover from it. I mean I do not expect that I can ever in this world have so mighty a loss supplied. I gaze after him with an eager eye; and I hope again to be with him.

“It is a great consolation to me now, that I was so assiduous in collecting the wisdom and wit of that wonderful man. It is long since I resolved to write his life—I may say his life and conversation. He was well informed of my intention, and communicated to me a thousand particulars from his earliest years upwards to that dignified intellectual state in which we have beheld him with awe and admiration.”—*Boswell to Bishop Percy.*

uttered with an abrupt excellence, superiour to all studied composition:—"He has made a chasm, which not only nothing can fill up but which nothing has a tendency to fill up.—Johnson is dead.—Let us go to the next best.—There is nobody.—No man can be said to put you in mind of Johnson."

As Johnson had abundant homage paid to him during his life,\* so no writer in this nation ever had such an accumulation of literary honours after his death. A sermon upon that event was preached in St. Mary's Church, Oxford, before the University, by the Reverend Mr. Agutter, of Magdalen College. The Lives, the Memoirs, the

\* Besides the Dedications to him by Dr. Goldsmith, the Reverend Dr. Franklin, and the Reverend Mr. Wilson, which I have mentioned according to their dates, there was one by a lady, of a versification of "Anungait and Ajut," and one by the ingenious Mr. Walker, of his "Rhetorical Grammar" I have introduced into this work several compliments paid to him in the writings of his contemporaries; but the number of them is so great, that we may fairly say that there was almost a general tribute.

Let me not be forgetful of the honour done to him by Colonel Myddleton, of Gwynnynog, near Denbigh; who, on the banks of a rivulet in his Park, where Johnson delighted to stand and repeat verses, erected an urn with the following inscription:

"This spot was often dignified by the presence of

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

Whose moral writings, exactly conformable to the precepts of Christianity,  
Give ardour to Virtue and confidence to Truth "

As no inconsiderable circumstance of his fame, we must reckon the extraordinary zeal of the artists to extend and perpetuate his image. I can enumerate a bust by Mr. Nollekens, and the many casts which are made from it; several pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds; one by Mr. Zoffani; and one by Mr. Opie; and the following engravings of his portrait: 1. One by Cooke, from Sir Joshua, for the Proprietors' edition of his folio Dictionary.—2. One from ditto by ditto, for their quarto edition.—3. One from Opie, by Heath, for Harrison's edition of his Dictionary.—4. One from Nollekens's bust of him, by Bartolozzi, for Fielding's quarto edition of his Dictionary.—5. One small from Harding, by Trotter, for his "Beauties."—6. One small from Sir Joshua, by Trotter, for his "Lives of the Poets."—7. One small one from Sir Joshua, by Hall, for "The Rambler."—8. One small from an original drawing in the possession of Mr. John Simco, etched by Trotter, for another edition of his "Lives of the Poets."—9. One small, no painter's name, etched by Taylor, for his Johnsoniana.—10. One folio whole length, with his oak stick, as described in Boswell's "Tour," drawn and etched by Trotter.—11. One large mezzotinto from Sir Joshua, by Doughty.—12. One large Roman head from Sir Joshua, by Marchi.—13. One octavo, holding a book to his eye, from Sir Joshua, by Hall, for his works.—14. One small from a drawing from the life, and engraved by Trotter, for his Life published

*Cor. et Ad.*—Line 10: After "college," read—"It is not yet published.—In a letter to me, Mr. Agutter says, 'My sermon before the University was more engaged with Dr. Johnson's moral than his intellectual character. It particularly examined his fear of death, and suggested several reasons for the apprehensions of the good, and the indifference of the infidel in their last hours; this was illustrated by contrasting the death of Dr. Johnson and Mr. Hume; the text was Job xxi. 22-26.'"

*Ibid.*—Line 19 of note: After "Reynolds," read—"From one of which, in the possession of the Duke of Dorset, Mr. Humphry executed a beautiful miniature in enamel: one by Mrs. Frances Reynolds, Sir Joshua's sister."

Essays, both in prose and verse, which have been published concerning him, would make many volumes.<sup>1</sup> The numerous attacks too upon him, I consider as making part of his consequence, upon the principle which he himself so well knew and asserted. Many who trembled at his presence were forward in assault when they no longer apprehended danger. When one of his little pragmatistical foes was invidiously snarling at his fame, the Reverend Dr. Parr exclaimed, with his usual bold animation, "Aye, now that the old lion is dead, every ass thinks he may kick at him."

A monument for him in Westminster-Abbey was resolved upon soon after his death, and has been supported by a most respectable contribution;<sup>2</sup> and in the cathedral of his native city of Lichfield a

by Kearsley.—15. One large from Opie, by Mr. Townley, an ingenious engraver now at Berlin. This is one of the finest mezzotintos that ever was executed; and what renders it of extraordinary value, the plate was destroyed after four or five impressions only were taken of (f). One of them is in the possession of Sir William Scott.—16. One large from Sir Joshua's first picture of him, by Heath, for this work.—17. And one for Lavater's Essay on Physiognomy, in which Johnson's countenance is analysed upon the principles of that fanciful writer.

*Cor. et Ad.*—Line 7: After "fame," read—"at Sir Joshua Reynolds's table."

*Erratum.*—Line 12: After "respectable contribution," add, "But the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, having come to a resolution of admitting monuments there upon a liberal and magnificent plan, that cathedral was afterwards fixed on as the place."

*Cor. et Ad.*—Line 1 of note: After "Townley," read—" (brother of Mr. Townley, of the Commons,) an ingenious artist, who resided some time at Berlin, and has the honour of being engraver to his Majesty the King of Prussia "

*Ibid.*—Line 4 of note: After "Scott," read "Mr. Townley has lately been prevailed with to execute and publish another of the same, that it may be more generally circulated among the admirers of Dr. Johnson "

*Ibid.*—And to the note add, "There are also several seals with his head cut on them, particularly a very fine one by that eminent artist, Edward Birch, Esq. R. A. in the possession of the younger Dr. Charles Burney

"Let me add, as a proof of the popularity of his character, that there are copper pieces struck at Birmingham with his head impressed on them, which pass current as halfpence there, and in the neighbouring parts of the country "<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "It is wonderful," wrote Mr. Boswell to a friend, "what avidity there still is for every thing relative to Johnson. I dined at Mr. Malone's on Wednesday with Mr. W. G. Hamilton, Mr. Flood, Mr. Windham, Mr. Courtenay, &c.; and Mr. Hamilton observed very well what a proof it was of Johnson's merit that we had been talking of him almost all the afternoon."

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Boswell, four years later, describes a dinner given by Malone to arrange for the monument. Sir Joshua and Sir William Scott were to send out circulars. "Several of us subscribed five guineas each, Sir Joshua and Metcalfe ten guineas each. We expect that the

Bench of Bishops will be liberal, as he was the greatest supporter of the hierarchy."—(*Letter to Temple.*) Bacon was the sculptor.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Boswell would have been pleased with even a more significant instance of his great friend's popularity. The editor possesses a curious Salopian figure, six inches high, representing Johnson seated, the head on one side, one hand on his knee, and the other raised as if in the act of expounding. We have here the popular idea of him, as the great "arguer," most satisfactorily expressed; and though the figure is rudely executed, it does not want intention or spirit.



smaller one is to be erected. To compose his epitaph has excited the warmest competition of genius. If *laudari à laudato viro* be praise which is highly estimable, I should not forgive myself were I to omit the following sepulchral verses on the authour of THE ENGLISH DICTIONARY, written by the Right Honourable Henry Flood :

“No need of Latin or of Greek to grace  
Our JOHNSON’S mem’ry, and inscribe his grave ;  
His native language claims this mournful space,  
To pay the Immortality he gave.”

The character of SAMUEL JOHNSON has, I trust, been so developed in the course of this work, that they who have honoured it with a perusal, may be considered as well acquainted with him. As, however, it may be expected that I should collect into one view the capital and distinguishing features of this extraordinary man, I shall endeavour to acquit myself of that part of my biographical under-

*Cor. et Ad.*—Line 1 : For “has excited” read “could not but excite.” And, next line, on “genius” put the following note:—“The Reverend Dr. Parr, on being requested to undertake it, thus expressed himself in a letter to William Seward, Esq.

“I leave this mighty task to some hardier and some abler writer. The variety and splendour of Johnson’s attainments, the peculiarities of his character, his private virtues, and his literary publications, fill me with confusion and dismay, when I reflect upon the confined and difficult species of composition, in which alone they can be expressed, with propriety, upon his monument.”

“But I understand that this great scholar, and warm admirer of Johnson, has yielded to repeated solicitations, and executed the very difficult undertaking.”

*Ibid.*—Line 6 : On “Flood” put the following note:—“To prevent any misconception on this subject, Mr. Malone, by whom these lines were obligingly communicated, requests me to add the following remark :

“In justice to the late Mr. Flood, now himself wanting, and highly meriting, an epitaph from his country, to which his transcendent talents did the highest honour, as well as the most important service ; it should be observed, that these lines were by no means intended as a regular monumental inscription for Dr. Johnson. Had he undertaken to write an appropriate and discriminative epitaph for that excellent and extraordinary man, those who knew Mr. Flood’s vigour of mind, will have no doubt that he would have produced one worthy of his illustrious subject. But the fact was merely this : In Dec. 1789, after a large subscription had been made for Dr. Johnson’s monument, to which Mr. Flood liberally contributed, Mr. Malone happened to call on him at his house, in Berners-street, and the conversation turning on the proposed monument, Mr. Malone maintained that the epitaph, by whomsoever it should be written, ought to be in Latin. Mr. Flood thought differently. The next morning, in the postscript to a note on another subject, he mentioned that he continued of the same opinion as on the preceding day, and subjoined the lines above given.”<sup>1</sup>

*Ibid.*—Line 8 ; For “and” read “or.”

<sup>1</sup> This again illustrates what has been before noticed in these notes, how unflinchingly Mr. Boswell held by his original text, which, though he might qualify in a note, he was unwilling to alter. “Sepulchral verses” he used in the

sense of “mortuary,” or elegiac. He had sent the lines to Temple : “Flood, the orator, says it (the inscription) should be in English, as a compliment to Johnson’s having perfected our language, and he has comprised his opinion in these lines.”

taking,\* however difficult it may be to do that which many of my readers will do better for themselves.

His figure was large and well formed, and his countenance of the cast of an ancient statue; yet his appearance was rendered strange and somewhat uncouth, by convulsive cramps, by the scars of that distemper which it was once imagined the royal touch could cure, and by a slovenly mode of dress. He had the use only of one eye; yet so much does mind govern and even supply the deficiency of organs, that his visual perceptions, as far as they extended, were uncommonly quick and accurate. So morbid was his temperament, that he never knew the natural joy of a free and vigorous use of his limbs: when he walked, it was like the struggling gait of one in fetters; when he rode, he had no command or direction of his horse, but was carried as if in a balloon. That with his constitution and habits of life he should have lived seventy-five years, is a proof that an inherent *vivida vis* is a powerful preservative of the human frame.

Man is in general made up of contradictory qualities, and these will ever shew themselves in strange succession, where a consistency in appearance at least, if not in reality, has not been attained by long habits of philosophical discipline. In proportion to the native vigour of the mind, the contradictory qualities will be the more prominent, and more difficult to be adjusted; and therefore we are not to wonder, that Johnson exhibited an eminent example of this remark which I have made upon human nature. At different times he seemed a different man, in some respects; not, however, in any great or essential article, upon which he had fully employed his mind and settled certain principles of duty, but only in his manners, and in displays of argument and fancy in his talk. He was prone to superstition, but not to credulity. Though his imagination might incline him to a belief of the marvellous and the mysterious, his vigorous reason examined the evidence with jealousy. He was a sincere and zealous Christian, of high Church-of-England and monarchical principles, which he would not tamely suffer to be questioned; and had perhaps, at an early period, narrowed his mind somewhat too much, both as to religion and politicks. His being impressed with the danger of extreme latitude in either, though he was of a very independent spirit, occasioned his appearing somewhat unfavourable to the prevalence of that noble freedom of senti-

\* As I certainly do not see any reason to give a different character of my illustrious friend now, from what I formerly gave, the greatest part of the sketch of him in my "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," is here adopted.

Line 1 of note: "certainly" omitted in *Third Edition*, (by Malone or Boswell).

ment which is the best possession of man. Nor can it be denied, that he had many prejudices; which, however, frequently suggested many of his pointed sayings, that rather shew a playfulness of fancy than any settled malignity. He was steady and inflexible in maintaining the obligations of religion and morality, both from a regard for the order of society, and from a veneration for the Great Source of all order; correct, nay stern in his taste; hard to please, and easily offended; impetuous and irritable in his temper, but of a most humane and benevolent heart,\* which shewed itself not only in a most liberal charity, as far as his circumstances would allow, but in a thousand instances of active benevolence. He was afflicted with a bodily disease which made him restless and fretful, and with a constitutional melancholy, the clouds of which darkened the brightness of his fancy, and gave a gloomy cast to his whole course of thinking; we therefore ought not to wonder at his sallies of impatience and passion at any time, especially when provoked by obtrusive ignorance or presuming petulance; and allowance must be made for his uttering hasty and satirical sallies, even against his best friends. And surely, when it is considered that "amidst sickness and sorrow" he exerted his faculties in so many works for the benefit of mankind, and particularly that he achieved the great and admirable Dictionary of our language, we must be astonished at his resolution. The solemn text of "him to whom much is given, much will be required," seems to have been ever present in his mind in a rigorous sense, and to have made him dissatisfied with his labours and acts of goodness, however comparatively great; so that the unavoidable consciousness of his superiority was in that respect a cause of disquiet. He suffered so much from this, and from the gloom which perpetually haunted him, and made solitude frightful, that it may be said of him, "If in this life only he had hope, he was of all men most miserable." He loved praise when it was brought to him; but was too proud to seek for it. He was somewhat susceptible of flattery. As he was general and unconfined in his studies, he cannot be considered as master of any one particular science; but he had accumulated a vast and various collection of learning and knowledge, which was so arranged in his mind, as to be ever in readiness to be brought forth. But his superiority

\* In the *Olla Podrida*, a collection of Essays published at Oxford, there is an excellent paper on the character of Johnson, said to be written by the Reverend Dr. Horne, now Bishop of Norwich. The following passage is eminently happy:—"To reject wisdom, because the person of him who communicates it is uncouth, and his manners are inelegant;—what is it, but to throw away a pine-apple, and assign for a reason the roughness of its coat?"

*Cor. et Ad.*—Line 12: After "him" read "often."

over other learned men consisted chiefly in what may be called the art of thinking, the art of using his mind; a certain continual power of seizing the useful substance of all that he knew, and exhibiting it in a clear and forcible manner; so that knowledge which we often see to be no better than lumber in men of dull understanding, was in him true, evident, and actual wisdom. His moral precepts are practical; for they are drawn from an intimate acquaintance with human nature. His maxims carry conviction; for they are founded on the basis of common sense. His mind was so full of imagery, that he might have been perpetually a poet; yet it is remarkable, that however rich his prose is in that respect, the poetical pieces which he wrote were in general not so, but rather strong sentiment and acute observation, conveyed in good verse, particularly in heroic couplets. Though usually grave and even awful in his deportment, he possessed uncommon and peculiar powers of wit and humour; he frequently indulged himself in colloquial pleasantry; and the heartiest merriment was often enjoyed in his company; with this great advantage, that as it was entirely free from any poisonous tincture of vice or impiety, it was salutary to those who shared in it. He had accustomed himself to such accuracy in his common conversation,\* that

*Cor. et Ad.* — Line 12: *Delete* “were,” and after “in general,” *read*—“have not much of that splendour, but are rather distinguished by strong sentiment, and acute observation, conveyed in harmonious and energetic verse.”

\* Though a perfect resemblance of Johnson is not to be found in any age, parts of his character are admirably expressed by Clarendon, in drawing that of Lord Falkland, whom the noble and masterly historian describes at his seat near Oxford:—“Such an immenseness of wit, such a solidity of judgment, so infinite a fancy, bound in by a most logical ratiocination—His acquaintance was cultivated by the most polite and accurate men, so that his house was a University in less volume, whither they came not so much for repose as study, and to examine and refine those grosser propositions, which laziness and consent made current in conversation.”

Bayle's account of *Ménage* may also be quoted as exceedingly applicable to the great subject of this work.—“His illustrious friends erected a very glorious monument to him in the collection entitled *Ménagiana*. Those, who judge of things aright, will confess that this collection is very proper to shew the extent of genius and learning which was the character of *Ménage*. And I may be bold to say, that the excellent works he published will not distinguish him from other learned men so advantageously as this. To publish books of great learning, to make Greek and Latin verses exceedingly well turned, is not a common talent, I own; neither is it extremely rare. It is incomparably more difficult to find men who can furnish discourse about an infinite number of things, and who can diversify them an hundred ways. How many authours are there, who are admired for their works, on account of the vast learning that is displayed in them, who are not able to sustain a conversation. Those, who know *Ménage* only by his books, might think he resembled those learned men: but if you shew the *MÉNAGIANA*, you distinguish him from them, and make him known by a talent which is given to very few learned men. There it appears that he was a man who spoke off hand a thousand good things. His memory extended to what was ancient and modern; to the court and to the city; to the dead and to the living languages; to things serious and things jocose; in a word, to a thousand sorts of subjects. That which appeared a trifle to some readers of the *Ménagiana*, who did not consider circumstances, caused admiration in other readers, who minded the dif-

he at all times delivered himself with a force, and elegant choice of expression, the effect of which was aided by his having a loud voice, and a slow deliberate utterance. He united a most logical head with a most fertile imagination, which gave him an extraordinary advantage in arguing; for he could reason close or wide, as he saw best for the moment. Exulting in his intellectual strength and dexterity, he could, when he pleased, be the greatest sophist that ever contended in the lists of declamation; and from a spirit of contradiction, and a delight in shewing his powers, he would often maintain the wrong side with equal warmth and ingenuity: so that, when there was an audience, his real opinions could seldom be gathered from his talk; though when he was in company with a single friend, he would discuss a subject with genuine fairness. But he was too conscientious to make error permanent and pernicious, by deliberately writing it; and in all his numerous works he earnestly inculcated what appeared to him to be the truth. His piety was constant, and was the ruling principle of all his conduct; and the more we consider his character, we shall be the more disposed to regard him with admiration and reverence.

ference between what a man speaks without preparation, and that which he prepares for the press. And therefore we cannot sufficiently commend the care which his illustrious friends took to erect to him a monument so capable of giving him immortal glory. They were not obliged to rectify what they had heard him say; for in so doing they had not been faithful historians of his conversations."

*Cor. et Ad.*—Lines 17, 18: *Read*—"His piety being constant, and the ruling principle of all his conduct." And after "conduct," *read*—"Such was SAMUEL JOHNSON, a man whose talents, acquirements, and virtues, were so extraordinary, that the more his character is considered, the more he will be regarded by the present age, and by posterity, with admiration and reverence."

*Ibid.*—

## A CHRONOLOGICAL CATALOGUE

OF THE

PROSE WORKS\* of SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

[N. B.—To those which he himself acknowledged is added *acknowl.* To those which may be fully believed to be his from internal evidence, is added *intern. evid.*]

1735. **A** BRIDGEMENT and translation of Lobo's Voyage to Abyssinia. *acknowl.*  
1738. Part of a translation of Father Paul Sarpi's History of the Council of Trent. *acknowl.*

[N. B.—As this work after some sheets were printed, suddenly stopped, I know not whether any part of it is now to be found.]

\* I do not here include his Poetical Works; for, excepting his Latin Translation of Pope's Messiah, his London, and his Vanity of Human Wishes, imitated from Juvenal; his Prologue on the opening of Drury-Lane Theatre by Mr. Garrick, and his Irene, a Tragedy, they are very numerous, and in general short; and I have promised a complete edition of them, in which I shall with the utmost care ascertain their authenticity, and illustrate them with notes and various readings.

*For the Gentleman's Magazine.*

- Preface. *intern. evid.*  
 Life of Father Paul. *acknowl.*  
 1739. A complete vindication of the Licenser of the Stage from the malicious and scandalous aspersions of Mr. Brooke, authour of *Gustavus Vasa. acknowl.*  
*Marmor Norfolciense*: or, an Essay on an ancient prophetical inscription in monkish rhyme, lately discovered near Lynne in Norfolk; by PROBUS BRITANNICUS. *acknowl.*

*For the Gentleman's Magazine.*

- Life of Boerhave. *acknowl.*  
 Address to the Reader. *intern. evid.*  
 Appeal to the Publick in behalf of the Editor. *intern. evid.*  
 Considerations on the case of Dr. Trapp's Sermons; a plausible attempt to prove that an authour's work may be abridged without injuring his property. *acknowl.*  
 1740. *For the Gentleman's Magazine.*  
 Preface. *intern. evid.*  
 Life of Admiral Drake. *acknowl.*  
 Life of Admiral Blake. *acknowl.*  
 Life of Philip Barretier. *acknowl.*  
 Essay on Epitaphs. *acknowl.*

*For the Gentleman's Magazine.*

- Preface. *intern. evid.*  
 A free translation of the Jestes of Hierocles, with an introduction. *intern. evid.*  
 Debate on the *Humble Petition and Advice* of the Rump Parliament to Cromwell in 1657, to assume the title of King; abridged, methodized and digested. *intern. evid.*  
 Translation of Abbe Guyon's Dissertation on the Amazons. *intern. evid.*  
 Translation of Fontenelle's Panegyrick on Dr. Morin. *intern. evid.*

*For the Gentleman's Magazine.*

- Preface. *intern. evid.*  
 Essay on the Account of the Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough. *acknowl.*  
 An Account of the Life of Peter Burman. *acknowl.*  
 The Life of Sydenham, afterwards prefixed to Dr. Swan's Editions of his Works. *acknowl.*  
 Proposals for Printing *Bibliotheca Harleiana*, or a Catalogue of the Library of the Earl of Oxford, afterwards prefixed to the first Volume of that Catalogue, in which the Latin Accounts of the Books were written by him. *acknowl.*  
 Abridgement intitled, *Foreign History. intern. evid.*  
 Essay on the Description of China, from the French of Du Halde. *intern. evid.*  
 1743. Dedication to Dr. Mead of Dr. James's Medicinal Dictionary. *intern. evid.*

*For the Gentleman's Magazine.*

- Preface. *intern. evid.*  
 Parliamentary Debates, under the Name of Debates in the Senate of Lilliput, from Nov. 19, 1740, to Feb. 23, 1742-3, inclusive. *acknowl.*  
 Considerations on the Dispute between Crousaz and Warburton on Pope's Essay on Man. *intern. evid.*  
 A Letter announcing that the Life of Mr. Savage was speedily to be published by a Person who was favoured with his Confidence. *intern. evid.*  
 Advertisement for Osborne concerning the Harleian Catalogue.  
 1744. Life of Richard Savage. *acknowl.*  
 Preface to the Harleian Miscellany. *acknowl.*

*For the Gentleman's Magazine.*

- Preface. *intern. evid.*

1745. Miscellaneous Observations on the Tragedy of Macbeth, with remarks on Sir T. H.'s (Sir Thomas Hanmer's) Edition of Shakspeare, and Proposals for a new Edition of that Poet. *acknowl.*
1747. Plan for a Dictionary of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE, addressed to Philip Dormer Earl of Chesterfield. *acknowl.*
1748. Life of Roscommon in the Gentleman's Magazine. *acknowl.*  
For Dodsley's PRECEPTOR.
- Preface. *acknowl.*  
Vision of Theodore the Hermit. *acknowl.*
1750. THE RAMBLER, the first Paper of which was published 20th of March this Year, and the last 17th of March, 1752, the Day on which Mrs. Johnson died. *acknowl.*  
Letter in the General Advertiser to excite the attention of the Publick to the Performance of Comus, which was next Day to be acted at Drury-Lane Playhouse for the Benefit of Milton's Grandaughter. *acknowl.*  
Preface and Postscript to Lauder's Pamphlet, intituled, "An Essay on Milton's Use and Imitation of the Moderns in his Paradise Lost." *acknowl.*
1751. Life of Cheynel in the Miscellany called "The Student." *acknowl.*  
Letter for Lauder, addressed to the Reverend Dr. John Douglas, acknowledging his Fraud concerning Milton in Terms of suitable Contrition. *acknowl.*  
Dedication to the Earl of Middlesex of Mrs. Charlotte Lennox's "Female Quixote." *intern. evid.*
1753. Dedication to John Earl of Orrery, of Shakspeare Illustrated, by Mrs. Charlotte Lennox. *acknowl.*  
During this and the following year he wrote and gave to his much loved friend Dr. Bathurst the Papers in the Adventurer, signed T. *acknowl.*
1754. Life of Edw. Cave in the Gentleman's Magazine. *acknowl.*
1755. A DICTIONARY, with a Grammar and History, of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE. *acknowl.*  
An Account of an Attempt to ascertain the Longitude at Sea, by an exact Theory of the Variations of the Magnetical Needle, with a Table of the Variations of the most remarkable Cities in Europe from the Year 1660 to 1860. *acknowl.* This he wrote for Mr. Zachariah Williams, an ingenious ancient Welch Gentleman, Father of Mrs. Anna Williams whom he for many Years kindly lodged in his House. It was published with a Translation into Italian by Signor Baretti. In a Copy of it which he presented to the Bodleian Library at Oxford, is pasted a Character of the late Mr. Zachariah Williams, plainly written by Johnson. *intern. evid.*
1756. An Abridgement of his Dictionary. *acknowl.*  
Several Essays in The Universal Visitor, which there is some difficulty in ascertaining. All that are marked with two Asterisks, have been ascribed to him, although I am confident from internal Evidence, that we should except from these "The Life of Chaucer," "Reflections on the State of Portugal," and "An Essay on Architecture:" And from the same Evidence I am confident that he wrote "Further Thoughts on Agriculture," and "A Dissertation on the State of Literature and Authours." The Dissertation on the Epitaphs written by Pope he afterwards acknowledged, and added to his "Idler."
- Life of Sir Thomas Browne prefixed to a new Edition of his Christian Morals. *acknowl.*  
In the *Literary Magazine*; or, *Universal Review*, which began in January 1756.  
His *Original Essays* are  
Preliminary Address. *intern. evid.*  
An Introduction to the Political State of Great-Britain. *intern. evid.*  
Remarks on the Militia Bill. *intern. evid.*  
Observations on his Britannick Majesty's Treaties with the Empress of Russia and the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel. *intern. evid.*

Observations on the Present State of Affairs. *intern. evid.*

Memoirs of Frederick III. King of Prussia. *intern. evid.*

In the same Magazine his Reviews are of the following Books :

“Birch’s History of the Royal Society.”—“Browne’s Christian Morals.”—  
 “Warton’s Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope, Vol. I.”—  
 “Hampton’s Translation of Polybius.”—“Sir Isaac Newton’s Arguments  
 in Proof of a Deity.”—“Borlase’s History of the Isles of Scilly.”—  
 “Home’s Experiments on Bleaching.”—“Browne’s History of Jamaica.”  
 —“Hales on Distilling Sea Waters, Ventilators in Ships, and curing an  
 ill Taste in Milk.”—“Lucas’s Essay on Waters.”—“Keith’s Catalogue of  
 the Scottish Bishops.”—“Philosophical Transactions, Vol. XLIX.”—  
 “Miscellanies by Elizabeth Harrison.”—“Evans’s Map and Account of  
 the Middle Colonies in America.”—“The Cadet, a Military Treatise.”—  
 “The Conduct of the Ministry relating to the present War impartially  
 examined.” *intern. evid.*

“Mrs. Lennox’s Translation of Sully’s Memoirs.”—“Letter on the Case of  
 Admiral Byng.”—“Appeal to the People concerning Admiral Byng.”—  
 “Hanway’s Eight Days Journey, and Essay on Tea.”—“Some further  
 Particulars in Relation to the Case of Admiral Byng, by a Gentleman of  
 Oxford.”

Mr. Jonas Hanway having written an angry Answer to the Review of his  
 Essay on Tea, Johnson in the same Collection made a Reply to it.  
*acknowl.* This is the only Instance, it is believed, when he condescended  
 to take Notice of any Thing that had been written against him ; and  
 here his chief Intention seems to have been to make Sport.

Dedication to the Earl of Rochford of, and Preface to, Mr. Payne’s Intro-  
 duction to the Game of Draughts. *acknowl.*

Introduction to the London Chronicle, an Evening Paper which still subsists  
 with deserved credit. *acknowl.*

1757. Speech on the Subject of an Address to the Throne after the Expedition to  
 Rochefort ; delivered by one of his Friends in some publick Meeting :  
 it is printed in the Gentleman’s Magazine for October, 1785. *intern.*  
*evid.*

The two first Paragraphs of the Preface to Sir William Chambers’s Designs  
 of Chinese Buildings, &c. *acknowl.*

1758. THE IDLER, which began April 5, in this year, and was continued till April  
 5, 1760. *acknowl.*

An Essay on the Bravery of the English Common Soldiers was added to it  
 when published in Volumes. *acknowl.*

1759. Rasselas Prince of Abyssinia, a Tale. *acknowl.*

Advertisement for the Proprietors of the Idler against certain Persons who  
 pirated those Papers as they came out singly in a Newspaper called the  
 Universal Chronicle or Weekly Gazette. *intern. evid.*

For Mrs. Charlotte Lennox’s English Version of Brumoy,—“A Dissertation  
 on the Greek Comedy,” and the General Conclusion of the Book. *intern.*  
*evid.*

Introduction to the World Displayed, a Collection of Voyages and Travels.  
*acknowl.*

Three Letters in the Gazetteer, concerning the best Plan for Blackfriars  
 Bridge. *acknowl.*

1760. Address of the Painters to George III. on his Accession to the Throne.  
*intern. evid.*

Dedication of Baret’s Italian and English Dictionary to the Marquis of  
 Abreu, then Envoy-Extraordinary from Spain at the Court of Great-  
 Britain. *intern. evid.*

Review in the Gentleman’s Magazine of Mr. Tytler’s acute and able Vindi-  
 cation of Mary Queen of Scots. *acknowl.*

Introduction to the Proceedings of the Committee for Cloathing the French  
 Prisoners. *acknowl.*

1761. Preface to Rolt’s Dictionary of Trade and Commerce. *acknowl.*

Corrections and Improvements for Mr. Gwyn the Architect’s Pamphlet,  
 intitled “Thoughts on the Coronation of George III.” *acknowl.*



1762. Dedication to the King of the Reverend Dr. Kennedy's Complete System of Astronomical Chronology, unfolding the Scriptures, Quarto Edition. *acknowl.*  
 Concluding Paragraph of that Work. *intern. evid.*  
 Preface to the Catalogue of the Artists' Exhibition. *intern. evid.*
1763. Character of Collins in the Poetical Calendar, published by Fawkes and Woty. *acknowl.*  
 Dedication to the Earl of Shaftesbury of the Edition of Roger Ascham's English Works, published by the Reverend Mr. Bennet. *acknowl.*  
 The Life of Ascham, also prefixed to that Edition. *acknowl.*  
 Review of Telemachus, a Masque, by the Reverend George Graham of Eton College, in the Critical Review. *acknowl.*  
 Dedication to the Queen of Mr. Hoole's Translation of Tasso. *acknowl.*
1763. Account of the Detection of the Imposture of the Cock-Lane Ghost, published in the Newspapers and Gentleman's Magazine. *acknowl.*
1764. Part of a Review of Grainger's "Sugar Cane, a Poem," in the London Chronicle. *acknowl.*  
 Review of Goldsmith's Traveller, a Poem, in the Critical Review. *acknowl.*
1765. The Plays of William Shakspeare, with Notes. *acknowl.*
1766. The Fountains, a Fairy Tale, in Mrs. Williams's Miscellanies. *acknowl.*
1767. Dedication to the King of Mr. Adams's Treatise on the Globes. *acknowl.*
1769. Character of the Reverend Mr. Zachariah Mudge, in the London Chronicle. *acknowl.*
1770. The False Alarm. *acknowl.*
1771. Thoughts on the late Transactions respecting Falkland's Islands. *acknowl.*
1772. Defence of a Schoolmaster; dictated to me for the House of Lords. *acknowl.*  
 Argument in Support of the Law of *Vicious Intromission*; dictated to me for the Court of Session in Scotland. *acknowl.*
1773. Preface to Macbean's "Dictionary of Ancient Geography." *acknowl.*  
 Argument in favour of the Rights of Lay Patrons; dictated to me for the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. *acknowl.*
1774. The Patriot. *acknowl.*
1775. A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland. *acknowl.*  
 Proposals for publishing the Works of Mrs. Charlotte Lennox, in Three Volumes Quarto. *acknowl.*  
 Preface to Baretti's Easy Lessons in Italian and English. *intern. evid.*  
 Taxation no Tyranny; an Answer to the Resolutions and Address of the American Congress. *acknowl.*  
 Argument on the case of Dr. Memis; dictated to me for the Court of Session in Scotland. *acknowl.*  
 Argument to prove that the Corporation of Stirling was corrupt; dictated to me for the House of Lords. *acknowl.*
1776. Argument in Support of the Right of immediate, and personal reprehension from the Pulpit; dictated to me. *acknowl.*  
 Proposals for publishing an Analysis of the Scotch Celtick Language, by the Reverend William Shaw. *acknowl.*
1777. Dedication to the King of the Posthumous Works of Dr. Pearce, Bishop of Rochester. *acknowl.*  
 Additions to the Life and Character of that Prelate; prefixed to those Works. *acknowl.*  
 Various Papers and Letters in Favour of the Reverend Dr. Dodd. *acknowl.*
1780. Advertisement for his Friend Mr. Thrale to the Worthy Electors of the Borough of Southwark. *acknowl.*  
 The first Paragraph of Mr. Thomas Davies's Life of Garrick. *acknowl.*
1781. Prefaces Biographical and Critical to the Works of the most eminent English Poets; afterwards published with the Title of Lives of the English Poets, *acknowl.*  
 Argument on the Importance of the Registration of Deeds; dictated to me for an Election Committee of the House of Commons. *acknowl.*

- On the Distinction between TORY and WHIG; dictated to me. *acknowl.*  
 On Vicarious Punishments, and the great Propitiation for the Sins of the World, by JESUS CHRIST; dictated to me. *acknowl.*  
 Argument in favour of Joseph Knight an African Negro, who claimed his Liberty in the Court of Session in Scotland, and obtained it; dictated to me. *acknowl.*  
 Defence of Mr. Robertson, Printer of the Caledonian Mercury, against the Society of Procurators in Edinburgh, for having inserted in his Paper a ludicrous Paragraph against them; demonstrating that it was not an injurious Libel; dictated to me. *acknowl.*  
 1782. The greatest Part, if not the whole, of a Reply, by the Reverend Mr. Shaw, to a Person at Edinburgh of the Name of Clark, refuting his arguments for the authenticity of the Poems published by Mr. James Macpherson as Translations from Ossian. *intern. evid.*  
 1784. List of the Authours of the Universal History, deposited in the British Museum, and printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for December this Year. *acknowl.*  
*Various Years.*  
 Letters to Mrs. Thrale. *acknowl.*  
 Prayers and Meditations, which he delivered to the Rev. Mr. Strahan, enjoining him to publish them. *acknowl.*  
 Sermons left for Publication by John Taylor, LL.D., Prebendary of Westminster, and given to the World by the Reverend Samuel Hayes, A.M. *intern. evid.*

Such was the number and variety of the Prose Works of this extraordinary man, which I have been able to discover and am at liberty to mention;<sup>1</sup> but we ought to keep in mind, that there must undoubtedly have been many more which are yet concealed; and we may add to the account, the numerous Letters which he wrote, of which a considerable part are yet unpublished. It is hoped that those persons in whose possession they are, will favour the world with them.<sup>2</sup>

JAMES BOSWELL.

<sup>1</sup> To the last Mr. Croker is disturbed by the notion of some mysterious, if not guilty, passage in Johnson's life. "This is a strange phrase," he writes in this place. "What work could it have been that Mr. Boswell was not *at liberty to mention*? That there was some peculiar meaning here can hardly be doubted. It *perhaps* may allude to some publications of a Jacobite tendency, written in Johnson's earlier days, and which may have been acknowledged in confidence to Boswell; but this is a mere conjecture." Mr. Boswell alludes either to some inferior articles, which Johnson did not care to acknowledge, or which he may have regretted writing.

<sup>2</sup> This seems to refer more particularly to Miss Burney, whose account of Mr. Boswell gives a good idea of his pressing importunity to secure contributions for his book. "Mr. Boswell, about this time, guided by M. de Gaiffardiere, crossed and intercepted her passage, one Sunday morning, from the Windsor cathedral to the Queen's lodge. Mr. Boswell had visited Windsor to solicit the King's

leave, which graciously had been granted, for publishing Dr. Johnson's dialogue with his Majesty. Almost forcibly stopping her in her path, though making her an obsequious, or rather a theatrical bow, 'I am happy,' he cried, 'to find you, Madam, for I was told you were lost! . . . You must come forth, Madam! . . . But we can't spare you.—Besides, Madam, I want your Johnson's letters for my book!' Then, stopping at once himself and his hearer, by spreading abroad both his arms, in starting suddenly before her, he energetically added, 'For THE BOOK, Madam! the first book in the universe!' Swelling, then, with internal gratulation, yet involuntarily half-laughing, from good-humouredly catching the infection of the impulse which his unrestrained self-complacency excited in his listener, he significantly paused; but the next minute, with double emphasis, and strong, even comic gesticulation, he went on: 'I have every thing else! everything that can be named, of every sort, and class, and description, to show the great man in all his bearings!

—every thing,—except his letters to you ! But I have nothing of that kind. I look for it all from you ! It is necessary to complete my portrait. It will be the First Book in the whole universe, Madam ! There's nothing like it—' again half-laughing, yet speaking more and more forcibly ; ' There never was, —and there never will be !—So give me

your letters, and I'll place them with the hand of a master !' She made some sportive reply, to hurry away from his urgency ; but he pursued her quite to the Lodge ; acting the whole way so as to make gazers of all whom they encountered, and a laughing observer of M. de Guiffardiere" (*sic*).—*Mems. of Dr. Burney*, vol. iii., pp. 114-5.

THE END.

THE  
JOURNAL  
OF A  
TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES.



TO  
EDMOND MALONE, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,

IN every narrative, whether historical or biographical, authenticity is of the utmost consequence. Of this I have ever been so firmly persuaded, that I inscribed a former work to that person who was the best judge of its truth. I need not tell you I mean General Paoli; who, after his great, though unsuccessful, efforts to preserve the liberties of his country, has found an honourable asylum in Britain, where he has now lived many years, the object of Royal regard and private respect, and whom I cannot name without expressing my very grateful sense of the uniform kindness which he has been pleased to show me.

The friends of Dr. Johnson can best judge, from internal evidence, whether the numerous conversations which form the most valuable part of the ensuing pages, are correctly related. To them therefore I wish to appeal, for the accuracy of the portrait here exhibited to the world.

As one of those who were intimately acquainted with him, you have a title to this address. You have obligingly taken the trouble to peruse the original manuscript of this Tour, and can vouch for the strict fidelity of the present publication. Your literary alliance with our much-lamented friend, in consequence of having undertaken to render one of his labours more complete, by your edition of Shakespeare, a work which I am confident will not disappoint the expectations of the publick, gives you another claim. But I have a still more powerful inducement to prefix your name to this

volume, as it gives me an opportunity of letting the world know that I enjoy the honour and happiness of your friendship;<sup>1</sup> and of thus publickly testifying the sincere regard with which I am,

My dear Sir,

Your very faithful

And obedient servant,

JAMES BOSWELL.

London, 20th September, 1785.

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<sup>1</sup> This friendship, however, only commenced in this very year, 1785. Malone had happened to see a sheet of the work

at the printers, and this led to an acquaintance.—*Prior's Life of Malone.*

HE WAS OF AN ADMIRABLE PREGNANCY OF WIT, AND THAT PREGNANCY MUCH IMPROVED BY CONTINUAL STUDY FROM HIS CHILDHOOD; BY WHICH HE HAD GOTTEN SUCH A PROMPTNESS IN EXPRESSING HIS MIND, THAT HIS EXTEMPORAL SPEECHES WERE LITTLE INFERIOUR TO HIS PREMEDITATED WRITINGS. MANY, NO DOUBT, HAD READ AS MUCH, AND PERHAPS MORE THAN HE; BUT SCARCE EVER ANY CONCOCTED HIS READING INTO JUDGMENT AS HE DID.

BAKER'S CHRONICLE.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

*Second Edition.*

*BY correcting the errors of the press in the former edition, and some inaccuracies for which the author alone is answerable, and by supplying some additional notes,<sup>1</sup> I have endeavoured to render this work more deserving of the very high honour which the publick has been pleased to show it; the whole of the first impression having been sold in a few weeks.*

J. B.

London, 20th Dec. 1785.

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<sup>1</sup> Mr. Boswell also made a change in his title-page, having the device engraved on copper instead of on wood, in a more artistic and finished manner.

# ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

THIRD EDITION.

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*ANIMATED* by the very favourable reception which two large impressions of this work have had, it has been my study to make it as perfect as I could in this edition. by correcting some inaccuracies which I discovered myself, and some which the kindness of friends, or the scrutiny of adversaries pointed out. A few notes are added, of which the principal object is, to refute misrepresentation and calumny.<sup>1</sup>

To the animadversions in the periodical Journals of criticism, and in the numerous publications to which my book has given rise, I have made no answer. Every work must stand or fall by its own merit. I cannot, however, omit this opportunity of returning thanks to a gentleman who published a Defence of my Journal, and has added to the favour by communicating his name to me in a very obliging letter.

It would be an idle waste of time to take any particular notice of the futile remarks to many of which, a petty national resentment, unworthy of my countrymen, has probably given rise; remarks which have been industriously circulated in the publick prints by shallow or envious cavillers, who have endeavoured to persuade the world that Dr. Johnson's character has been **LESSENERD** by recording such various instances of his lively wit

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<sup>1</sup> To this edition a map of the route was added, which however Mr. Malone withdrew from the fourth.

*and acute judgment, on every topick that was presented to his mind. In the opinion of every person of taste and knowledge that I have conversed with, it has been greatly HEIGHTENED; and I will venture to predict, that this specimen of the colloquial talents and extemporaneous effusions of my illustrious fellow-traveller will become still more valuable, when, by the lapse of time, he shall have become an ANCIENT; when all those who can now bear testimony to the transcendent powers of his mind, shall have passed away; and no other memorial of this great and good man shall remain but the following Journal, the other anecdotes and letters preserved by his friends, and those incomparable works, which have for many years been in the highest estimation, and will be read and admired as long as the English language shall be spoken or understood.*

J. B.

London, 15th Aug., 1786.

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THE JOURNAL  
OF A  
TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES,  
WITH  
SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.<sup>1</sup>

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DR. JOHNSON had for many years given me hopes that we should go together, and visit the Hebrides. Martin's Account of those islands had impressed us with a notion that we might there contemplate a system of life almost totally different from what we had been accustomed to see; and, to find simplicity and wildness, and all the circumstances of remote time or place, so near to our native great island, was an object within the reach of reasonable curiosity. Dr. Johnson has said in his journey, "that he scarcely remembered how the wish to visit the Hebrides was excited;" but he told me, in summer 1763, that his father put Martin's Account into his hands when he was very young, and that he was much pleased with it. We reckoned there would be some inconveniencies and hardships, and perhaps a little danger; but these we were persuaded were magnified in the imagination of every body. When I was at Ferney, in 1764, I mentioned our design to Voltaire. He looked at me, as if I had talked of going to the North Pole, and said, "You do not insist on my accompanying you?"—"No, Sir."—"Then I am very willing you should go." I was not afraid that our curious expedition would be prevented by such apprehensions; but I doubted that it would not be possible to prevail on Dr. Johnson to relinquish, for some time, the felicity of a London life, which, to a man who can enjoy

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<sup>1</sup> It should be noted that the journal was originally printed in an unpolished fashion, appropriate to the mode in which it was written. Even the style of paging was exceptional. Malone and others

smoothed all these pleasant eccentricities away. According to Baretti (*Marginalia*), Boswell received 100*l.* as the copy money.

it with full intellectual relish, is apt to make existence in any narrower sphere seem insipid or irksome. I doubted that he would not be willing to come down from his elevated state of philosophical dignity; from a superiority of wisdom amongst the wise, and of learning amongst the learned; and from flashing his wit upon minds bright enough to reflect it.

He had disappointed my expectations so long, that I began to despair; but in spring, 1773, he talked of coming to Scotland that year with so much firmness, that I hoped he was at last in earnest. I knew that, if he were once launched from the metropolis, he would go forward very well; and I got our common friends there to assist in setting him afloat. To Mrs. Thrale in particular, whose enchantment over him seldom failed, I was much obliged. It was "*I'll give thee a wind.*"—"Thou art kind."—To attract him, we had invitations from the chiefs Macdonald and Macleod; and, for additional aid, I wrote to Lord Elibank, Dr. William Robertson, and Dr. Beattie.

To Dr. Robertson, so far as my letter concerned the present subject, I wrote as follows:—

"OUR friend, Mr. Samuel Johnson, is in great health and spirits; and, I do think, has a serious resolution to visit Scotland this year. The more attraction, however, the better; and therefore, though I know he will be happy to meet you there, it will forward the scheme, if, in your answer to this, you express yourself concerning it with that power of which you are so happily possessed, and which may be so directed as to operate strongly upon him."

His answer to that part of my letter was quite as I could have wished. It was written with the address and persuasion of the historian of America.

"WHEN I saw you last, you gave us some hopes that you might prevail with Mr. Johnson to make out that excursion to Scotland, with the expectation of which we have long flattered ourselves. If he could order matters so, as to pass some time in Edinburgh, about the close of the summer session, and then visit some of the Highland scenes, I am confident he would be pleased with the grand features of nature in many parts of this country: he will meet with many persons here who respect him, and some whom I am persuaded he will think not unworthy of his esteem. I wish he would make the experiment. He sometimes cracks his jokes upon us; but he will find that we can distinguish between the stabs of malevolence, and

*the rebukes of the righteous, which are like excellent oil,\* and break not the head.* Offer my best compliments to him, and assure him that I shall be happy to have the satisfaction of seeing him under my roof."

To Dr. Beattie I wrote, "The chief intention of this letter is to inform you, that I now seriously believe Mr. Samuel Johnson will visit Scotland this year: but I wish that every power of attraction may be employed to secure our having so valuable an acquisition, and therefore I hope you will, without delay, write to me what I know you think, that I may read it to the mighty sage, with proper emphasis, before I leave London, which I must do soon. He talks of you with the same warmth that he did last year. We are to see as much of Scotland as we can, in the months of August and September. We shall not be long of being at Marischal College.<sup>b</sup> He is particularly desirous of seeing some of the Western Islands."

Dr. Beattie did better: *ipse venit*. He was, however, so polite as to waive his privilege of *nil mihi rescribas*, and wrote as follows:

"YOUR very kind and agreeable favour of the 20th of April overtook me here yesterday, after having gone to Aberdeen, which place I left about a week ago. I am to set out this day for London, and hope to have the honour of paying my respects to Mr. Johnson and you, about a week or ten days hence. I shall then do what I can, to enforce the topick you mention; but at present I cannot enter upon it, as I am in a very great hurry; for I intend to begin my journey within an hour or two"

He was as good as his word, and threw some pleasing motives into the northern scale. But, indeed, Mr. Johnson loved all that he heard from one whom he tells us, in his *Lives of the Poets*, Gray found "a poet, a philosopher, and a good man."

My Lord Elibank did not answer my letter to his lordship for some time. The reason will appear, when we come to the isle of Sky. I shall then insert my letter, with letters from his lordship, both to myself and Mr. Johnson. I beg to be understood, that I insert my own letters, as I relate my own sayings, rather as keys to what is valuable belonging to others, than for their own sake.

\* Our friend Edmund Burke, who by this time had received some pretty sore rubs from Dr. Johnson, on account of the unhappy difference in their politics, upon my repeating this passage to him, exclaimed, "Oil of Vitriol!"

<sup>b</sup> This I find is a Scotticism. I should have said "It will not be long before we shall be at Marischal College."

*Second Edition*.—Line 33: Altered to "I beg it may be understood."

*Ibid.*—Line 1 of note: "sore" altered to "severe."

Luckily Mr. Justice (now Sir Robert) Chambers, who was about to sail for the East-Indies, was going to take leave of his relations at Newcastle, and he conducted Dr. Johnson to that town. Mr. Scott, of University College, Oxford (now Dr. Scott, of the Commons<sup>1</sup>) accompanied him from thence to Edinburgh. With such propitious convoys did he proceed to my native city. But, lest metaphor should make it be supposed he actually went by sea, I choose to mention that he travelled in post-chaises, of which the rapid motion was one of his most favourite amusements.

Dr. Samuel Johnson's character, religious, moral, political, and literary, nay his figure and manner, are, I believe, more generally known than those of almost any man; yet it may not be superfluous here to attempt a sketch of him. Let my readers then remember that he was a sincere and zealous christian, of high-church of England and monarchical principles, which he would not tamely suffer to be questioned; steady and inflexible in maintaining the obligations of piety and virtue, both from a regard to the order of society, and from a veneration for the Great Source of all order; correct, nay stern in his taste; hard to please, and easily offended; impetuous and irritable in his temper; but of a most humane and benevolent heart; having a mind stored with a vast and various collection of learning and knowledge, which he communicated with peculiar perspicuity and force, in rich and choice expression. He united a most logical head with a most fertile imagination, which gave him an extraordinary advantage in arguing; for he could reason close or wide, as he saw best for the moment. He could, when he chose it, be the greatest sophist that ever wielded a weapon in the schools of declamation; but he indulged this only in conversation, for he owned he sometimes talked for victory. He was too conscientious to make error permanent and pernicious, by deliberately writing it. He was conscious of his superiority. He loved praise when it was brought to him; but was too proud to seek for it. He was somewhat susceptible of flattery. His mind was so full of imagery, that he might have been perpetually a poet. It has been often remarked, that in his poetical pieces, which it is to be regretted are so few, because so excellent, his style is easier than in his prose. There is deception in this: it is not easier, but better suited to the dignity of verse; as one may dance with grace, whose motions, in ordinary walking—in the common step, are awkward. He had a constitutional melancholy, the clouds of which darkened the brightness

*Second Edition.*—Line 29: Punctuation altered.

<sup>1</sup> And, later, Lord Stowell.

of his fancy, and gave a gloomy cast to his whole course of thinking: yet, though grave and awful in his deportment, when he thought it necessary or proper, he frequently indulged himself in pleasantry and sportive sallies. He was prone to superstition, but not to credulity. Though his imagination might incline him to a belief of the marvellous, and the mysterious, his vigorous reason examined the evidence with jealousy. He had a loud voice, and a slow deliberate utterance, which no doubt gave some additional weight to the sterling metal of his conversation. Lord Pembroke said once to me at Wilton,<sup>1</sup> with a happy pleasantry, and some truth, that "Dr. Johnson's sayings would not appear so extraordinary were it not for his *bow-wow way*:" but I admit the truth of this only on some occasions. The "Messiah," played upon the Canterbury organ, is more sublime than when played upon an inferior instrument: but very slight music will seem grand, when conveyed to the ear through that majestic medium. *While therefore Doctor Johnson's sayings are read, let his manner be taken along.* Let it however be observed, that the sayings themselves are generally great, that, though he might be an ordinary composer at times, he was for the most part a Handel. His person was large, robust, I may say approaching to the gigantic, and grown unwieldy from corpulency. His countenance was naturally of the cast of an ancient statue, but somewhat disfigured by the scars of that *evil*, which, it was formerly imagined, the *royal touch* could cure. He was now in his sixty-fourth year: he was become a little dull of hearing. His sight had always been somewhat weak; yet, so much does mind govern, and even supply the deficiency of organs, that his perceptions were uncommonly quick and accurate. His head, and sometimes also his body, shook with a kind of motion like the effect of a palsy: he was frequently disturbed by cramps, or convulsive contractions, of the nature of that distemper called St. Vitus's dance. He wore a full suit of plain brown clothes, with twisted hair buttons of the same colour, a large bushy greyish wig, a plain shirt, black worsted stockings, and silver buckles. Upon

*Second Edition.*—On line 30 put note: "Such they appeared to me; but since the first edition, Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed to me, 'that Dr. Johnson's extraordinary gestures were only habits, in which he indulged himself at certain times. When in company, where he was not free, or when engaged earnestly in conversation, he never gave way to such habits, which proves that they were not involuntary.' I still however think, that these gestures were involuntary; for surely had not that been the case, he would have restrained them in the publick streets."

<sup>1</sup> Line 9, from "Lord Pembroke" to "a Handel," line 20, is made a foot-note by Mr. Malone, and succeeding editors.

Mr Boswell went on a visit to Wilton in April, 1775.

this tour, when journeying, he wore boots, and a very wide brown cloth great coat, with pockets which might have almost held the two volumes of his folio dictionary; and he carried in his hand a large English oak stick. Let me not be censured for mentioning such minute particulars. Everything relative to so great a man is worth observing. I remember Dr. Adam Smith, in his rhetorical lectures at Glasgow, told us he was glad to know that Milton wore latchets in his shoes, instead of buckles. When I mention the oak stick, it is but letting Hercules have his club; and by-and-by, my readers will find this stick will bud, and produce a good joke.

This imperfect sketch of "the COMBINATION and the *form*" of that Wonderful Man, whom I venerated and loved while in this world, and after whom I gaze with humble hope, now that it has pleased ALMIGHTY GOD to call him to a better world, will serve to introduce to the fancy of my readers the capital object of the following journal, in the course of which I trust they will attain to a considerable degree of acquaintance with him.

His prejudice against Scotland was announced almost as soon as he began to appear in the world of letters. In his "London," a poem, are the following nervous lines :

For who would leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's land?  
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?  
There none are swept by sudden fate away;  
But all, whom hunger spares, with age decay.

The truth is, like the ancient Greeks and Romans, he allowed himself to look upon all nations but his own as barbarians: not only Hibernia, but Spain, Italy, and France, are attacked in the same poem. If he was particularly prejudiced against the Scots, it was because they were more in his way; because he thought their success in England rather exceeded the due proportion of their real merit; and because he could not but see in them that nationality which I should think no liberal minded Scotchman will deny. He was indeed, if I may be allowed the phrase, at bottom much of a John Bull; much of a blunt *true-born Englishman*. There was a stratum of common clay under the rock of marble. He was voraciously fond of good eating; and he had a great deal of that quality called *humour*, which gives an oiliness and a gloss to every other quality.

*Second Edition.*—Line 27: Altered to "Hibernia and Scotland."  
*Ibid.*—Line 32: "I should think" altered to "I believe."

I am, I flatter myself, compleatly<sup>1</sup> a citizen of the world.—In my travels through Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Corsica, France, I never felt myself from home, and I sincerely love “every kindred and tongue, and people and nation” I subscribe to what my late truly learned and philosophical friend Crosbie said, that the English are better animals than the Scots; they are nearer the sun; their blood is richer, and more mellow. but when I humour any of them in an outrageous contempt of Scotland, I fairly own I treat them as children. And thus I have, at some moments, found myself obliged to treat even Dr. Johnson.

To Scotland however he ventured; and he returned from it in great good humour, with his prejudices much lessened, and with very grateful feelings of the hospitality with which he was treated; as is evident from that admirable work, his “Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland,” which, to my utter astonishment, has been misapprehended, even to rancour, by many of my countrymen.

To have the company of Chambers and Scott, he delayed his journey so long, that the court of session, which rises on the eleventh of August, was broke up before he got to Edinburgh.

On Saturday the fourteenth of August, 1773, late in the evening, I received a note from him, that he was arrived at Boyd’s inn,<sup>2</sup> at the head of the Canongate. I went to him directly. He embraced me cordially; and I exulted in the thought, that I now had him actually in Caledonia. Mr. Scott’s amiable manners, and attachment to our Socrates, at once united me to him. He told me that, before I came in, the doctor had unluckily had a bad specimen of Scottish cleanliness. He then drank no fermented liquor. He asked to have his lemonade made sweeter; upon which the waiter, with his greasy fingers, lifted a lump of sugar, and put it into it. The doctor, in indignation, threw it out of the window. Scott said, he was afraid he would have knocked the waiter down. Mr. Johnson told me, that such another trick was played him at the house of a lady in Paris. He was to do me the honour to lodge under my roof. I regretted sincerely that I had not also a room for Mr. Scott. Mr. Johnson and I walked arm-in-arm up the High-street, to my house in James’s-court: <sup>3</sup> it was a dusky night: I could not prevent his

<sup>1</sup> In the second edition Boswell revised his spelling, putting “completely” for “compleatly,” “public” for “publick,” &c.

<sup>2</sup> There is a picture of all that remains of the old inn in Mr. Carruther’s edition, and another in Dr. Wilson’s “Edinburgh in the Olden Time.” In Johnson’s day it was the chief hotel of Edinburgh, but gradually decayed. Captain Top-

ham, who arrived there a short time after Johnson’s visit, describes the meanness and squalor of the place, drovers sitting above, and their beasts tethered below

<sup>3</sup> The house belonged to Hume, who let it to Boswell, who again was succeeded by Lady Wallace. It is described in Dr. Wilson’s “Edinburgh in the Olden Time.”



being assailed by the evening effluvia of Edinburgh. I heard a late baronet, of some distinction in the political world in the beginning of the present reign, observe, that "walking the streets of Edinburgh at night was pretty perilous, and a good deal odoriferous." The peril is much abated, by the care which the magistrates have taken to enforce the city laws against throwing foul water from the windows; but, from the structure of the houses in the old town, which consisted of many stories, in each of which a different family lives, and their being no covered sewers, the odour still continues. A zealous Scotchman would have wished Mr. Johnson to be without one of his five senses upon this occasion. As we marched slowly along, he grumbled in my ear, "I smell you in the dark!" But he acknowledged that the breadth of the street, and the loftiness of the buildings on each side, made a noble appearance.

My wife had tea ready for him, which it is well known he delighted to drink at all hours, particularly when sitting up late, and of which his able defence against Mr. Jonas Hanway should have obtained him a magnificent reward from the East-India Company. He shewed much complacency, upon finding that the mistress of the house was so attentive to his singular habit; and as no man could be more polite when he chose to be so, his address to her was most courteous and engaging; and his conversation soon charmed her into a forgetfulness of his external appearance.

I did not begin to keep a regular full journal till some days after we had set out from Edinburgh; but I have luckily preserved a good many fragments of his *Memorabilia* from his very first evening in Scotland.

We had, a little before this, had a trial for murder, in which the judges had allowed the lapse of twenty years since its commission as a plea in bar, in conformity with the doctrine of prescription in the *civil* law, which Scotland and several other countries in Europe have adopted.<sup>1</sup> He at first disapproved of this; but then he thought there was something in it, if there had been for twenty years a neglect to prosecute a crime which was *known*. He would not allow that a murder, by not being *discovered* for twenty years, should escape punishment. We talked of the ancient trial by duel. He did not think it so absurd as is generally supposed; "For (said he) it was only allowed when the question was *in equilibrio*, as

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<sup>1</sup> This was the case of Malcolm Macgrigor, *alias* Grant, who was tried for a murder committed in 1747, and found guilty. On appeal, in July, 1773, judgment was given in favour of the accused.

The chief ground for the decision was the one given by Boswell; but there were others, more forcible, offered, such as the injury to the accused from the delay, witnesses dying, &c.

hen one affirmed and another denied ; and they had a notion that Providence would interfere in favour of him who was in the right. But as it was found that in a duel, he who was in the right had not a better chance than he who was in the wrong, therefore society instituted the present mode of trial, and gave the advantage to him who is in the right."

We sat till near two in the morning, having chatted a good while after my wife left us. She had insisted, that to shew all respect to the sage, she would give up her own bed-chamber to him and take a worse.<sup>1</sup> This I cannot but gratefully mention, as one of a thousand obligations which I owe her, since the great obligation of her being pleased to accept of me as her husband.

*Sunday, 15th August.*

Mr. Scott came to breakfast, at which I introduced to Dr. Johnson, and him, my friend Sir William Forbes, now of Pitsligo ; a man of whom too much good cannot be said ; who, with distinguished abilities, and application in his profession of a Banker, is at once a good companion, and a good christian ; which I think is saying enough. Yet it is but justice to record, that once, when he was in a dangerous illness, he was watched with the anxious apprehension of a general calamity ; day and night his house was beset with affectionate inquiries ; and, upon his recovery, *Te Deum* was the universal chorus from the *hearts* of his countrymen.

Mr. Johnson was pleased with my daughter Veronica,<sup>\* 2</sup> then a child of about four months old. She had the appearance of listening

\* The saint's name of Veronica was introduced into our family through my great grandmother Veronica, Countess of Kincardine, a Dutch lady of the noble house of Sommelsdyck, of which there is a full account in Bayle's Dictionary. The family had once a princely right in Surinam. The governour of that island was appointed by the States General, the town of Amsterdam, and Sommelsdyck. The States General have acquired Sommelsdyck's right ; but the family has still great dignity and opulence, and by intermarriages is connected with many other noble families. When I was at the Hague, I was received with all the affection of kindred. The present Sommelsdyck has an important charge in the Republick, and is as worthy a man as lives. He has honoured me with his correspondence for these twenty years. My great grandfather, the husband of Countess Veronica, was Alexander, Earl of Kincardine, that eminent Royalist whose character is given by Burnet, in his History of his own Times. From him the blood of Bruce flows in my veins. Of such ancestry who would not be proud ? And, as *Nihil est nisi hoc sciat alter*, is peculiarly true of genealogy, who would not be glad to seize a fair opportunity to let it be known ?

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Wilson was acquainted with a lady who had made one of the party.

<sup>2</sup> Miss Veronica Boswell hastened her

own death by her devoted attention to her father during his last illness. She survived him only four months.

to him. His motions seemed to her to be intended for her amusement; and when he stopped, she fluttered and made a little infantine noise, and a kind of signal for him to begin again. She would be held close to him; which was a proof, from simple nature, that his figure was not horrid. Her fondness for him endeared her still more to me, and I declared she should have five hundred pounds of additional fortune.

We talked of the practice of the law. Sir William Forbes said, he thought an honest lawyer should never undertake a cause which he was satisfied was not a just one. "Sir (said Mr. Johnson) a lawyer has no business with the justice or injustice of the cause which he undertakes, unless his client asks his opinion, and then he is bound to give it honestly. The justice or injustice of the cause is to be decided by the judge. Consider, Sir, what is the purpose of courts of justice? It is, that every man may have his cause fairly tried, by men appointed to try causes. A lawyer is not to tell what he knows to be a lie: he is not to produce what he knows to be a false deed; but he is not to usurp the province of the jury and of the judge, and determine what shall be the effect of evidence—what shall be the result of legal argument. As it rarely happens that a man is fit to plead his own cause, lawyers are a class of the community, who, by study and experience, have acquired the art and power of arranging evidence, and of applying to the points at issue what the law has settled. A lawyer is to do for his client all that his client might fairly do for himself, if he could. If, by a superiority of attention, of knowledge, of skill, and a better method of communication, he has the advantage of his adversary, it is an advantage to which he is entitled. There must always be some advantage, on one side or other; and it is better that advantage should be had by talents, than by chance. If lawyers were to undertake no causes till they were sure they were just, a man might be precluded altogether from a trial of his claim, though, were it judicially examined, it might be found a very just claim."—This was sound practical doctrine, and rationally repressed a too refined scrupulosity of conscience.

Emigration was at this time a common topick of discourse. Dr. Johnson regretted it as hurtful to human happiness: "For (said he) it spreads mankind, which weakens the defence of a nation, and lessens the comfort of living. Men, thinly scattered, make a shift, but a bad shift, without many things. A smith is ten miles off: they'll do without a nail or a staple. A taylor is far from them: they'll botch their own clothes. It is being concentrated which produces high convenience."

Sir William Forbes, Mr. Scott, and I, accompanied Mr. Johnson to the chapel, founded by Lord Chief Baron Smith, for the service of the Church of England. The Reverend Mr. Carre, the senior clergyman, preached from these words, "Because the Lord reigneth, let the earth be glad."—I was sorry to think Mr. Johnson did not attend to the sermon, Mr. Carre's low voice not being strong enough to reach his hearing. A selection of Mr. Carre's sermons has, since his death, been published by Sir William Forbes, and the world has acknowledged their uncommon merit. I am well assured Lord Mansfield has pronounced them to be excellent.

Here I obtained a promise from Lord Chief Baron Orde, that he would dine at my house next day. I presented Mr. Johnson to his Lordship, who politely said to him, "I have not the honour of knowing you; but I hope for it, and to see you at my house. I am to wait on you to-morrow." This respectable English judge will be long remembered in Scotland, where he built an elegant house, and lived in it magnificently. His own ample fortune, with the addition of his salary, enabled him to be splendidly hospitable. It may be fortunate for an individual amongst ourselves to be Lord Chief Baron; and a most worthy man now has the office. But, in my opinion, it is better for Scotland in general, that some of our publick employments should be filled by gentlemen of distinction from the south side of the Tweed, as we have the benefit of promotion in England. Such an interchange would make a beneficial mixture of manners, and render our union more complete. Lord Chief Baron Orde was on good terms with us all, in a narrow country filled with jarring interests and keen parties; and, though I well knew his opinion to be the same with my own, he kept himself aloof at a very critical period indeed, when the *Douglas cause* shook the sacred security of *birthright* in Scotland to its foundation; a cause, which had it happened before the Union, when there was no appeal to a British House of Lords, would have left the great fortress of honours and of property in ruins.

When we got home, Dr. Johnson desired to see my books. He took down Ogden's Sermons on Prayer, on which I set a very high value, having been much edified by them, and he retired with them to his room. He did not stay long, but soon joined us in the drawing-room. I presented to him Mr. Robert Arbuthnot, a relation of the celebrated Dr. Arbuthnot, and a man of literature and taste. To him we were obliged for a previous recommendation, which secured us a very agreeable reception at St. Andrew's, and which Dr. Johnson, in his Journey, ascribes to "some invisible friend."

Of Dr. Beattie, Mr. Johnson said, "Sir, he has written like a

man conscious of the truth, and feeling his own strength. Treating your adversary with respect, is giving him an advantage to which he is not entitled. The greatest part of men cannot judge of reasoning, and are impressed by character; so that, if you allow your adversary a respectable character, they will think, that though you differ from him, you may be in the wrong. Sir, treating your adversary with respect, is striking soft in a battle. And as to Hume—a man who has so much conceit as to tell all mankind that they have been bubbled for ages, and he is the wise man who sees better than they—a man who has so little scrupulosity as to venture to oppose those principles which have been thought necessary to human happiness—is he to be surprised if another man comes and laughs at him? If he is the great man he thinks himself, all this cannot hurt him: it is like throwing peas against a rock." He added "*something much too rough,*" both as to Mr. Hume's head and heart, which I suppress. Violence is, in my opinion, not suitable to the Christian cause. Besides, I always lived on good terms with Mr. Hume, though I have frankly told him, I was not clear that it was right in me to keep company with him.<sup>1</sup> "But (said I) how much better are you than your books!" He was cheerful, obliging, and instructive; he was charitable to the poor; and many an agreeable hour have I passed with him. I have preserved some entertaining and interesting memoirs of him, particularly when he knew himself to be dying, which I may some time or other communicate to the world. I shall not, however, extol him so very highly as Dr. Adam Smith does, who says, in a letter to Mr. Strahan the Printer (not a confidential letter to his friend, but a letter which is published\* with all formality): "Upon the whole, I have always considered him, both in his life-time,

\* This letter, though shattered by the sharp shot of Dr. Horne of Oxford's wit, in the character of "One of the People called Christians," is still prefixed to Mr. Hume's excellent History of England, like a poor invalid on the piquet guard, or like a list of quack medicines sold by the same bookseller, by whom a work of whatever nature is published; for it has no connection with his "History," let it have what it may with what are called his *Philosophical Works*. A worthy friend of mine in London was lately consulted by a lady of quality, of most distinguished merit, what was the best History of England for her son to read. My friend recommended Hume's. But, upon recollecting that its usher was a superlative panegyrick on one, who endeavoured to sap the credit of our holy religion, he repented. I am

*Second Edition.*—Line 10 of note: "he repented" altered to "he revoked his recommendation."

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Hume, two years later, spoke quite as roughly of Johnson in Boswell's presence, offering half-a-crown for every page of the Dictionary in which there was not an absurdity. The latter retorted

by reading a letter of his friend Temple's, in which he spoke of the ministry's "infidel pensioner Hume." — *Letters to Temple*.

and since his death, as approaching as nearly to the idea of a perfectly wise and virtuous man as perhaps the nature of human frailty will permit." Let Dr. Smith consider: Was not Mr. Hume blest with good health, good spirits, good friends, a competent and increasing fortune? And had he not also a perpetual feast of fame? But, as a learned friend has observed to me, "What trials did he undergo, to prove the perfection of his virtue? Did he ever experience any great instance of adversity?"—When I read this sentence, delivered by my old *Professor of Moral Philosophy*, I could not help exclaiming with the Psalmist, "Surely I have now more understanding than my teachers."<sup>1</sup>

While we were talking, there came a note to me from Dr William Robertson.

"DEAR SIR,—I have been expecting every day to hear from you, of Dr. Johnson's arrival. Pray what do you know about his motions? I long to take him by the hand. I write this from the college, where I have only this scrap of paper. Ever your's,

"W. R.

"Sunday."

It pleased me to find Dr. Robertson thus eager to meet Dr. Johnson. I was glad I could answer, that he was come: and I begged Dr. Robertson might be with us as soon as he could.

Sir William Forbes, Mr. Scott, Mr. Arbuthnot, and another gentleman, dined with us. "Come, Dr. Johnson, (said I) it is commonly thought that our veal in Scotland is not good. But here is some which I believe you will like."—There was no catching him. — JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, what is commonly thought, I should take to be true. *Your* veal may be good; but that will only be an exception to the general opinion; not a proof against it."

Dr. Robertson, according to the custom of Edinburgh at that time, dined in the interval between the forenoon and afternoon service, which was then later than now; so we had not the pleasure of his company till dinner was over, when he came and drank wine with us. And then began some animated dialogue, of which here follows a pretty full note.

really sorry for this ostentatious *alliance*; because I admire "The Theory of Moral Sentiments" and value the greatest part of "An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations."<sup>1</sup> Why should such a writer be so forgetful of human comfort, as to give any countenance to that dreary infidelity which would "make us poor indeed!"

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<sup>1</sup> Dr. Adam Smith was alive when this attack appeared.

We talked of Mr. Burke.—Dr. Johnson said, he had a great variety of knowledge, store of imagery, copiousness of language. ROBERTSON. "He has wit too." JOHNSON. "No, Sir; he never succeeds there. 'Tis low; 'tis conceit. I used to say, Burke never once made a good joke.\* What I most envy Burke for, is, his being

\* This was one of the points upon which Dr. Johnson was strangely heterodox. For, surely, Mr. Burke, with his other remarkable qualities, is also distinguished for his wit, and for wit of all kinds too; not merely that power of language which Pope chuses to denominate wit,

(True wit is Nature to advantage drest;  
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well exprest.)

but surprising allusions, brilliant sallies of vivacity, and pleasant conceits. His speeches in parliament are strewn with them. Take, for instance, the variety which he has given in his wide range, yet exact detail, when exhibiting his Reform Bill. And his conversation abounds in wit. Let me put down a specimen.—I told him, I had seen, at a *Blue-stocking* assembly, a number of ladies sitting round a worthy and tall friend of ours, listening to his literature. "Aye (said he) like maids round a May-pole."—I told him, I had found out a perfect definition of human nature, as distinguished from the animal. An ancient philosopher said, Man was "a two-legged animal without feathers"—upon which his rival Sage had a Cock plucked bare, and set him down in the school before all the disciples, as a "Philosophic Man." Dr. Franklin said, Man was "a tool-making animal," which is very well; for, no animal but man makes a thing, by means of which he can make another thing. But this applies to very few of the species. My definition of *Man* is, "a Cooking Animal." The beasts have memory, judgement, and all the faculties and passions of our mind, in a certain degree; but no beast is a cook. The trick of the monkey using the cat's paw to roast a chestnut, is only a piece of shrewd malice in that *turpissima bestia*, which humbles us so sadly by its similarity to us. Man alone can dress a good dish; and every man whatever is more or less a cook, in seasoning what he himself eats.—Your definition is good, said Mr. Burke, and I now see the full force of the common proverb, "There is *reason* in roasting of eggs."—When Mr. Wilkes, in his days of tumultuous opposition, was borne upon the shoulders of the mob, Mr. Burke (as Mr. Wilkes told me himself, with classical admiration) applied to him what Horace says of Pindar,

————— *Numerisque featur*

LEGE *solutis*

Sir Joshua Reynolds, who agrees with me entirely as to Mr. Burke's fertility of wit, said, that this was "dignifying a pun." He also observed, that he has often heard Burke say, in the course of an evening, ten good things, each of which would have served a noted wit (whom he named) to live upon for a twelvemonth.

*Second Edition.*—Added to note: "I find, since the former edition, that some persons have objected to the instances which I have given of Mr. Burke's wit, as not doing justice to my very ingenious friend; and the specimens produced having, it is alleged, more of conceit than real wit, and being merely sportive sallies of the moment, not justifying the encomium which they think with me, he undoubtedly merits. I was well aware, how hazardous it was to exhibit particular instances of wit, which is of so airy and spiritual a nature as often to elude the hand that attempts to grasp it. The excellence and efficacy of a *bon mot* depend frequently so much on the occasion on which it is spoken, on the particular manner of the speaker, on the person to whom it is applied, the previous introduction, and a thousand minute particulars which cannot be easily enumerated, that it is always dangerous to detach a witty saying from the group to which it belongs, and to set it before the eye of the spectator, divested of those concomitant circumstances, which gave it animation, mellowness, and relief. I ventured, however, at all hazards, to put down the first instances that occurred to me, as proofs of Mr. Burke's lively and brilliant fancy; but am very sensible that his numerous friends could have suggested many of a superior quality. Indeed, the being in company with him, for a single day, is sufficient to

constantly the same. He is never what we call hum-drum ; never unwilling to begin to talk, nor in a haste to leave off." BOSWELL. "Yet he can listen." JOHNSON. "No ; I cannot say he is good at that. So desirous is he to talk, that, if one is speaking at this end of the table, he'll speak to somebody at the other end. Burke, Sir, is such a man, that if you met him for the first time in a street where you were stopped by a drove of oxen, and you and he stepped aside to take shelter but for five minutes, he'd talk to you in such a manner, that, when you parted, you would say, this is an extraordinary man. Now, you may be long enough with me, without finding any thing extraordinary." He said, he believed Burke was intended for the law ; but either had not money enough to follow it, or had not diligence enough. He said, he could not understand how a man could apply to one thing, and not to another. Robertson said, one man had more judgement, another more imagination. JOHNSON. "No, Sir ; it is only one man has more mind than another. He may direct it differently ; he may, by accident, see the success of one kind of study, and take a desire to excel in it. I am persuaded that, had Sir Isaac Newton applied to poetry, he would have made a very fine epic poem. I could as easily apply to law as to tragick poetry." BOSWELL. "Yet, Sir, you did apply to tragick poetry, not to law." JOHNSON. "Because, Sir, I had not money to study law. Sir, the man who has vigour may walk to the east, just as well as to the west, if he happens to turn his head that way." BOSWELL. "But, Sir, 'tis like walking up and down a hill one man will naturally do the one better than the other. A hare will run up a hill best, from her legs being short ; a dog down." JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir ; that is from mechanical powers. If you make mind mechanical, you may argue in that manner. One mind is a vice, and holds fast ; there's a good memory. Another is a file ; and he is a disputant, a controversialist. Another is a razor ; and he is sarcastical." We talked of Whitefield. He said, he was

shew that what I have asserted is well founded ; and it was only necessary to have appealed to all who know him intimately, for a complete refutation of the heterodox opinion entertained by Dr. Johnson on this subject. *He* allowed Mr. Burke, as the reader will find hereafter, to be a man of consummate and unrivalled abilities in every light except that now under consideration ; and the variety of his allusions, and splendour of his imagery, have made such an impression on *all the rest* of the world, that superficial observers are apt to overlook his other merits, and to suppose that *wit* is his chief and most prominent excellence ; when in fact it is only one of the many talents that he possesses, which are so various and extraordinary, that it is very difficult to ascertain precisely the rank and value of each."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Malone, who, during Boswell's absence in Scotland, was seeing the "Tour" through the press, ventured

to add this passage, the authorship of which Boswell, later, disclaimed in handsome terms.



at the same college with him, and knew him *before he began to be better than other people* (smiling); that he believed he sincerely meant well, but had a mixture of politicks and ostentation: whereas Wesley thought of religion only.\* Robertson said, Whitefield had strong natural eloquence, which, if cultivated, would have done great things. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, I take it he was at the height of what his abilities could do, and was sensible of it. He had the ordinary advantages of education; but he chose to pursue that oratory which is for the mob." BOSWELL. "He had great effect on the passions." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, I don't think so. He could not represent a succession of pathetick images. He vociferated, and made an impression. *There*, again, was a mind like a hammer." Dr. Johnson now said, a certain eminent political friend of our's was wrong, in his maxim of sticking to a certain set of *men* on all occasions.<sup>1</sup> "I can see that a man may do right to stick to a *party* (said he); that is to say, he is a Whig, or he is a Tory, and he thinks one of those parties upon the whole the best, and that, to make it prevail, it must be generally supported, though, in particulars, it may be wrong. He takes its faggot of principles, in which there are fewer rotten sticks than in the other, though some rotten sticks to be sure; and they cannot well be separated. But, to bind one's self to one man, or one set of men, (who may be right to-day and wrong to-morrow) without any general preference of system, I must disapprove." <sup>b</sup>

\* That cannot be said now, after the flagrant part which Mr. John Wesley took against our American bretheren, when, in his own name, he threw amongst his enthusiastic flock, the very individual combustibles of Dr. Johnson's "Taxation no Tyranny;" and after the intolerant spirit which he manifested against our fellow christians of the Roman Catholic Communion, for which that able champion, Father O'Leary, has given him so hearty a drubbing. But I should think myself very unworthy, if I did not at the same time acknowledge Mr. John Wesley's merit, as a veteran "Soldier of Jesus Chnst," who has, I do believe, "turned many from darkness into light, and from the power of Satan to the living God."

<sup>b</sup> If due attention were paid to this observation, there would be more virtue, even in politicks. What Dr. Johnson justly condemned, has, I am sorry to say, greatly increased in the present reign. At the distance of four years from this conversation, 21st February 1777, my Lord Archbishop of York, in his "sermon before the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," thus indignantly describes the then state of parties:

"Parties once had a *principle* belonging to them, absurd perhaps, and indefensible, but still carrying a notion of *duty*, by which honest minds might easily be caught.

"But they are now *combinations of individuals*, who, in stead of being the sons and servants of the community, make a league for advancing their *private interests*. It is their business to hold high the notion of *political honour*. I believe and trust, it is not injurious to say, that such a bond is no better than that by which the lowest and wickedest combinations are held together; and that it denotes the last stage of political depravity."

To find a thought, which just shewed itself to us from the mind of Johnson, thus

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Burke.

He told us of Cooke,<sup>1</sup> who translated Hesiod, and lived twenty years on a translation of Plautus, for which he was always taking subscriptions; and that he presented Foote to a Club, in the following singular manner: "This is the nephew of the gentleman who was lately hung in chains for murdering his brother."<sup>2</sup>

In the evening I introduced to Mr. Johnson<sup>a</sup> two good friends of mine, Mr. William Nairne, Advocate, and Mr. Hamilton of Sundrum, my neighbour in the country, both of whom supped with us. I have preserved nothing of what passed, except that Dr. Johnson displayed another of his heterodox opinions—a contempt of tragick acting. He said, "the action of all players in tragedy is bad. It should be a man's study to repress those signs of emotion and passion, as they are called." He was of a direct contrary opinion to that of Fielding, in his "Tom Jones," who makes Partridge say, of Garrick, "why I could act as well as he myself. I am sure, if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did." For, when I asked him, "Would not you, Sir, start as Mr. Garrick does, if you saw a ghost?" He answered, "I hope not. If I did, I should frighten the ghost."

*Monday, 16th August.*

Dr. William Robertson came to breakfast. We talked of "Ogder on Prayer." Dr. Johnson said, "The same arguments which are used against God's hearing prayer, will serve against his rewarding

appearing again at such a distance of time, and without any communication between them, enlarged to full growth in the mind of Markham, is a curious object of philosophical contemplation.—That two such great and luminous minds should have been so dark in one corner—that *they* should have held it to be "wicked Rebellion" in the British subjects established in America, to resist the abject condition of holding all their property at the mercy of British subjects remaining at home, while their allegiance to our common Lord the King was to be preserved inviolate,—is a striking proof to me, either that "He who sitteth in Heaven," scorns the loftiness of human pride,—or that the evil spirit, whose personal existence I strongly believe, and even in this age am confirmed in that belief by a Fell, nay, by a Hurd, has more power than some choose to allow.

<sup>a</sup> It may be observed, that I sometimes call my great friend, *Mr.* Johnson, sometimes *Dr.* Johnson; though he had at this time a doctor's degree from Trinity College, Dublin. The University of Oxford afterwards conferred it upon him by a diploma, in very honourable terms. It was some time before I could bring myself to call him Doctor; but, as he has been long known by that title, I shall give it to him in the rest of this Journal.

<sup>1</sup> One of the literary hacks that "hung loose upon society." He published a "Life of Foote."

<sup>2</sup> Goodere was captain of the *Ruby*, in the cabin of which vessel the murder was accomplished.

good, and punishing evil. He has resolved, he has declared, in the former case as in the latter." He had last night looked into Lord Hailes's "Remarks on the History of Scotland." Dr. Robertson and I said, it was a pity Lord Hailes did not write greater things. His Lordship had not then published his "Annals of Scotland." JOHNSON. "I remember I was once on a visit at the house of a lady for whom I had a high respect. There was a good deal of company in the room. When they were gone, I said to this lady, 'What foolish talking have we had!'—'Yes, (said she) but while they talked, you said nothing.'—I was struck with the reproof. How much better is the man who does any thing that is innocent, than he who does nothing. Besides, I love anecdotes. I fancy mankind may come, in time, to write all aphoristically, except in narrative; grow weary of preparation, and connection, and illustration, and all those arts by which a big book is made.—If a man is to wait till he weaves anecdotes into a system, we may be long in getting them, and get but few, in comparison of what we might get."

Dr. Robertson said, the notions of Eupham Macallan, a fanatic woman, of whom Lord Hailes gives a sketch, were still prevalent among some of the Presbyterians; and therefore it was right in Lord Hailes, a man of known piety, to undeceive them.

We walked out, that Dr. Johnson might see some of the things which we have to shew at Edinburgh.<sup>1</sup> We went to the Parliament House, where the Parliament of Scotland sat, and where the

<sup>1</sup> Among these objects of attraction was the statue of Charles II., on which Mr. Boswell, later, made some verses, published in the *Public Advertiser*. "There is in the stately square at Edinburgh, the Parliament-close, a very fine statue of Charles II. on horseback, a cast in lead larger than life. Some years ago the PROVOST of the city, from a strange Gothic fancy, had it laid over with a thick coat of paint, to make it look WHITE and NEW. This occasioned the following:—

"Well done, my Lord, with noble taste,  
You've made Charles gay as five-and-twenty;  
We may be scarce of gold and corn,  
But sure there's lead and gold in plenty.  
Yet for a public work like this  
I would have had some famous artist,

Though I had made each mark a pound  
I would have had the very smartest.

"Why not bring Allan Ramsay down  
From stately coronet and cushion?  
For he can paint a living king,  
And knows—the English Constitution.  
The milk-white steed is well enough,  
But why thus daub the man all over,  
And to the swarthy Stuart give  
The cream complexion of Hanover?"

"This statue never gave offence,  
But now, as you've been pleased to make it,  
The ladies all will run away  
Lest they behold a man stark naked.  
Stay, fair, dissembling cowards! stay,  
He'll do no harm—you may go near him;  
I'll tell you—e'en when flesh and blood,  
Some of your grandams did not fear him."

Ordinary Lords of Session hold their courts; and to the New Session House adjoining to it, where our Court of Fifteen (the fourteen Ordinaries, with the Lord President at their head) sit as a Court of Review. We went to the Advocates Library, of which Dr. Johnson took a cursory view, and then to what is called the Laigh (or under) Parliament House, where the records of Scotland, which has an universal security by register, are deposited, till the great Register Office be finished. I loved to behold Dr. Samuel Johnson rolling about in this old magazine of antiquities. There was, by this time, a pretty numerous circle of us attending upon him. Somebody talked of happy moments for composition, and how a man can write at one time, and not at another.—“Nay (said Dr. Johnson) a man may write at any time, if he will set himself doggedly to it.”

I here began to indulge old Scottish sentiments, and to express a warm regret, that, by our Union with England, we were no more;—our independent kingdom was lost. JOHNSON. “Sir, never talk of your independency, who could let your Queen remain twenty years in captivity, and then be put to death, without even a pretence of justice, without your ever attempting to rescue her; and such a Queen too! as every man of any gallantry of spirit would have sacrificed his life for.” Worthy Mr. JAMES KERR, Keeper of the Records. “Half our nation was bribed by English money.” JOHNSON. “Sir, that is no defence. That makes you worse.” Good Mr. BROWN, keeper of the Advocates Library. “We had better say nothing about it.” BOSWELL. “You would have been glad, however, to have had us last war, Sir, to fight your battles!” JOHNSON. “We should have had you for the same price, though there has been no union, as we might have had Swiss, or other troops. No, no, I shall agree to a separation. You have only to *go home*.” Just as he had said this, I, to divert the subject, shewed him the signed assurances of the three successive Kings of the Hanover family, to maintain the Presbyterian establishment in Scotland.—“We’ll give you that into the bargain,” said he.

We next went to the great church of St. Giles, which has lost its original magnificence in the inside, by being divided into four places of Presbyterian worship. “Come (said Dr. Johnson jocularly to Principal Robertson\*) let me see what was once a church!”

*Second Edition*—Line 9: “I loved” altered to “I was pleased.”

\* I have hitherto called him Dr. William Robertson, to distinguish him from Dr. James Robertson, who is soon to make his appearance. But *Principal*, from his being the head of our college, is his usual designation, and is shorter; so I shall use it in time coming.

*Second Edition*.—Last line of note: “in time coming” altered to “hereafter.”

We entered that division which was formerly called the New Church, and of late the High Church, so well known by the eloquence of Dr. Hugh Blair. It is now very elegantly fitted up; but it was then shamefully dirty. Dr. Johnson said nothing at the time; but when we came to the great door of the Royal Infirmary, where, upon a board, was this inscription, "*Clean your feet!*" he turned about slyly, and said, "There is no occasion for putting this at the doors of your churches!"

We then conducted him down the Post-house stairs, Parliament-close, and made him look up from the Cow-gate to the highest building in Edinburgh (from which he had just descended) being thirteen floors or stories from the ground upon the back elevation; the front wall being built upon the edge of the hill, and the back wall rising from the bottom of the hill several stories before it comes to a level with the front wall.<sup>1</sup> We proceeded to the College, with the Principal at our head. Dr. Adam Fergusson, whose "Essay on the History of civil Society," gives him a respectable place in the ranks of literature, was with us. As the College buildings are indeed very mean, the Principal said to Dr. Johnson, that he must give them the same epithet that a Jesuit did when shewing a poor college abroad: "*hæ miseræ nostræ.*" Dr. Johnson was, however, much pleased with the library, and with the conversation of Dr. James Robertson, Professor of Oriental Languages, the Librarian. We talked of Kennicot's Translation of the Bible, and hoped it would be quite faithful. JOHNSON. "Sir, I know not any crime so great that a man could contrive to commit, as poisoning the sources of eternal truth."

I pointed out to him where there formerly stood an old wall enclosing part of the college, which I remember bulged out in a threatening manner, and of which there was a common saying, as of Bacon's Study at Oxford, that it would fall upon the most learned man. It had some time before this been taken down, that the street might be widened, and a more convenient wall built.

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<sup>1</sup> "Entering one of the doors opposite the main entrance, the stranger is sometimes led by a friend, wishing to afford him an agreeable surprise, down flight after flight of the steps of a stone staircase, and when he imagines he is descending so far into the bowels of the earth, he emerges on the edge of a cheerful crowded thoroughfare, connecting together the old and new town. . . . When he looks up to the building, he sees that

vast pile of tall houses, standing at the head of the mound, which creates astonishment in every visitor of Edinburgh. . . . By ascending the western of the two stairs facing the entry of James's court, to the height of three stories, we arrive at the door of David Hume's house, which, of the two doors on the landing-place, is the one towards the left."—*Burton's Life of Hume*, vol. ii. p. 136.

Mr. Johnson, glad of an opportunity to have a pleasant hit at Scottish learning, said, "they have been afraid it never would fall."

We shewed him the Royal Infirmary, for which, and for every other exertion of generous publick spirit in his power, that noble-minded citizen of Edinburgh, George Drummond, will be ever held in honourable remembrance. And we were too proud not to carry him to the Abbey of Holyrood-house, that beautiful piece of architecture, but, alas! that deserted mansion of royalty, which Hamilton of Bangour, in one of his elegant poems, calls

"A virtuous palace, where no monarch dwells"

I was much entertained while Principal Robertson fluently harangued to Dr. Johnson, upon the spot, concerning scenes of his celebrated History of Scotland. We surveyed that part of the palace appropriated to the Duke of Hamilton, as Keeper, in which our beautiful Queen Mary lived, and in which David Rizzio was murdered; and also the State Rooms. Dr. Johnson was a great reciter of all sorts of things serious or comical. I over heard him repeating here, in a kind of muttering tone, a line of the old ballad, "Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-Night:"

"And ran him through the fair body!"<sup>a</sup>

I suppose his thinking of the stabbing of Rizzio had brought this into his mind, by association of ideas.

We returned to my house, where there met him, at dinner, the Duchess of Douglas,<sup>1</sup> Sir Adolphus Oughton, Lord Chief Baron, Sir William Forbes, Principal Robertson, Mr. Cullen, advocate. Before dinner, he told us of a curious conversation between the famous George Faulkner and him. George said that England had drained Ireland of fifty thousand pounds in specie, annually, for fifty years. "How so, Sir! (said Dr. Johnson) you must have a very great trade?" "No trade." "Very rich mines?" "No

*Second Edition* —Line 1: "Mr. Johnson" altered to "Dr. Johnson."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>a</sup> The stanza from which he took this line is,

"But then rose up all Edinburgh,  
They rose up by thousands three:  
A cowardly Scot came John behind,  
And ran him through the fair body!"

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<sup>1</sup> "An old lady," wrote Johnson to Mrs. Thrale, "who talks broad Scotch with a paralytic voice."

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Boswell had already forgotten his resolution of two pages before.

mines" "From whence, then, does all this money come?" "Come! why out of the blood and bowels of the poor people of Ireland!"

He seemed to me to have an unaccountable prejudice against Swift; for I once took the liberty to ask him, if Swift had personally offended him, and he told me, he had not. He said to-day, "Swift is clear, but he is shallow. In coarse humour, he is inferior to Arbuthnot; in delicate humour, he is inferior to Addison: So he is inferior to his contemporaries; without putting him against the whole world. I doubt if the 'Tale of a Tub' was his; it has so much more thinking, more knowledge, more power, more colour, than any of the works which are indisputably his. If it was his, I shall only say, He was *impar sibi*."

We gave him as good a dinner as we could. Our Scots murr-fowl, or grouse, were then abundant, and quite in season; and, so far as wisdom and wit can be aided by administering agreeable sensations to the palate, my wife took care that our great guest should not be deficient.

Sir Adolphus Oughton, then our Deputy Commander in Chief, who was not only an excellent officer, but one of the most universal scholars I ever knew, had learnt the Erse language, and expressed his belief in the authenticity of Ossian's Poetry. Dr. Johnson took the opposite side of that perplexed question; and I was afraid the dispute would have run high between them. But Sir Adolphus, who had a charming sweet temper, changed the discourse, grew playful, laughed at Lord Monboddo's notion of men having tails, and called him a Judge *à posteriori*, which amused Dr. Johnson; and thus hostilities were prevented.

At supper we had Dr. Cullen, his son the advocate, Dr. Adam Fergusson, Mr. Crosbie,<sup>1</sup> advocate. Witchcraft was introduced. Crosbie said, he thought it the greatest blasphemy to suppose evil spirits counteracting the Deity, and raising storms, for instance, to destroy his creatures. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, if moral evil be consistent with the government of the Deity, why may not physical evil be also consistent with it? It is not more strange that there should be evil spirits, than evil men; evil unembodied spirits, than evil embodied spirits. And as to storms, we know there are such things; and it is no worse that evil spirits raise them, than that they rise." CROSBIE. "But it is not credible, that such stories as we are told of

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<sup>1</sup> "Crosbie," Mr Carruthers says, "was supposed to be the original of Pleydell in 'Guy Mannering.' He was in great practice, but from habits of dissipation sunk into decay and died wretchedly."

witches have happened." JOHNSON. "Sir, I am not defending their credibility. I am only saying, that your arguments are not good, and will not overturn the belief of witchcraft.—(Dr. Fergusson said to me, aside, "He is right.")—And then, Sir, you have all mankind, rude and civilised, agreeing in the belief of the agency of preternatural powers. You must take evidence: you must consider, that wise and great men have condemned witches to die." CROSBIE. "But an act of parliament put an end to witchcraft." JOHNSON. "No, Sir! witchcraft had ceased; and therefore an act of parliament was passed to prevent persecution for what was not witchcraft. Why it ceased, we cannot tell, as we cannot tell the reason of many other things." Dr. Cullen, to keep up the gratification of mysterious disquisition, with the grave address for which he is remarkable in his companionable as in his professional hours, talked, in a very entertaining manner, of people walking and conversing in their sleep. I am very sorry I have no note of this. We talked of the Ouran-Outang, and of Lord Monboddo's thinking that he might be taught to speak. Dr. Johnson treated this with ridicule. Mr. Crosbie said, that Lord Monboddo believed the existence of every thing possible; in short, that all which is in *posse* might be found in *esse*. JOHNSON. "But, Sir, it is as possible that the Ouran-Outang does not speak, as that he speaks. However, I shall not contest the point. I should have thought it not possible to find a Monboddo; yet *he* exists." I again mentioned the stage. JOHNSON. "The appearance of a Player, with whom I have drank tea, counteracts the imagination that he is the character he represents. Nay, you know nobody imagines that he is the character he represents. They say, 'See Garrick! how he looks to-night! See how he'll clutch the dagger!' That is the buz of the theatre."

*Tuesday 17th August.*

Sir William Forbes came to breakfast, and brought with him Dr. Blacklock, whom he introduced to Dr. Johnson, who received him with a most humane complacency, "Dear Dr. Blacklock, I am glad to see you!"<sup>1</sup> Blacklock seemed to be much surprized, when Dr. Johnson said, "it was easier to him to write poetry than to compose his Dictionary. His mind was less on the stretch in doing the one than the other. Besides, composing a Dictionary requires books and a

*Third Edition.*—Last line: "Besides; "

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<sup>1</sup> Blacklock had lost his eyesight from small-pox before he was six months old.



desk. You can make a poem walking in the fields, or lying in bed.\* Dr. Blacklock spoke of scepticism in morals and religion, with apparent uneasiness, as if he wished for more certainty. Dr. Johnson, who had thought it all over, and whose vigorous understanding was fortified by much experience, thus encouraged the blind Bard to apply to higher speculations, what we all willingly submit to in common life. In short, he gave him more familiarly the able and fair reasoning of "Butler's Analogy:" "Why, Sir, the greatest concern we have in this world, the choice of our profession, must be determined without demonstrative reasoning. Human life is not yet so well known, as that we can have it. And take the case of a man who is ill. I call two physicians: they differ in opinion. I am not to lye down, and die between them: I must do something." The conversation then turned on Atheism; on that horrible book, "Système de la Nature;" and on the supposition of an eternal necessity, without design, without a governing mind. JOHNSON. "If it were so, why has it ceased? Why don't we see men thus produced around us now? Why, at least, does it not keep pace, in some measure, with the progress of time? If it stops because there is now no need of it, then it is plain there is, and ever has been, an all-powerful intelligence. But stay! (said he, with one of his satyrick laughs). Ha! ha! ha! I shall suppose Scotchmen made necessarily, and Englishmen by choice."

At dinner this day, we had Sir Alexander Dick, whose amiable character, and ingenious and cultivated mind, is so generally known (he was then<sup>1</sup> on the verge of seventy, and is now eighty-one, with his faculties entire, his heart warm, and his temper gay); Sir David Dalrymple Lord Hailes; Mr. Maclaurin, advocate; Dr. Gregory, who now worthily fills his father's medical chair; and my uncle, Dr. Boswell. This was one of Dr. Johnson's best days. He was quite in his element. All was literature and taste, without any interruption. Lord Hailes, who is one of the best philologists in Great-Britain, who has written papers in the "World," and a variety of other works in prose and in verse, both Latin and English, pleased him highly. He told him, he had discovered the Life of Cheynel, in the "Student," to be his. JOHNSON. "No one else

*Third Edition.*—Note on line 3: "See his letter on the subject in the Appendix."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Here a reference (\*) to a note, which, however, Mr. Boswell has omitted to supply.

<sup>2</sup> It will be seen from this note how

Mr. Boswell stands by his text, though he allows dissatisfied persons to explain their meaning.

knows it." Dr. Johnson had, before this, dictated to me a law-paper, upon a question purely in the law of Scotland, concerning *vicious intromission*, that is to say, intermeddling with the effects of a deceased person, without a regular title, which formerly was understood to subject the intermeddler in payment of all the defunct's debts. The principle has of late been relaxed. Dr. Johnson's argument was, for a renewal of its strictness. The paper was printed, with additions by me, and given into the Court of Session. Lord Hailes knew Dr. Johnson's part not to be mine, and pointed out exactly where it began, and where it ended. Dr. Johnson said, "It is much, now, that his Lordship can distinguish so."

In Dr. Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes," there is the following passage :

"The teeming mother, anxious for her race,  
Begs, for each birth, the fortune of a face :  
Yet Vane could tell, what ills from Beauty spring ;  
And Sedley cursed the charms which pleased a king."

Lord Hailes told him he was mistaken, in the instance he had given of unfortunate fair ones ; for neither Vane nor Sedley had a title to that description. His Lordship has since been so obliging as to send me a note of this, for the communication of which I am sure my readers will thank me.

"The lines in the tenth Satire of Juvenal, according to my alteration, should have run thus :

' Yet Shore <sup>a</sup> could tell.  
' And Valiere <sup>b</sup> cursed.'

"The first was a penitent by compulsion, the second by sentiment ; though the truth is, Mademoiselle de la Valiere threw herself (but still from sentiment) in the King's way.

"Our friend chose Vane, who was far from being well-looking ; and Sedley, who was so ugly, that Charles II. said his brother had her by way of penance."

Mr. Maclaurin's learning and talents enabled him to do his part very well in Dr. Johnson's company. He produced two epitaphs upon his father, the celebrated mathematician. One in English, of which Dr. Johnson did not change one word. In the other, which was in Latin, he made several alterations. In place of the very

<sup>a</sup> Mistress of Edward IV.  
*Second Edition.*—Line 5 : Altered to "to payment."

<sup>b</sup> Mistress of Louis XIV.

words of Virgil, "*Ubi luctus et pavor et plurima mortis imago,*" he wrote, "*Ubi luctus regnant et pavor.*" He introduced the word *prorsus* into the line "*Mortalibus prorsus non absit solatium;*" and after "*Hujus enim scripta evolve,*" he added, "*Mentemque tantarum rerum capacem corpori caduco superstitem crede;*" which is quite applicable to Dr. Johnson himself.

Mr. Murray, advocate, who married a niece of Lord Mansfield's, and is now one of the Judges of Scotland, by the title of Lord Henderland, sat with us a part of the evening; but did not venture to say any thing, that I remember, which he certainly might have done, had not an over anxiety prevented him.

At supper we had Dr. Alexander Webster, who, though not learned, had such a knowledge of mankind, such a fund of information and entertainment, so clear a head and such accommodating manners, that Dr. Johnson found him a very agreeable companion.

When Dr. Johnson and I were left by ourselves, I read to him my notes of the Opinions of our Judges upon the Question of Literary Property.<sup>1</sup> He did not like them; and said, "they make me think

*Third Edition.*—Line 6, note :—"Mr. Maclaurin's epitaph, as engraved on a marble tombstone, in the Grey-Friars church-yard, Edinburgh :

"*Infra situs est*

COLIN MACLAURIN,

Mathes. olim in Acad. Edin. Prof.

Electus ipso Newtono suadente.

H. L. P. F.

Non ut nomini paterno consulat,

Nam tali auxilio nil eget ;

Sud ut in hoc infelici campo,

Ubi luctus regnant et pavor,

Mortalibus prorsus non absit solatium :

Hujus enim scripta evolve,

Mentemque tantarum rerum capacem

Corpori caduco superstitem crede."

<sup>1</sup> This refers to the judgment on copy-right (*Hinton v. Donaldson*) delivered July 27, 1773. There were personal reasons why Mr. Boswell should be so interested in the matter. He had been counsel in the case, and had also published, in a quarto tract, the very report of the judges' decisions which he was now exhibiting to Dr. Johnson. The judge with whose argument Johnson found fault was Lord Gardenston, who said, "I cannot reconcile this new property to our idea of ancient property. There will be first a property in nonsense—that will be a large one; then a property in bawdry, blasphemy, and seditious libels. Mr.

Wilkes will have the property of the Essay on Woman and No. 45." The case is also reported by Lord Hailes. —(See *Brown's Decisions*.) The judgments appear open to Johnson's censure, and more like exercises than legal decisions. Lord Auchinleck's is characteristic, especially the passage, "Now," said he, "when I meet a thing that I do not understand, I conclude it to be nonsense. The judges in England are bewildered by a multiplicity of arguments." "Lord Auchinleck told me," wrote Lord Hailes, "that he understood Judge Yates's arguments, but not the others. 'Now,' said he, 'when I meet with a thing that I

of your Judges not with that respect which I should wish to do." To the argument of one of them, that there can be no property in blasphemy or nonsense, he answered, "then your rotten sheep are mine!—By that rule, when a man's house falls into decay, he must lose it." I mentioned an argument of mine, that literary performances are not taxed. As Churchill says,

"No statesman yet has thought it worth his pains  
To tax our labours, or excise our brains."

and therefore they are not property, "Yet, (said he) we hang a man for stealing a horse, and, horses are not taxed." Mr. Pitt has since put an end to that argument.

*Wednesday, 18th August.*

On this day we set out from Edinburgh. We should gladly have had Mr. Scott to go with us; but he was obliged to return to England.—I have given a sketch of Dr. Johnson. My readers may wish to know a little of his fellow-traveller. Think, then, of a gentleman, of ancient blood, the pride of which was his predominant passion. He was then in his thirty-third year, and had been about four years happily married. His inclination was to be a Soldier; but his father, a respectable Judge, had pressed him into the profession of the law. He had travelled a good deal, and seen many varieties of human life. He had thought more than any body supposed, and had a pretty good stock of general learning and knowledge. He had all Dr. Johnson's principles, with some degree of relaxation. He had rather too little, than too much prudence; and, his imagination being lively, he often said things of which the effect was very different from the intention.<sup>1</sup> He resembled sometimes

do not understand, I conclude it to be nonsense.' The question itself is not difficult. That the author has a right to his conception while in his head or in his cabinet is certain. The bar jumped from *ideas* to the *written book*. I took an intermediate step—the words. Has a man a right to the property of a *bon-mot* as long as he lives, and his heirs after him?"

<sup>1</sup> In another place (*Memoir, Europ. Mag.*) Mr. Boswell says of himself:—"In giving an account of this gentleman there is little occasion to make private enquiries, as from a certain peculiarity, frank, open, and ostentatious, which he avows, his history, like that of the old Seigneur Michael de Montaigne, is to be traced

in his writings." And he adds, that he has a certain "egotism and self-applause which he is still displaying, yet, it *would seem, with a conscious smile.*

"BOSWELL is modest enough,  
Himself not quite PHŒBUS he thinks."

And,

"He has all the bright fancy of youth,  
With the judgment of forty and five;  
In short, to declare the plain truth,  
There is no better fellow alive."

Baretti (*Marginalia*) talks of Boswell's "vivacity—that is, he makes more noise than any body in company, talking and laughing loud."

“The best good man, with the worst-natur’d muse.”

He cannot deny himself the vanity of finishing with the encomium of Dr. Johnson, whose friendly partiality to the companion of his Tour, represents him as one “whose acuteness would help my inquiry, and whose gaiety of conversation, and civility of manners, are sufficient to counteract the inconveniencies of travel, in countries less hospitable than we have passed.”

Dr. Johnson thought it unnecessary to put himself to the additional expence of bringing with him Francis Barber, his faithful black servant; so we were attended only by my man, Joseph Ritter, a Bohemian; a fine stately fellow above six feet high, who had been over a great part of Europe, and spoke many languages.<sup>1</sup> He was the best servant I ever saw in my life. Let not my readers disdain his introduction! For Dr. Johnson gave him this character: “Sir, he is a civil man, and a wise man.”

From an erroneous apprehension of violence, Dr. Johnson had provided a pair of pistols, some gunpowder, and a quantity of bullets. But upon being assured we should run no risk of meeting any robbers, he left his arms and ammunition in an open drawer, of which he gave my wife the charge. He also left in that drawer one volume of a pretty full and curious Diary of his Life, of which I have a few fragments; but the book has been destroyed. I wish female curiosity had been strong enough to have had it all transcribed, which might easily have been done; and I should think the theft, being *pro bono publico*, might have been forgiven. But I may be wrong. My wife told me she never once looked into it.—She did not seem quite easy when we left her. But away we went!

Mr. Nairne, advocate, was to go with us as far as St. Andrews. It gives me pleasure that, by mentioning his *name*, I connect his title to the just and handsome compliment paid him by Dr. Johnson, in his book: “A gentleman who could stay with us only long enough to make us know how much we lost by his leaving us.” When we came to Leith, I talked with perhaps too boasting an air, how pretty the Frith of Forth looked; as indeed, after the prospect from Constantinople, of which I have been told, and that from Naples, which I have seen, I believe the view of that Frith and its environs, from the Castle-hill of Edinburgh, is the finest prospect in Europe. “Aye

*Second Edition.*—Line 13: “in my life” omitted.

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<sup>1</sup> Ritter, as Scott informed Mr. Arms” at Paisley. Croker, afterwards kept the “Abercorn

(said Mr. Johnson) that is the state of the world. Water is the same everywhere."

"Una est injusti cœrula forma maris."\*

I told him the port here was the mouth of the river or water of *Leith*. "Not *Lethe*," said Mr. Nairne. "Why, Sir (said Dr. Johnson) when a Scotchman sets out from this port for England, he forgets his native country." NAIRNE. "I hope, Sir, you shall forget England here." JOHNSON. "Then 'twill be still more *Lethe*." He observed of the Pier or Quay, "you have no occasion for so large a one: your trade does not require it: But you are like a shopkeeper who takes a shop, not only for what he has to put into it, but that it may be believed he has a great deal to put into it." It is very true, that there is now, comparatively, little trade upon the eastern coast of Scotland. The riches of Glasgow shew how much there is in the west; and perhaps we shall find trade travel westwards, on a great scale, as well as a small.

We talked of a man's drowning himself.—JOHNSON. "I should never think it time to make away with myself." I put the case of Eustace Budgel, who was accused of forging a will, and sunk himself in the Thames, before the trial of its authenticity came on. "Suppose, Sir, (said I) that a man is absolutely sure, that, if he lives a few days longer, he shall be detected in a fraud, the consequence of which will be utter disgrace and expulsion from society?" JOHNSON. "Then, Sir, let him go abroad to a distant country; let him go to some place where he is *not* known. Don't let him go to the devil where he *is* known!"

He then said, "I see a number of people bare footed here. I suppose you all went so before the Union. Boswell, your ancestors went so, when they had as much land as your family has now. Yet *Auchinleck* is the *Field of Stones*. There would be bad going bare footed there. The Lairds however did it." I bought some *speldings*, fish (generally whittings) salted and dried in a particular manner, being dipped in the sea and dried in the sun, and eat by the Scots by way of a relish. He had never seen them, though they are sold

\* Ovid. Epist.

Second Edition.—Above note altered to—

"Non illic urbes, non tu mirabere silvas;  
Una est injusti cœrula forma maris.

Ovid. Amor. L. II. El. xi.

"Nor groves nor towns the ruthless ocean shows;  
Unvaried still its azure surface flows."

Cor. et Ad.—Line 8: Malone has altered this speech to "'twill still be more *Læthe*."

in London. I insisted on *scottifying*\* his palate; But he was very reluctant. With difficulty I prevailed with him to let a bit of one of those *speldings* lye in his mouth. He did not like it.

In crossing the Frith, Dr. Johnson determined that we should land upon Inch Keith. On approaching it, we first observed a high rocky shore. We coasted about, and put into a little bay on the North-west. We clambered up a very steep ascent, on which was very good grass, but rather a profusion of thistles. There were sixteen head of black cattle grazing upon the island. Lord Hailes observed to me, that Brantome calls it *L'isle des Chevaux*, and that it was probably "a safer stable" than many others in his time. The fort, with an inscription on it, *Maria Re* 1564, is strongly built. Dr. Johnson examined it with much attention. He stalked like a giant among the luxuriant thistles and nettles. There are three wells in the island; but we could not find one in the fort. There must probably have been one, though now filled up, as a garrison could not subsist without it. But I have dwelt too long on this little spot. Dr. Johnson afterwards bid me try to write a description of our discovering Inch Keith, in the usual style of travellers, describing fully every particular; how we concluded that it must have once been inhabited, and introducing many sage reflections; and we should see how a thing might be covered in words, so as to induce people to come and see it. All that was said might be true, and yet in reality there might be nothing to see. He said, "I'd have this island. I'd build a house, make a good landing-place, have a garden, and vines, and all sorts of trees. A rich man, of a hospitable turn, here, would have many visitors from Edinburgh." When we had got into our boat again, he called to me, "Come, now, pay a classical compliment to the island on quitting it." I happened luckily, in allusion to the beautiful Queen Mary, whose name is upon the fort, to think of what Virgil makes Æneas say, on leaving the country of his charming Dido.

"Invitus regina tuo de litore cessi."

"Very well hit off!" said he.

We dined at Kinghorn, and then got into a post-chaise. Mr. Nairne and his servant, and Joseph, rode by us. We stopped at

\* My friend, General Campbell, Governour of Madras, tells me, that they make *speldings* in the East-Indies, particularly at Bombay, where they call them *Bombaloes*.

*Second Edition.*—Line 33, note added—

"Unhappy Queen!

Unwilling I forsook your friendly state."

*Dryden.*

Cupar, and drank tea. We talked of parliament; and I said, I supposed very few of the members knew much of what was going on, as indeed very few gentlemen know much of their own private affairs.—JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, if a man is not of a sluggish mind, he may be his own steward. If he will look into his affairs, he will soon learn. So it is as to publick affairs. There must always be a certain number of men of business in parliament." BOSWELL. "But consider, sir, what is the House of Commons? Is not a great proportion of it chosen by Peers? Do you think, sir, they ought to have such an influence?" JOHNSON. "Yes, sir. Influence must ever be in proportion to property; and it is right it should." BOSWELL. "But is there not reason to fear that the common people may be oppressed?" JOHNSON. "No, sir. Our great fear is from want of power in government. Such a storm of vulgar force has broken in." BOSWELL. "It has only roared." JOHNSON. "Sir, it has roared, till the Judges in Westminster-Hall have been afraid to pronounce sentence in opposition to the popular cry. You are frightened by what is no longer dangerous, like Presbyterians by Popery." He then repeated a passage, I think, in Butler's "Remains," which ends, "and would cry, Fire! Fire! in Noah's flood."\*

We had a dreary drive, in a dusky night, to St. Andrew's, where we arrived late. We found a good supper at Glass's inn, and Dr. Johnson revived agreeably. He said, the collection called "The Muses' Welcome to King James," (first of England, and sixth of Scotland,) on his return to his native kingdom, shewed that there was then abundance of learning in Scotland; and that the conceits in that collection, with which people find fault, were mere mode. He said, we could not now entertain a sovereign so; that Buchanan

\* The passage quoted by Dr. Johnson is in the "Character of the Assembly-man," Butler's "Remains," p. 232, edit. 1754—"He preaches, indeed, both in season and out of season; for he rails at Popery, when the land is almost lost in Presbytery; and would cry Fire! Fire! in Noah's flood."

There is reason to believe that this piece was not written by Butler, but by Sir John Birkenhead; for Wood, in his "Athenæ Oxonienses," Vol. II. p. 640, enumerates it among that gentleman's works, and gives the following account of it:

"'The Assembly-man' (or the character of an Assembly-man) written 1647, Lond. 1662-3, in three sheets in qu. The copy of it was taken from the authour by those who said they could not rob, because all was theirs; so excised what they liked not; and so mangled and reformed it, that it was no character of an Assembly, but of themselves. At length, after it had slept several years, the author published it, to avoid false copies. It is also reprinted in a book entit. 'Wit and Loyalty revived,' in a collection of some smart satyrs in verse and prose on the late times. Lond. 1682, qu. said to be written by Abr. Cowley, Sir John Birkenhead, and Hudibras, alias Sam. Butler."—For this information I am indebted to Mr. Reed, of Staple inn.

Second Edition.—Last line altered—"He added."



had spread the spirit of learning amongst us, but we had lost it during the civil wars. He did not allow the Latin poetry of Pitcairne so much merit, as has been usually attributed to it; though he owned that one of his pieces which he mentioned, but which I am sorry is not specified in my notes, was "very well." It is not improbable that it was the poem which Prior has so elegantly translated.

After supper, we made a *procession* to Saint Leonard's College, the landlord walking before us with a candle, and the waiter with a lantern. That college had some time before been dissolved; and Dr. Watson, a professor here, (the historian of Philip II.) had purchased the ground, and what buildings remained. When we entered his court, it seemed quite academical; and we found in his house very comfortable and genteel accommodation.\*

*Thursday, 19th August.*

We rose much refreshed. I had with me a map of Scotland, a Bible, which was given me by Lord Mounstuart, when we were together in Italy, and "Ogden's Sermons on Prayer." Mr. Nairne introduced us to Dr. Watson, whom we found a well-informed man, of very amiable manners. Dr. Johnson, after they were acquainted, said, "I take great delight in him."—His daughter, a very pleasing young lady, made breakfast. Dr. Watson observed, that Glasgow University had fewer home students, since trade increased, as learning was rather incompatible with it. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, as trade is now carried on by subordinate hands, men in trade have as much leisure as others; and now learning itself is a trade. A man goes to a bookseller, and gets what he can. We have done with patronage. In the infancy of learning, we find some great man praised for it. This diffused it among others. When it becomes general, an authour leaves the great, and applies to the multitude." BOSWELL. "It is a shame that authours are not now better patronized." JOHNSON. "No, sir. If learning cannot support a man, if he must sit with his hands across till somebody feeds him, it is as to him a bad thing, and it is better as it is. With patronage, what flattery! what falsehood! While a man is in equilibrio, he throws truth among the multitude, and lets them take it as they please; in patronage, he must say what pleases his patron, and it is an equal chance whether that be truth or falsehood." WATSON. "But is not the case now, that, instead of flattering one person, we flatter the age?" JOHNSON.

\* My Journal, from this day inclusive, was read by Dr. Johnson.

"No, sir. The world always lets a man tell what he thinks, his own way. I wonder however, that so many people have written, who might have let it alone. That people should be able to excel in conversation, I do not wonder; because in conversation praise is instantly reverberated."

We talked of change of manners. Dr. Johnson observed, that our drinking less than our ancestors was owing to the change from ale to wine. "I remember (said he) when all the *decent* people in Lichfield got drunk every night, and were not the worse thought of. Ale was cheap, so you pressed strongly. When a man must bring a bottle of wine, he is not in such haste. Smoaking has gone out. To be sure, it is a shocking thing, blowing smoak out of our mouths into other peoples mouths, eyes, and noses, and having the same thing done to us. Yet I cannot account why a thing which requires so little exertion, and yet preserves the mind from total vacuity, should have gone out. Every man has something by which he calms himself: beating with his feet, or so.\* I remember when people in England changed a shirt only once a week: a Pandour, when he gets a shirt, greases it to make it last. Formerly, good tradesmen had no fire but in the kitchen; never in the parlour, except on Sunday. My father, who was a magistrate of Lichfield, lived thus. They never began to have a fire in the parlour, but on leaving off business, or some great revolution of their life." Dr. Watson said, the hall was as a kitchen, in old squires houses. JOHNSON. "No, Sir. The hall was for great occasions, and never was used for domestic refection." We talked of the Union, and what money it had brought into Scotland. Dr. Watson observed, that a little money formerly went as far as a great deal now. JOHNSON. "In speculation, it seems that a smaller quantity of money, equal in value to a larger quantity, if equally divided, should produce the same effect. But it is not so in reality. Many more conveniences and elegancies are enjoyed where money is plenty, than where it is scarce. Perhaps a great familiarity with it, which arises from plenty, makes us more easily part with it."

After what Dr. Johnson has said of St. Andrew's, which he had long wished to see, as our ancient university, and the seat of our Primate in the days of episcopacy, I can say little. Since the publication of Dr. Johnson's book, I find that he has been censured for not seeing here the ancient chapel of St. Rule, a curious piece of sacred architecture. But this was neither his fault nor mine. We were both of us abundantly desirous of surveying such sort of an-

\* Dr. Johnson used to practice this himself very much.

tiquities; but neither of us knew of this. I am afraid the censure must fall on those who did not tell us of it. In every place, where there is anything worthy of observation, there should be a short printed directory for strangers, such as we find in all the towns of Italy, and in some of the towns in England. I was told that there is a manuscript account of St. Andrew's by Martin, secretary to Archbishop Sharp; and that one Douglas has published a small account of it. I inquired at a bookseller's, but could not get it. Dr. Johnson's veneration for the Hierarchy is well known. There is no wonder then, that he was affected with a strong indignation, while he beheld the ruins of religious magnificence. I happened to ask where John Knox was buried. Dr. Johnson burst out, "I hope in the high-way. I have been looking at his reformations."

It was a very fine day. Dr. Johnson seemed quite wrapt up in the contemplation of the scenes which were now presented to him. He kept his hat off while he was upon any part of the ground where the cathedral had stood. He said well, that "Knox had set on a mob, without knowing where it would end; and that differing from a man in doctrine was no reason why you should pull his house about his ears." As we walked in the cloisters, there was a solemn echo, while he talked loud of a proper retirement from the world. Mr. Nairne said, he had an inclination to retire. I called Dr. Johnson's attention to this, that I might hear his opinion if it was right.—JOHNSON. "Yes, when he has done his duty to society. In general, as every man is obliged not only to 'love GOD, but his neighbour as himself,' he must bear his part in active life; yet there are exceptions. Those who are exceedingly scrupulous (which I do not approve, for I am no friend to scruples) and find their scrupulosity invincible, so that they are quite in the dark, and know not what they shall do—or those who cannot resist temptations, and find they make themselves worse by being in the world, without making it better, may retire. I never read of a hermit, but in imagination I kiss his feet; never of a monastery, but I could fall on my knees, and kiss the pavement. But I think putting young people there, who know nothing of life, nothing of retirement, is dangerous and wicked. It is a saying as old as Hesiod,

*Εργα νεῶν, Βουλαίτε μέσων, ἔυκαιτε γερόντων.*

*Second Edition.*—Note put on last line :—

"Let active enterprize the young engage,  
The riper man be famed for counsel sage;  
Prayer is the proper duty of old age."

*Third Edition.*—

"Let youth in deeds, in counsel man engage;  
Prayer is the proper duty of old age."

That is a very noble line, not that young men should not pray, or old men not give counsel, but that every season of life has its proper duties. I have thought of retiring, and have talked of it to a friend ; but I find my vocation is rather to active life." I said *some* young monks might be allowed, to show that it is not age alone that can retire to pious solitude ; but he thought this would only show they could not resist temptation.

He wanted to mount the steeples, but it could not be done. There are no good inscriptions here. Bad Roman characters he naturally mistook for half Gothick, half Roman. One of the steeples which he was told was in danger, he wished not to be taken down ; "for, said he, it may fall on some of the posterity of John Knox ; and no great matter !" Dinner was mentioned.—JOHNSON. "Aye, aye ; amidst all these sorrowful scenes, I have no objection to dinner."

We went and looked at the castle, where Cardinal Beaton was murdered, and then visited Principal Murison at his college, where is a good library-room ; but the Principal was abundantly vain of it, for he seriously said to Dr. Johnson, "you have not such a one in England."

The professors entertained us with a very good dinner. Present : Murison, Shaw, Cooke, Hill, Hadlo, Watson, Flint, Brown. I observed, that I wondered to see him eat so well, after viewing so many sorrowful scenes of ruined religious magnificence. "Why, said he, I am not sorry, after seeing these gentlemen ; for they are not sorry." Murison said, all sorrow was bad, as it was murmuring against the dispensations of Providence. JOHNSON. "Sir, sorrow is inherent in humanity. As you cannot judge two and two to be either five, or three, but certainly four, so, when comparing a worse present state with a better which is past, you cannot but feel sorrow. It is not cured by reason, but by the incursion of present objects, which wear out the past. You need not murmur, though you are sorry." MURISON. "But St. Paul says, 'I have learnt, in whatever state I am, therewith to be content.'" JOHNSON. "Sir, that relates to riches and poverty ; for we see St. Paul, when he had a thorn in the flesh, prayed earnestly to have it removed ; and then he could not be content." Murison, thus refuted, tried to be smart, and drank to Dr. Johnson, "Long may you lecture !" Dr. Johnson afterwards, speaking of his not drinking wine, said, "The Doctor spoke of *lecturing* (looking to him). I give all these lectures on water."

He defended requiring subscription in those admitted to universities, thus :—"As all who come into the country must obey the king-

so all who come into an university must be of the church." And here I must do Dr. Johnson the justice to contradict a very absurd and ill-natured story, as to what passed at St. Andrew's. It has been circulated, that, after grace was said in English, in the usual manner, he with the greatest marks of contempt, as if he had held it to be no grace in an university, would not sit down till he had said grace aloud in Latin. This would have been an insult indeed to the gentlemen who were entertaining us. But the truth was precisely thus. In the course of conversation at dinner, Dr. Johnson, in very good humour, said, "I should have expected to have heard a Latin grace, among so many learned men: we had always a Latin grace at Oxford. I believe I can repeat it." Which he did, as giving the learned men in one place a specimen of what was done by the learned men in another place.

We went and saw the church, in which is Archbishop Sharp's monument. I was struck with the same kind of feelings with which the churches of Italy impressed me. I was pleased, curiously pleased, to see Dr. Johnson actually in St. Andrew's, of which we had talked so long. Professor Haddo was with us this afternoon, along with Dr. Watson. We looked at St. Salvador's College. The rooms for students seemed very commodious, and Dr. Johnson said, the chapel was the neatest place of worship he had seen. The key of the library could not be found; for it seems Professor Hill, who was out of town, had taken it with him. Dr. Johnson told a joke he had heard of a monastery abroad, where the key of the library could never be found.

It was somewhat dispiriting, to see this ancient archiepiscopal city now sadly deserted. We saw in one of its streets a remarkable proof of liberal toleration; a nonjuring clergyman, with a jolly countenance and a round belly, like a well-fed monk, strutting about in his canonicals.

We observed two occupations united in the same person, who had hung out two sign-posts. Upon one was "James Hood, White Iron Smith" (*i. e.* Tin-plate Worker). Upon another, "The Art of Fencing taught, by James Hood."—Upon this last were painted some trees, and two men fencing, one of whom had hit the other in the eye, to shew his great dexterity; so that the art was well taught. JOHNSON. "Were I studying here, I should go and take a lesson. I remember Hope, in his book on this art, says, 'the Scotch are very good fencers.'"

We returned to the inn, where we had been entertained at dinner, and drank tea in company with some of the Professors, of whose civilities I beg leave to add my humble and very grateful acknowledgement to the honourable testimony of Dr. Johnson, in his "Journey."

We talked of composition, which was a favourite topick of Dr. Watson's, who first distinguished himself by lectures on rhetoric. JOHNSON. "I advised Chambers, and would advise every young man beginning to compose, to do it as fast as he can, to get a habit of having his mind to start promptly; it is so much more difficult to improve in speed than in accuracy." WATSON. "I own I am for much attention to accuracy in composing, lest one should get bad habits of doing it in a slovenly manner." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, you are confounding *doing* inaccurately with the *necessity* of doing inaccurately. A man knows when his composition is inaccurate, and when he thinks fit he'll correct it. But, if a man is accustomed to compose slowly, and with difficulty, upon all occasions, there is danger that he may not compose at all, as we do not like to do that which is not done easily; and, at any rate, more time is consumed in a small matter than ought to be." WATSON said, "Dr. Hugh Blair took a week to compose a sermon." JOHNSON. "Then, Sir, that is for want of the habit of composing quickly, which I am insisting one should acquire." WATSON said, "Blair was not composing all the week, but only such hours as he found himself disposed for composition." JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, unless you tell me the time he took, you tell me nothing. If I say I took a week to walk a mile, and have had the gout five days, and been ill otherwise another day, I have taken but one day. I myself have composed about forty sermons. I have begun a sermon after dinner, and sent it off by the post that night. I wrote forty-eight of the printed octavo pages of the Life of Savage at a sitting; but then I sat up all night. I have also written six sheets in a day of translation from the French." BOSWELL. "We have all observed how one man dresses himself slowly, and another fast." JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir; it is wonderful how much time some people will consume in dressing; taking up a thing and looking at it, and laying it down, and taking it up again. Every one should get the habit of doing it quickly. I would say to a young divine, 'Here is your text; let me see how soon you can make a sermon.' Then I'd say, 'Let me see how much better you can make it.' Thus I should see both his powers and his judgement."

We all went to Dr. Watson's to supper. Miss Sharp, great grandchild of Archbishop Sharp, was there; as was Mr. Craig, the

ingenious architect of the new town of Edinburgh, and nephew of Thomson, to whom Dr. Johnson has since done so much justice, in his "Lives of the Poets."

We talked of memory, and its various modes.—JOHNSON. "Memory will play strange tricks. One sometimes loses a single word. I once lost *fugaces* in the Ode 'Posthume, Posthume.'" I mentioned to him, that a worthy gentleman of my acquaintance actually forgot his own name. JOHNSON. "Sir, that was a morbid oblivion."

*Friday, 20th August.*

Dr. Shaw, the professor of divinity, breakfasted with us. I took out my "Ogden on Prayer," and read some of it to the company. Dr. Johnson praised him. "Abernethy (said he) allows only of a physical effect of prayer upon the mind, which may be produced many ways, as well as by prayer; for instance, by meditation. Ogden goes farther. In truth, we have the consent of all nations for the efficacy of prayer, whether offered up by individuals, or by assemblies; and Revelation has told us, it will be effectual." I said, "Leechman seemed to incline to Abernethy's doctrine." Watson observed, that Leechman meant to shew, that, even admitting no effect to be produced by prayer, respecting the Deity, it was useful to our own minds. He had given only a part of his system: Dr. Johnson thought he should have given the whole.

Dr. Johnson enforced the strict observance of Sunday. Said he, 'It should be different from another day. People may walk; but not throw stones at birds. There may be relaxation, but there should be no levity.'

We went and saw Colonel Nairne's garden and grotto. Here was a fine old plane tree. Unluckily the colonel said, there was but this and another large tree in the county. This was an excellent cue for Dr. Johnson, who laughed enormously, calling to me to hear this. He had expatiated to me on the nakedness of that part of Scotland which he had seen. His Journey has been violently abused, for what he has said upon this subject. But let it be considered, that, when Dr. Johnson talks of trees, he means trees of good size, such as he was accustomed to see in England; and of these there are certainly very few upon the *eastern coast* of Scotland. Besides, he said, that he meant to give only a map of the road; and let any traveller observe how many trees, which

deserve the name, he can see from the road from Berwick to Aberdeen. Had Dr. Johnson said "there are *no* trees" upon this line, he would have said what is colloquially true; because, by no trees, in common speech, we mean few. When he is particular in counting, he may be attacked. I know not how Colonel Nairne came to say there were but *two* large trees in the county of Fife. I did not perceive that he smiled. There are not a great many, to be sure; but I could have shewn him more than two at Balmuto, from whence my ancestor came.

In the grotto, we saw a wonderful large lobster claw. In front of it were petrified stocks of fir, plane, and some other tree. Dr. Johnson said, "Scotland has no right to boast of this grotto; it is owing to personal merit. I never denied personal merit to many of you." Professor Shaw said to me, as we walked, "This is a wonderful man: he is master of every subject he handles." Dr. Watson allowed him a very strong understanding, but wondered at his total inattention to established manners, as he came from London.

I have not preserved, in my Journal, any of the conversation which passed between Dr. Johnson and Professor Shaw; but I recollect Dr. Johnson said to me afterwards, "I took much to Shaw."

We left St. Andrew's about noon, and some miles from it observing, at Leuchars, a church with an old tower, we stopped to look at it. The *manse*, as the parsonage-house is called in Scotland, was close by. I waited on the minister, mentioned our names, and begged he would tell us what he knew about it. He was a very civil old man; but could only inform us, that it was supposed to have stood eight hundred years. He told us, there was a colony of Danes in his parish; that they had landed at a remote period of time, and still remained a distinct people. Dr. Johnson shrewdly inquired if they had brought women with them. We were not satisfied, as to this colony.

We saw, this day, Dundee and Aberbrothick, the last of which Dr. Johnson has celebrated in his "Journey." Upon the road we talked of the Roman Catholick faith. He mentioned (I think)

*Second Edition.*—Line 7: Altered to "there are certainly not a great many."

*Ibid.*—Lines 7, 8: "To be sure" omitted.<sup>1</sup>

*Ibid.*—Line 9: Altered to "from whence my ancestors came, and which now belongs to a branch of my family. In the grotto we saw a lobster's claw uncommonly large."

*Third Edition.*—Line 10: *Dele* "In the grotto," &c., to "claw;" and read—"The grotto was ingeniously constructed."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Scotticisms.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Boswell no doubt felt that there

was a want of dignity in recording the incident of the lobster-claw.



Tillotson's argument against transubstantiation: "That we are as sure we see bread and wine only, as that we read in the Bible the text on which that false doctrine is founded. We have only the evidence of our senses for both." "If (he added) GOD had never spoken figuratively, we might hold that he speaks literally, when he says, 'This is my body.'" BOSWELL. "But what do you say, Sir, to the ancient and continued tradition of the church upon this point?" JOHNSON. "Tradition, Sir, has no place, where the Scriptures are plain; and tradition cannot persuade a man into a belief of transubstantiation. Able men, indeed, have *said* they believed it."

This is an awful subject. I did not then press Dr. Johnson upon it; nor shall I now enter upon a disquisition concerning the import of those words uttered by our Saviour, which had such an effect upon many of his disciples, that they "went back, and walked no more with him." The Catechism and solemn office for Communion, in the Church of England, maintain a mysterious belief in more than a mere commemoration of the death of Christ, by partaking of the elements of bread and wine.

Dr. Johnson put me in mind that, at St. Andrew's, I had defended my profession very well, when the question had again been started, whether a Lawyer might honestly engage with the first side that offers him a fee? "Sir (said I) it was with your arguments against Sir William Forbes. But it was much that I could wield the arms of Goliath."

He said our judges had not gone deep in literary property. I mentioned Lord Monboddo's opinion, that if a man could get a work by heart, he might print it, as by such an act the mind is exercised.—JOHNSON. "No, Sir; a man's repeating it no more makes it his property, than a man may sell a cow which he drives home."<sup>1</sup> I said, printing an abridgement of a work was allowed, which was only cutting the horns and tail off the cow. JOHNSON. "No, Sir; 'tis making the cow have a calf."

*Third Edition.*—On line 16 put a note: "*Then Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, except ye eat the flesh of the son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you.*" See St. John's Gospel, chap. vi. 53, and following verses.

*Second Edition.*—Line 26: Altered to "gone deep in the question concerning literary property."

<sup>1</sup> Lord Monboddo's rather fantastic views seem to justify Johnson's opinion. "No man has a property in ideas, but he has a property in words which no man can take from him. . . This is the difference between a plagiarist and a printer.

The plagiarist steals thoughts, the printer only the words. If a man could get a book by heart, without understanding it, and repeat it to a printer, there would be no injustice."

About eleven at night, we arrived at Montrose. We found but a sorry inn, where I myself saw another waiter put a lump of sugar with his finger into Dr. Johnson's lemonade, for which he called him "Rascal!" It put me in great glee that our landlord was an Englishman. I rallied the Doctor upon this, and he grew quiet. Both Sir John Hawkins's and Dr. Burney's History of Music had then been advertised. I asked if this was not unlucky? Would not they hurt one another?—JOHNSON. "No, Sir. They will do good to one another. Some will buy the one, some the other, and compare them; and so a talk is made about a thing, and the books are sold."

He was angry at me for proposing to carry lemons with us to Sky, that he might be sure to have his lemonade. "Sir (said he) I do not wish to be thought that feeble man who cannot do without any thing. Sir, it is very bad manners to carry provisions to any man's house, as if he could not entertain you. To an inferiour, it is oppressive; to a superiour, it is insolent."

Having taken the liberty, this evening, to remark to Dr. Johnson, that he very often sat quite silent for a long time, even when in company with only a single friend, which I myself had sometimes sadly experienced, he smiled and said, "It is true, Sir. Tom Tyers (for so he familiarly called our ingenious friend, who, since his death, has paid a biographical tribute to his memory) Tom Tyers described me the best. He once said to me, 'Sir, you are like a ghost. You never speak till you are spoken to.'"

*Saturday, 21st August.*

Neither the Rev. Mr. Nisbet, the established minister, nor the Rev. Mr. Spooner, the episcopal minister, were in town. Before breakfast, we went and saw the town-hall, where is a good dancing-room, and other rooms for tea-drinking. The appearance of the town from it is very well, only many of the houses are built with their ends to the street, which looks aukward. When we came down from it, I met Mr. Gleg, the merchant here. He went with us to see the English chapel. It is situated on a pretty dry spot, and there is a fine walk to it. It is really an elegant building, both within and without. The organ is adorned with green and gold.

*Second Edition.*—Line 25: A note—"This description of Dr. Johnson, appears to have been borrowed from 'Tom Jones,' Book XI. chap. ii. 'The other who, like a ghost, only wanted to be spoke to, readily answered,' &c."

*Ibid.*—Line 33: "the merchant here" altered to "a merchant here."

Dr. Johnson gave a shilling extraordinary to the clerk, saying, "He belongs to an honest church." I put him in mind, that episcopals were but *dissenters* here; they were only *tolerated*. "Sir (said he) we are here, as Christians in Turkey." Dr. Johnson went into an apothecary's, and ordered some medicine for himself, and wrote the prescription in technical characters. The boy took him for a physician.

I doubted much which road to take, whether to go by the coast, or by Laurence Kirk and Monboddò. I knew Lord Monboddò and Dr. Johnson did not love each other; yet I was unwilling not to visit his lordship; and was also curious to see them together.\* I mentioned it to Dr. Johnson, who said, "He would go two miles out of his way to see Lord Monboddò." I therefore sent forward Joseph, with the following note:

"Montrose, 21 August.

"MY DEAR LORD,—Thus far I am come with Mr. Samuel Johnson. We must be at Aberdeen to-night. I know you do not admire him so much as I do; but I cannot be in this country without making you a bow at your old place, as I do not know if I may again have an opportunity of seeing Monboddò. Besides, Mr. Johnson says, he would go two miles out of his way to see Lord Monboddò. I have sent forward my servant, that we may know if your lordship be at home. I am ever, my dear lord,

"Most sincerely your's."

As we travelled onwards from Montrose, we had the Grampion hills in our view, and some good land around us, but clear of trees and hedges. Dr. Johnson has said ludicrously, in his "Journey," that the *hedges* were of *stone*; for, instead of the verdant *thorn* to refresh the eye, we found the bare wall or *dike* intersecting the prospect. He observed, that it was wonderful to see a country so divested, so denuded of trees.

We stopped at Laurence Kirk, where our great grammarian, Ruddiman, was once schoolmaster. We respectfully remembered that excellent man and eminent scholar, by whose labours a knowledge of the Latin language will be preserved in Scotland, if it shall be preserved at all. Lord Gardenston, one of our judges, collected

\* There were several points of similarity between them; learning, clearness of head, precision of speech, and a love of research on many subjects which people in general do not investigate. Foote paid Lord Monboddò the compliment of saying, that he was "an Elzevir edition of Johnson."

*Second Edition.*—Added to note: "It has been shrewdly observed that Foote must have meant a diminutive, or *pocket* edition."

money to raise a monument to him at this place, which I hope will be well executed. I know my father gave five guineas towards it. Lord Gardenston is the proprietor of Laurence Kirk, and has encouraged the building of a manufacturing village, of which he is exceedingly fond, and has written a pamphlet upon it, as if he had founded Thebes; in which, however, there are many useful precepts strongly expressed. The village seemed to be irregularly built, some of the houses being of clay, some of brick, and some of brick and stone. Dr. Johnson observed, they thatched well here.

I was a little acquainted with Mr. Forbes, the minister of the parish. I sent to inform him that a gentleman desired to see him. He returned for answer, "that he would not come to a stranger." I then gave my name, and he came. I remonstrated to<sup>1</sup> him for not coming to a stranger; and, by presenting him to Dr. Johnson, proved to him what a stranger might sometimes be. His Bible inculcates "be not forgetful to entertain strangers," and mentions the same motive. He defended himself by saying, "He had once come to a stranger who sent for him; and he found him 'a little worth person!'"

Dr. Johnson insisted on stopping at the inn, as I told him that Lord Gardenston had furnished it with a collection of books, that travellers might have entertainment for the mind, as well as the body. He praised the design, but wished there had been more books, and those better chosen.

About a mile from Monboddo, where you turn off the road, Joseph was waiting to tell us my lord expected us to dinner. We drove over a wild moor. It rained, and the scene was somewhat dreary. Dr. Johnson repeated, with solemn emphasis, Macbeth's speech on meeting the witches. As we travelled on, he told me, "Sir, you got into our club by doing what a man can do. Several of the members wished to keep you out. Burke told me, he doubted if you was fit for it. But now you are in, none of them are sorry. Burke says, that you have so much good humour naturally, it is scarce a virtue." BOSWELL. "They were afraid of you, Sir, as it was you who proposed me." JOHNSON. "Sir, they knew, that if they refused you, they'd probably never have got in another. I'd have kept them all out. Beauclerk was very earnest for you." BOSWELL. "Beauclerk has a keenness of mind which is very un-

*Second Edition.*—On line 30, a note: "This, I find, is considered as obscure. I suppose Dr. Johnson meant, that I assiduously and earnestly recommended myself to some of the members, as in a canvass for an election into parliament."

*Ibid.*—Line 32: "was" altered to "were."

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<sup>1</sup> One of Boswell's Scotticisms, this first edition was full of such.

common." JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir; and every thing comes from him so easily. It appears to me that I labour, when I say a good thing." BOSWELL. "You are loud, Sir; but it is not an effort of mind."

Monboddo is a wretched place, wild and naked, with a poor old house; though, if I recollect right, there are two turrets which mark an old baron's residence. Lord Monboddo received us at his gate most courteously; pointed to the Douglas arms upon his house, and told us that his great-grandmother was of that family. "In such houses (said he) our ancestors lived, who were better men than we." "No, no, my lord (said Dr. Johnson). We are as strong as they, and a great deal wiser." This was an assault upon one of Lord Monboddo's capital dogmas, and I was afraid there would have been a violent altercation in the very close, before we got into the house. But his lordship is distinguished not only for "ancient metaphy-sicks," but for ancient *politesse*, "*la vieille cour*," and he made no reply.

His lordship was drest in a rustick suit, and wore a little round hat; told us, we now saw him as Farmer Burnett, and we should have his family dinner, a farmer's dinner. He said, "I should not have forgiven Mr. Boswell, had he not brought you here, Dr. Johnson." He produced a very long stalk of corn, as a specimen of his crop, and said "you see here the *latas segetes*," and observed that Virgil seemed to be as enthusiastick a farmer as he, and was certainly a practical one.—JOHNSON. "It does not always follow, my lord, that a man who has written a good poem on an art, has practised it. Philip Miller told me, that in Philips's 'Cyder,' a poem, all the precepts were just, and indeed better than in books written for the purpose of instructing; yet Philips had never made cyder."

I started the subject of emigrations. JOHNSON. "To a man of mere animal life, you can urge no argument against going to America, but that it will be some time before he will get the earth to produce. But a man of any intellectual enjoyment will not easily go and immerse himself and his posterity for ages in barbarism."

He and my lord spoke highly of Homer.—JOHNSON. "He had all the learning of his age. The shield of Achilles shews a nation in war, a nation in peace; harvest sport, nay stealing."\* MONBODDO.

\* My note of this is much too short. *Brevis esse laboro obscurus fio*. Yet, as I have resolved that *the very Journal which Dr. Johnson read* shall be presented to the publick, I will not expand the text in any considerable degree, though I may occasionally supply a word to compleat the sense, as I fill up the blanks of abbrevia-

*Second Edition*.—Line 18: "told us" altered to "he told us."  
 'd.—Line 29: "emigrations" altered to "emigration."

"Aye, and what we (looking to me) would call a parliament-house scene; a cause pleaded." JOHNSON. "That is part of the life of a nation in peace. And there are in Homer such characters of heroes, and combinations of qualities of heroes, that the united powers of mankind ever since have not produced any but what are to be found there." MONBODDO. "Yet no character is described." JOHNSON. "No; they all develope themselves. Agamemnon is always a gentleman-like character; he has always Βασιλικον τι. That the ancients held so, is plain from this; that Euripides, in his Hecuba, makes him the person to interpose."\* MONBODDO. "The history of manners is the most valuable. I never set a high value on any other history." JOHNSON. "Nor I; and therefore I esteem biography, as giving us what comes near to ourselves, what we can turn to use." BOSWELL. "But in the course of general history, we find manners. In wars, we see the dispositions of people, their degrees of humanity, and other particulars." JOHNSON. "Yes; but then you must take all the facts to get this; and it is but a little you get." MONBODDO. "And it is that little which makes history valuable." Bravo! thought I; they agree like two brothers. MONBODDO. "I am sorry, Dr. Johnson, you was not longer at Edinburgh, to receive the homage of our men of learning." JOHNSON. "My lord, I received great respect and great kindness." BOSWELL. "He goes back to Edinburgh after our tour." We talked of the decrease of learning in Scotland, and of the "Muses Welcome." JOHNSON. "Learning is much decreased in England, in my remembrance." MONBODDO. "You, Sir, have lived to see its decrease in England, I its extinction in Scotland." However, I brought him to confess that the High School of Edinburgh did well. JOHNSON. "Learning has decreased in England, because learning will not do so much for a man as formerly. There are other ways of getting preferment. Few bishops are now made for their learning. To be a bishop, a man must be learned in a learned age—factious in a factious age; but always of eminence. War-

in the writing; neither of which can be said to change the genuine Journal. One of the best critics of our age conjectures that the imperfect passage above has probably been as follows: "In his book we have an accurate display of a nation in war, and a nation in peace; the peasant is delineated as accurately as the general; nay, even harvest spot, and the modes of ancient theft, are described."

\* Dr. Johnson modestly said, he had not read Homer so much as he wished he had done. But this conversation shews how well he was acquainted with the Mæonian bard; and he has shewn it still more in his criticism upon Pope's Homer, in his Life of that Poet. My excellent friend, Mr. Langton, told me he was once present at a dispute between Dr. Johnson and Mr. Burke, on the comparative merits of Homer and Virgil, which was carried on with extraordinary abilities on both sides. Dr. Johnson maintained the superiority of Homer.

*Second Edition.*—Line 20: "was" altered to "were."

burton is an exception ; though his learning alone did not raise him. He was first an antagonist to Pope, and helped Theobald to publish his Shakspeare ; but, seeing Pope the rising man—when Crousaz attacked his Essay on Man, for some faults which it has, and some which it has not, Warburton defended it in the Review of that time. This brought him acquainted with Pope, and he gained his friendship. Pope introduced him to Allen—Allen married him to his niece : So, by Allen's interest and his own, he was made a bishop. But then his learning was the *sine quâ non* : He knew how to make the most of it ; but I do not find by any dishonest means." MONBODDO. "He is a great man." JOHNSON. "Yes ; he has great knowledge—great power of mind. Hardly any man brings greater variety of learning to bear upon his point." MONBODDO. "He is one of the greatest lights of your church." JOHNSON. "Why? we are not so sure of his being very friendly to us. He blazes, if you will ; but that is not always the steadiest light. Lowth is another bishop who has risen by his learning."

Dr. Johnson examined young Arthur, Lord Monboddo's son, in Latin. He answered very well ; upon which he said, with complacency, "Get you gone! When King James comes back, you shall be in the Muses Welcome!" My lord and Dr. Johnson disputed a little, whether the Savage or the London Shopkeeper had the best existence ; his lordship, as usual, preferring the Savage. My lord was as hospitable as I could have wished, and I saw both Dr. Johnson and him liking each other better every hour.

Dr. Johnson having retired for a short time, my lord spoke of his conversation as I could have wished. Dr. Johnson had said, "I have done greater feats with my knife than this ;" though he had taken a very hearty dinner.—My lord, who affects or believes he follows an abstemious system, seemed struck with Dr. Johnson's manner of living. I had a particular satisfaction in being under the roof of Monboddo, my lord being my father's old friend, and having been always very good to me. We were cordial together. He asked Dr. Johnson and me to stay all night. When I said we *must* be at Aberdeen, he replied, "Well, I am like the Romans : I shall say to you, 'Happy to come—happy to depart!'" He thanked Dr. Johnson for his visit. JOHNSON. "I little thought, when I had the honour to meet your lordship in London, that I

*Second Edition.*—Line 14 : "Why? we are" altered to "Why, we are."

*Ibid.*—Line 20 : A note—"I find some doubt has been entertained concerning Dr. Johnson's meaning here. It is to be supposed that he meant, 'when a king shall again be entertained in Scotland.'"

*Ibid.*—Line 29 : "taken a very hearty dinner" altered to "eaten a very hearty dinner."

should see you at Monboddo." After dinner, as the ladies were going away, Dr. Johnson would stand up. He insisted that politeness was of great consequence in society. "It is (said he) fictitious benevolence. It supplies the place of it amongst those who see each other only in publick, or but little. Depend upon it, the want of it never fails to produce something disagreeable to one or other. I have always applied to good breeding, what Addison in his Cato says of Honour,

" Honour's a sacred tie ; the law of Kings ;  
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,  
That aids and strengthens Virtue where it meets her,  
And imitates her actions where she is not."

When he took up his large oak stick, he said, "My lord, that's *homerick*;" thus pleasantly alluding to his lordship's favourite writer. Gory, my lord's black servant, was sent as our guide so far. This was another point of similarity between Johnson and Monboddo. I observed how curious it was to see an African in the north of Scotland, with little or no difference of manners from those of the natives. Dr. Johnson laughed to see Gory and Joseph riding together most cordially. "Those two fellows, (said he) one from Africa, the other from Bohemia, seem quite at home." He was much pleased with Lord Monboddo to-day. He said, he would have pardoned him for a few paradoxes, when he found he had so much that was good. But that, from his appearance in London, he thought him all paradox, which would not do." He observed, that his lordship had talked no paradoxes to-day. "And as to the savage and the London shopkeeper (said he) I don't know but I might have taken the side of the savage equally, had any body else taken the side of the shopkeeper." He had said to my lord, in opposition to the value of the savage's courage, that it was owing to his limited power of thinking, and repeated Pope's verses, in which "Macedonia's mad-man" is introduced, and the conclusion is,

" Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his nose."

I objected to the last phrase, as being low. JOHNSON. "Sir, it is intended to be low: it is satyr. The expression is debased, to debase the character."

*Second Edition.*—Line 15: New paragraph; and "was sent as our guide so far. This was another point of similarity between," &c., altered to—"was sent as our guide to conduct us to the high road. The circumstance of each of them having a black servant was another point of similarity between," &c.

*Ibid.*—Line 36: "satyr" changed to "satire."



When Gory was about to part from us, Dr. Johnson called to him, "Mr. Gory, give me leave to ask you a question! 'are you baptised?'" Gory told him he was—and confirmed by the Bishop of Durham. He then gave him a shilling.

We had tedious driving this afternoon and were a good deal drowsy. Last night I was afraid Dr. Johnson was beginning to faint in his resolution; for he said "If we must ride much, we shall not go, and there's an end on't." To-day, when he talked of Sky with spirit, I said, "Why, Sir, you seemed to me to despond yesterday. You are a delicate Londoner—You are a maccaroni! You can't ride." JOHNSON. "Sir, I shall ride better than you. I was only afraid I should not find a horse able to carry me." I hoped then there would be no fear of getting through our wild Tour! We came to Aberdeen at half an hour past eleven. The New Inn, we were told, was full. This was comfortless. The waiter, however, asked if one of our names was Boswell, and brought me a letter left at the inn. It was from Mr. Thrale, enclosing one to Dr. Johnson. Finding who I was, we were told they would contrive to lodge us by putting us for a night into a room with two beds. The waiter said to me in the broad strong Aberdeenshire dialect, "I thought I knew you, by your likeness to your father." My father puts up at the New Inn when on his circuit. Little was said to-night. I was to sleep in a little press bed in Dr. Johnson's room. I had it wheeled out into the dining-room, and there I lay very well.

*Sunday, 22nd August.*

I sent a message to Professor Thomas Gordon, who came and breakfasted with us. He had secured seats for us at the English chapel. We found a respectable congregation, and an admirable organ, well played by Mr. Tait.

We walked down to the shore. Dr. Johnson laughed to hear that Cromwell's soldiers taught the Aberdeen people to make shoes and stockings, and to plant cabbages. He asked, if weaving the plaids was ever a domestick art in the Highlands, like spinning or knitting. He could not be informed here. But he conjectured probably, that where people lived so remote from each other it would be a domestick art, as we see it was among the ancients from

*Second Edition.*—Line 5: "a good deal" changed to "somewhat."

*Ibid.*—Line 14: New paragraph.

*Ibid.*—Last line: "it would be" altered to "it was likely to be."

Penelope. I was sensible to-day, to an extraordinary degree, of Dr. Johnson's excellent English pronunciation. I cannot account for its striking me more now than any other day: But it was as if new to me; and I listened to every sentence which he spoke, as to a musical composition. Professor Gordon gave him an account of the plan of education in his college. Dr. Johnson said, it was similar to that at Oxford. Waller the poet's great grandson was studying here. Dr. Johnson wondered that a man should send his son so far off, when there were so many good schools in England. He said, "At a great school there is all the splendour and illumination of many minds; the radiance of all is concentrated in each, or at least reflected upon each. But we must own that neither a dull boy, nor an idle boy, will do so well at a great school as at a private one. For at a great school there are always boys enough to do well easily, who are sufficient to keep up the credit of the school; and after whipping being tried to no purpose, the dull or idle boys are left at the end of a class, having the appearance of going through the course, but learning nothing at all. Such boys may do good at a private school, where constant attention is paid to them, and they are watched. So that the question of publick or private education is not properly a general one; but whether one or the other is best for *my son*."

We were told this Mr. Waller was a plain country gentleman; and his son would be such another. I observed a family could not expect a poet but in a hundred generations. "Nay (said Dr. Johnson) not one family in a hundred can expect a poet in a hundred generations." He then repeated Dryden's celebrated lines,

"Three poets in three distant ages born," &c.

and a part of a Latin translation of it done at Oxford: \* he did not then say by whom.

He received a card from Sir Alexander Gordon, who had been his acquaintance twenty years ago in London, and who, "if forgiven for not answering a line from him," would come in the after-

*Second Edition.*—Line 23: "this Mr. Waller" altered to "the present Mr. Waller."

\* *London, 2d May, 1778.*

Dr. Johnson acknowledged that he was himself the author of the translation above alluded to, and dictated it to me as follows:

"Quos laudet vates Graius Romanus et Anglus  
Tres tria temporibus secla dedere suis  
Sublime ingenium Graius; Romanus habebat  
Carmen grande sonans; Anglus utrumque tullit.  
Nil majus Natura capit: clarare priores  
Quæ potuere duos tertius unus habet."

noon. Dr Johnson rejoiced to hear of him, and begged he would come and dine with us. I was much pleased to see the kindness with which Dr. Johnson received his old friend Sir Alexander; a gentleman of good family, Lismore, but who had not the estate. The King's College here made him Professor of Medicine, which affords him a decent subsistence. He told us Aberdeen exported stockings to the value of a hundred thousand pounds in peace, and to one hundred and seventy in war. Dr. Johnson asked, What made the difference? Here we had a proof of the different sagacity of the two professors. Sir Alexander answered, "Because there is more occasion for them in war." Professor Thomas answered, "Because the Germans, who are our great rivals in the manufacture of stockings, are otherwise employed in time of war." JOHNSON. "Sir, you have given a very good solution."

At dinner Dr. Johnson eat several plate-fulls of Scotch broth, with barley and peas in it, and seemed very fond of the dish. I said, "You never eat it before." JOHNSON. "No, Sir; but I don't care how soon I eat it again." My cousin, Miss Dallas, formerly of Inverness, was married to Mr. Riddoch, one of the ministers of the English chapel here. He was ill, and confined to his room; but she sent us a kind invitation to tea, which we all accepted. She was the same lively, sensible, cheerful woman, as ever. Dr. Johnson here threw out some jokes against Scotland. He said, "You go first to Aberdeen; then to *Enbru* (the Scots pronunciation of Edinburgh); then to Newcastle, to be polished by the colliers; then to York; then to London." And he laid hold of a little girl, Stuart Dallas, niece to Mrs. Riddoch, and, representing himself as a giant, said, he would take her with him! telling her, in a hollow voice, that he lived in a cave, and had a bed in the rock, and she should have a little bed cut opposite to it!

He thus treated the point, as to prescription of murder in Scotland. "A jury in England would make allowance for deficiencies of evidence, on account of lapse of time: but a general rule that a crime should not be punished, or tried for the purpose of punishment, after twenty years, is bad: It is cant to talk of the King's advocate delaying a prosecution from malice. How unlikely is it the King's advocate should have malice against people who commit murder, or should even know them at all. If the son of the murdered man should kill the murderer who got off merely by pre-

*Second Edition.*—Line 6: "He told us Aberdeen exported stockings to the value of a hundred thousand pounds in peace, and to one hundred and seventy in war" altered to "He told us that the value of the stockings exported from Aberdeen was in peace a hundred thousand pounds, and amounted in time of war to one hundred and seventy thousand pounds."

scription, I would help him to make his escape; though, were I upon his jury, I would not acquit him. I would not advise him to commit such an act. On the contrary, I would bid him submit to the determination of society, because a man is bound to submit to the inconveniences of it, as he enjoys the good: but the young man, though politically wrong, would not be morally wrong. He would have to say, 'Here I am amongst barbarians, who not only refuse to do justice, but encourage the greatest of all crimes. I am therefore in a state of nature: for, so far as there is no law, it is a state of nature: and consequently, upon the eternal and immutable law of justice, which requires that he who sheds man's blood should have his blood shed, I will stab the murderer of my father.'"<sup>1</sup>

We went to our inn and sat quietly. Dr. Johnson borrowed, at Mr. Riddoch's, a volume of Massillon's Discourses on the Psalms. But I found he read little in it. Ogden too he sometimes took up, and glanced at; but threw it down again. I then entered upon religious conversation. Never did I see him in a better frame: calm, gentle, wise, holy. I said, "Would not the same objection hold against the Trinity as against Transubstantiation?" "Yes," (said he) "if you take three and one in the same sense. If you do so, to be sure you cannot believe it: but the three persons in the Godhead are Three in one sense, and One in another. We cannot tell how; and that is the mystery!"

I spoke of the satisfaction of Christ. He said his notion was, that it did not atone for the sins of the world; but, by satisfying divine justice, by shewing that no less than the Son of God suffered for sin, it shewed to men and innumerable created beings, the heinousness of it, and therefore rendered it unnecessary for divine vengeance to be exercised against sinners, as it otherwise must have been; that in this way it might operate even in favour of those who had never heard of it: as to those who did hear of it, the effect it should produce would be repentance and piety, by impressing upon the mind a just notion of sin; that original sin was the propensity to evil, which no doubt was occasioned by the fall. He presented this solemn subject in a new light to me,<sup>a</sup> and rendered

<sup>a</sup> My worthy, intelligent, and candid friend, Dr. Kippis, informs me, that several divines have thus explained the mediation of our Saviour. What Dr. Johnson now delivered, was but a temporary opinion; for he afterwards was fully convinced of the *propitiatory sacrifice*, as I shall shew at large in my future work, "THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D."

<sup>1</sup> Johnson was here thinking of Macgrigor's case, discussed upon another occasion, when the son of the murdered

man assailed the discharged prisoner as he left court.

much more rational and clear the doctrine of what our Saviour has done for us;—as it removed the notion of imputed righteousness in co-operating, whereas by this view, Christ has done all already that he had to do, or is ever to do, for mankind, by making his great satisfaction; the consequences of which will affect each individual according to the particular conduct of each. I would illustrate this by saying, that Christ's satisfaction resembles a sun placed to shew light to men, so that it depends upon themselves whether they will walk the right way or not, which they could not have done without that sun, "*the sun of righteousness.*" There is, however, more in it than merely giving light—a *light to lighten the Gentiles*. For we are told there is *healing under his wings*. Dr. Johnson said to me, "Richard Baxter commends a treatise by Grotius, 'De Satisfactione Christi.' I have never read it: but I intend to read it; and you may read it." I remarked, upon the principle now laid down, we might explain the difficult and seemingly hard text, "They that believe shall be saved; and they that believe not shall be damned:" They that believe shall have such an impression made upon their minds, as will make them act so that they shall be accepted by God.

We talked of one of our friends taking ill, for a length of time, a hasty expression of Dr. Johnson's to him, on his introducing, in a mixed company, a religious subject so unseasonably as to provoke a rebuke. JOHNSON. "What is to come of society, if a friendship of twenty years is to be broken off for such a cause?" As Bacon says,

"Who then to frail mortality shall trust,  
But limns the water, or but writes in dust."

I said, he should write expressly in support of Christianity; for that, although a reverence for it shines through his works in several places, that is not enough. "You know (said I) what Grotius has done, and what Addison has done. You should do also." He replied, "I hope I shall."

*Second Edition.*—Line 19: "shall" changed to "may."

*Ibid.*—Lines 22, 23: "on his introducing in a mixed company a religious subject so unseasonably as to provoke a rebuke," altered to "on his attempting to prosecute a subject that had a reference to religion, beyond the bounds within which the Doctor thought such topics should be confined in a mixed company."<sup>1</sup>

*Ibid.*—Line 24: "to come" altered to "to become."

<sup>1</sup> See the conversation under May 7, 1773. This alteration proves that the friend was Mr. Langton, who no doubt protested against the word "rebuke."

It will be seen, too, that he had not "introduced," but only "attempted to prosecute," the subject.

Monday, 23<sup>d</sup> August.

Principal Campbell, Sir Alexander Gordon, Professor Gordon, and Professor Ross, visited us in the morning, as did Dr. Gerard, who had come in six miles from the country on purpose. We went and saw the Marischal College,<sup>a</sup> and at one o'clock we waited on the magistrates in the town-hall, as they had invited us in order to present Dr. Johnson with the freedom of the town, which Provost Jopp did with a very good grace. Dr. Johnson was much pleased with this mark of attention, and received it very politely.<sup>1</sup> There was a pretty numerous company assembled. It was striking to hear all of them drinking "Dr. Johnson! Dr. Johnson!" in the town-hall of Aberdeen, and then to see him with his burgess-ticket, or diploma,<sup>b</sup> in his hat, which he wore as he walked along the street, according to the usual custom. It gave me great satisfaction to observe the regard, and indeed fondness too, which every body here had for my father.

While Sir Alexander Gordon conducted Mr. Johnson to old Aberdeen, Professor Gordon and I called on Mr. Riddoch, whom I found to be a grave worthy clergyman. He observed, that, whatever might be said of Dr. Johnson while he was alive, he would, after he was dead, be looked upon by the world with regard and astonishment, on account of his Dictionary.

Professor Gordon and I walked over to the Old College, which

<sup>a</sup> Dr. Beattie was so kindly entertained in England, that he had not yet returned home.

<sup>b</sup> Dr. Johnson's burgess-ticket was in these words:

"Abredonæ vigesimo tertio die mensis Augusti, anno Domini millesimo septingentesimo septuagesimo tertio, in presentia honorabilium virorum, Jacobi Jopp, armigeri, præpositi, Adami Duff, Gulielmi Young, Georgii Marr, et Gulielmi Forbes Bullivorum, Gulielmi Rainie, Decani Guildæ, et Joannis Nicoll Thesaurii dicti Burgi.

"Quo die Vir generosus et Doctrina clarus, Samuel Johnson, L. L. D. receptus et admissus fuit in municipes et fratres Guildæ præfati Burgi de Aberdeen. In deditissimi amoris et affectus ac exemtæ observantiæ tesseram quibus dicti Magistratus eum amplectuntur. Extractum per me,

ALEX. CARNEGIE."

*Second Edition.*—Line 4: "come in" altered to "come."

<sup>1</sup> This honour, however, was conferred very promiscuously. George Colman, who had arrived a raw student from England, was thus distinguished, "for be it recorded that I had scarce been a week in old Aberdeen when the Lord Provost of the new town invited me to drink wine with him one evening in the town hall . . . the object of this

meeting was soon declared to me by the Lord Provost, who drank my health, and presented me with the freedom of the city—my countrymen, Messrs. Earl and Perkins, who had arrived in Scotland several months before me, had already experienced this civick courtesy."—*Random Records*, Vol. II. p. 99.

Dr. Johnson had seen by this time. I stepped into the chapel, and looked at the tomb of the founder, Archbishop Elphinston, of whom I shall have occasion to write in my History of James IV. of Scotland, the patron of my family.

We dined at Sir Alexander Gordon's. The Provost, Professor Ross, Professor Dunbar, Professor Thomas Gordon, were there. After dinner came in Dr. Gerard, Professor Leslie, Professor Macleod. We had had little or no conversation in the morning: now we were but barren. The professors seemed afraid to speak.

Dr. Gerard told us that an eminent printer was very intimate with Warburton. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, he has printed some of his works, and perhaps bought the property of some of them. The intimacy is such as one of the professors here may have with one of the carpenters who is repairing the college."<sup>1</sup> "But (said Gerard) I saw a letter from him to this printer, in which he says, that the one half of the clergy of the church of Scotland are fanaticks, and the other half infidels." JOHNSON "Warburton has accustomed himself to write letters just as he speaks, without thinking any more of what he throws out. When I read Warburton first, and observed his force, and his contempt of mankind, I thought he had driven the world before him; but I soon found that was not the case; for Warburton, by his extending his abuse, rendered it ineffectual."

He told me, when we were by ourselves, that he thought it very wrong in the printer, to shew Warburton's letter, as it was raising a body of enemies against him. He thought it foolish in Warburton to write so to the printer; and added, "Sir, the worst way of being intimate is by scribbling." He called Warburton's "Essay on Grace" a poor performance; and so he said was Wesley's "Answer." "Warburton, he observed, had laid himself very open. In particular, he was weak enough to say, that, in some disorders of the imagination, people had spoken with tongues, had spoken with languages which they never knew before; a thing as absurd as to say, that, in some disorders of the imagination, people had been known to fly."

I talked of the difference of genius, to try if I could engage Gerard in a disquisition with Dr. Johnson; but I did not succeed. I mentioned, as a curious fact, that Lock had written verses. JOHNSON. "I know of none, Sir, but a kind of exercise prefixed to Dr. Syden-

<sup>1</sup> This gave offence to Strahan, the printer alluded to, who was then a member of parliament. Mr Boswell, however, did not alter the passage. His

principle seems to have been never to suppress or alter what Johnson had said, though he was willing enough to rectify statements of his own.

ham's Works, in which he has some conceits about the dropsy; in which water and burning are united: and how Dr. Sydenham removed fire by drawing off water, contrary to the usual practice, which is to extinguish fire by bringing water upon it. I am not sure that there is a word of all this; but it is such kind of talk."\*

\* All this, as Dr. Johnson suspected at the time, was the immediate invention of his own lively imagination; for there is not one word of it in Mr. Lock's complimentary performance. My readers will, I have no doubt, like to be satisfied, by comparing them; and, at any rate, it may entertain to read verses composed by our great metaphysician, when a Bachelor in Physick.

## AUCTORI, IN TRACTATUM EJUS DE FEBRIBUS.

*Febriles æstus, victumque ardoribus orbem  
Flevit, non tantis par Medicina malis.  
Nam post mille artes, Medicæ tentamina cura,  
Ardet adhuc Febris; nec velit arte regi.  
Præda sumus flammis; solum hoc speramus ab igne,  
Ut restet paucus, quem capit urna, cinis.  
Dum quærit Medicus Febris causamque, modumque,  
Flammarum & tenebras; & sine luce faces;  
Quas tractat patitur flammæ, & Febre calescens,  
Corruit ipse suis victima raptâ focus.  
Qui tardos potuit morbos, artusque trementes,  
Sistere, Febrilis se videt igne rapti.  
Sic faber exesos fulsit tibiçine muros;  
Dum trahit antiquas lenta ruina domos.  
Sed si flamma vorax miserâs incenderit cedes,  
Unica flagrantés tunc sepelire salus.  
Est fuga, tectonicas nemo tunc invocat artes;  
Cum perit artificis non minus usta domus.  
Se tandem Sydenham Febrisque, Scholæque, furor;  
Opponens, Morbi quærû, & Artis opem.  
Non tenere incusat tectâ putredinis ignes;  
Nec fictus, Febres qui fovet, humor erat.  
Non bilem ille movet, nulla hic pituita: Salutis  
Quæ spes, si fallax ardeat intus aqua?  
Nec doctas magno rixas ostentat hiatus,  
Quies ipsis major Febribus ardor inest.  
Innocuas placide corpus jubet urere flammæ,  
Et justo rapidos tempore at igne focus.  
Quid Febrim exstinguat, varius quid postulat usus,  
Solari agrotos, qua potes arte, docet.  
Hactenus ipsa suum timuit Natura calorem,  
Dum sæpe incerto, quo calet, igne perit:  
Dum repat tacitos male provida sanguinis ignes,  
Prælusit busto, fit calor iste rognus.  
Jam secura suas foveant præcordia flammæ,  
Quem Natura negat, dat Medicina modum.  
Nec solum faciles compeçcit sanguinis æstus,  
Dum dubia est inter spemque metumque salus:  
Sed fatale malum domuit, quodque astra malignum  
Credimus, iratam, vel genuisse Stygem.  
Extorsit Lachesi cultros, Pestique venenum  
Abstulit, & tantos non finit esse metus.  
Quis tandem arte nova domitam mutescere Pestem  
Credat, & antiquas ponere posse minas?*



We spoke of Fingal. Dr. Johnson said calmly, "If the poems were really translated, they were certainly first written down. Let Mr. Macpherson deposit the manuscript in one of the colleges at Aberdeen, where there are people who can judge; and, if the professors certify the authenticity, then there will be an end of the controversy. If he does not take this obvious and easy method, he gives the best reason to doubt; considering too, how much is against it *à priori*."

We sauntered after dinner in Sir Alexander's garden, and saw his little grotto, which is hung with pieces of poetry written in a fair hand. It was agreeable to observe the contentment and kindness of this quiet, benevolent man. Professor Macleod was brother to Macleod of Talisker, and brother-in-law to the Laird of Coll. He gave me a letter to young Coll. I was weary of this day, and began to think wishfully of being again in motion. I was uneasy to think myself too fastidious, whilst I fancied Dr. Johnson quite satisfied. But he owned to me that he was fatigued and teased, by Sir Alexander's doing too much to entertain him. I said, it was all kindness. JOHNSON. "True, Sir: but sensation is sensation." BOSWELL. "It is so: we feel pain equally from the surgeon's probe, as from the sword of the foe."

We visited two booksellers' shops, and could not find Arthur Johnston's Poems. We went and sat near an hour at Mr. Riddoch's. He could not tell distinctly how much education at the college here costs, which disgusted Dr. Johnson. I had pledged myself that we should go to the inn, and not stay supper. They pressed us, but he was resolute. I saw Mr. Riddoch did not please him. He said to me, afterwards, "Sir, he has no vigour in his talk." But my friend should have considered that he himself was not in good humour; so that it was not easy to talk to his satisfaction. We sat contentedly at our inn. He then became merry, and observed how little we had either heard or said at Aberdeen. That the Aberdonians had not started a single *mawkin* (the Scottish word for hare) for us to pursue.

*Post tot mille neces, cumulatæque funera busto  
 Victa jacet, parvo vulnere, dira Lues.  
 Ætheria quanquam spargunt contagia flammæ,  
 Quicquid inest istis ignibus, ignis erit.  
 Delapsæ calo flammæ licet acrius urant,  
 Has gelida exstingui non nisi morte putas?  
 Tu meliora paras victrix Medicinæ; tuisque,  
 Pestis quæ superat cuncta, triumphus erit.  
 Vive liber, victis Febrilibus ignibus; unus  
 Te simul & mundum qui manet, ignis erit.*

J. LOCK, A.M. Ex Aede Christi, Oxon.

*Tuesday, 24th August.*

We set out about eight in the morning, and breakfasted at Ellon. The landlady said to me, "Is not this the great Doctor that is going about through the country?" I said, "Yes." "Aye, (said she) we heard of him, I made an errand into the room on purpose to see him. There's something great in his appearance. It is a pleasure to have such a man in one's house; a man who does so much good. If I had thought of it, I would have shown him a child of mine who has had a lump on his throat for some time." "But (said I) he is not a doctor of physick." "Is he an oculist?" said the landlord. "No (said I) he is only a very learned man." LANDLORD. "They say he is the greatest man in England, except Lord Mansfield." Dr. Johnson was highly entertained with this, and I do think he was pleased too. He said, "I like the exception: to have called me the greatest man in England, would have been an unmeaning compliment. But the exception marked that the praise was in earnest; and, in Scotland, the exception must be Lord Mansfield, or—Sir John Pringle."

He told me a good story of Dr. Goldsmith. Graham, who wrote "Telemachus, a Masque," was sitting one night with him and Dr. Johnson, and was half drunk. He rattled away to Dr. Johnson: "You are a clever fellow, to be sure; but you cannot write an essay like Addison, or verses like the 'Rape of the Lock.'" At last he said, "Doctor, I should be happy to see you at Eaton." "I shall be glad to wait on you," answered Goldsmith. "No, (said Graham) 'tis not you I meant, Dr. Minor; 'tis Dr. Major, there." Goldsmith was excessively hurt by this. He afterwards spoke of it himself. "Graham (said he) is a fellow to make one commit suicide."<sup>1</sup>

We had received a polite invitation to Slains castle. We arrived there just at three o'clock, as the bell for dinner was ringing. Though, from its being just on the North-east Ocean, no trees will grow here, Lord Errol has done all that can be done. He has cultivated his fields so as to bear rich crops of every kind, and he

*Second Edition.*—Line 29; Note added:—"I am sure I have related this story exactly as Dr. Johnson told it to me; but a friend who has often heard him tell it, informs me that he usually introduced a circumstance which ought not to be omitted. 'At last, sir, Graham, having now got to about the pitch of looking at one man, and talking to another, said Doctor,' &c. 'What effect (Dr. Johnson used to add) this had on Goldsmith, who was as irascible as a hornet, may be easily conceived.'"

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<sup>1</sup> In the Garrick "Correspondence" is a letter of this Eton master's, which shows that he must have been a singularly disagreeable character.

has made an excellent kitchen-garden, with a hot-house. I had never seen any of the family. But there had been a card of invitation written by the honourable Charles Boyd, the earl's brother. We were conducted into the house, and at the dining-room door were met by that gentleman, whom both of us at first took to be Lord Errol; but he soon corrected our mistake. My lord was gone to dine in the neighbourhood, at an entertainment given by Mr. Irvine of Drum. Lady Errol received us politely, and was very attentive to us during the time of dinner. There was nobody at table but her ladyship, Mr. Boyd, and some of the children, their governor and governess. Mr. Boyd put Dr. Johnson in mind of having dined with him at Cummin the Quaker's, along with a Mr. Hall and Miss Williams. This was a bond of connection between them. For me, Mr. Boyd's acquaintance with my father was enough. After dinner, Lady Errol favoured us with a sight of her young family, whom she made stand up in a row. There were six daughters and two sons. It was a very pleasing sight.

Dr. Johnson proposed our setting out. Mr. Boyd said, he hoped we should stay all night; his brother would be at home in the evening, and would be very sorry if he missed us. Mr. Boyd was called out of the room. I was very desirous to stay in so comfortable a house, and I wished to see Lord Errol. Dr. Johnson, however, was right in resolving to go, if we were not asked again, as it is best to err on the safe side in such cases, and to be sure that one is quite welcome. To my great joy, when Mr. Boyd returned, he told Dr. Johnson that it was Lady Errol who had called him out, and said that she would never let Dr. Johnson into the house again, if he went away that night; and that she had ordered the coach, to carry us to view a great curiosity on the coast, after which we should see the house. We cheerfully agreed.

Mr. Boyd was engaged, in 1745-6, on the same side with many unfortunate mistaken noblemen and gentlemen. He escaped, and lay concealed for a year in the island of Arran, the ancient territory of the Boyds. He then went to France, and was about twenty years on the continent. He married a French Lady, and now lived very comfortably at Aberdeen, and was much at Slains castle. He entertained us with great civility. He had a pompousness or formal plenitude in his conversation, which I did not dislike. Dr. Johnson said, "there was too much elaboration in his talk." It gave me pleasure to see him, a steady branch of the family, setting forth all

its advantages with much zeal. He told us that Lady Errol was one of the most pious and sensible women in the island; had a good head, and as good a heart. He said, she did not use force or fear in educating her children. JOHNSON. "Sir, she is wrong; I would rather have the rod to be the general terror to all, to make them learn, than tell a child, if you do thus or thus, you will be more esteemed than your brothers or sisters. The rod produces an effect which terminates in itself. A child is afraid of being whipt, and gets his task, and there's an end on't; whereas, by exciting emulation, and comparisons of superiority, you lay the foundation of lasting mischief; you make brothers and sisters hate each other."

During Mr. Boyd's stay in Arran, he had found a chest of medical books, left by a surgeon there, and had read them till he acquired some skill in physick, in consequence of which he is often consulted by the poor. There were several here waiting for him as patients. We walked round the house till stopped by a cut made by the influx of the sea. The house is built quite upon the shore; the windows look upon the main ocean, and the King of Denmark is Lord Errol's nearest neighbour on the north-east.

We got immediately into the coach, and drove to Dunbui, a rock near the shore, quite covered with sea fowls; then to a circular bason of large extent, surrounded with tremendous rocks. On the quarter next the sea, there is a high arch in the rock, which the force of the tempest has driven out. This place is called Buchan's Buller, or the Buller of Buchan, and the country people call it the Pot. Mr. Boyd said it was so called from the French *Bouloir*. It may be more simply traced from Boiler in our own language. We walked round this monstrous cauldron. In some places, the rock is very narrow; and on each side there is a sea deep enough for a man-of-war to ride in; so that it is somewhat horrid to move along. However, there is earth and grass upon the rock, and a kind of road marked out by the print of feet; so that one makes it out pretty safely: yet it alarmed me to see Dr. Johnson striding irregularly along. He insisted on taking a boat, and sailing into the Pot. We did so. He was stout, and wonderfully alert. The Buchan-men all shewing their teeth, and speaking with that strange sharp accent which distinguishes them, was to me a matter of curiosity. He was not sensible of the difference of pronunciation in the South, and North of Scotland, which I wondered at.

As the entry into the Buller is so narrow that oars cannot be used as you go in, the method taken is, to row very hard when you come near it, and give the boat such a rapidity of motion that it glides in.

Dr. Johnson observed what an effect this scene would have had, were we entering into an unknown place. There are caves of considerable depth; I think, one on each side. The boatmen had never entered either far enough to know the size. Mr. Boyd told us that it is customary for the company at Peterhead-well, to make parties, and come and dine in one of the caves here.

He told us, that, as Slains is at a considerable distance from Aberdeen, Lord Errol, who has so large a family, resolved to have a surgeon of his own. With this view he educated one of his tenants' sons, who is now settled in a very neat house and farm just by, which we saw from the road. By the salary which the earl allows him, and the practice which he has had, he is in very easy circumstances. He had kept an exact account of all that had been laid out on his education, and he came to his lordship one day, and told him that he had arrived at a much higher situation than ever he expected; that he was now able to repay what his lordship had advanced, and begged he would accept of it. The earl was pleased with the generous gratitude and genteel offer of the man; but refused it.—Mr. Boyd also told us, Cumming the Quaker first began to distinguish himself, by writing against Dr. Leechman on Prayer, to prove it unnecessary, as God knows best what should be, and will order it without our asking:—the old hackneyed objection.

When we returned to the house we found coffee and tea in the drawing room. Lady Errol was not there, being, as I supposed, engaged with her young family. There is a bow-window fronting the sea. Dr. Johnson repeated the ode "*Jam satis terris*," while Mr. Boyd was with his patients. He spoke well in favour of entails, to preserve lives of men whom mankind are accustomed to reverence. His opinion was, that so much land should be entailed as that families should never fall into contempt, and as much left free as to give them all the advantages of property in case of any emergency. "If (said he) the nobility are suffered to sink into indigence, they of course become corrupt; they are ready to do whatever the king chuses; therefore it is fit they should be kept from becoming poor, unless it is fixed that when they fall below a certain standard of wealth they shall lose their peerages. We know the House of Peers have made noble stands, when the House of Commons durst not. The two last years of a parliament they dare not contradict the populace."

This room is ornamented with a number of fine prints, and with

a whole length picture of Lord Errol, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. This led Dr. Johnson and me to talk of our amiable and elegant friend, whose panegyrick he concluded by saying, "Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir, is the most invulnerable man I know; the man with whom, if you should quarrel, you would find the most difficulty how to abuse."

Dr. Johnson observed, the situation here was the noblest he had ever seen,—better than Mount Edgumbe, reckoned the first in England; because, at Mount Edgumbe, the sea is bounded by land on the other side, and, though there is the grandeur of a fleet, there is also the impression of there being a dock-yard, the circumstances of which are not agreeable. At Slains is an excellent old house. The noble owner has built of brick, along the square in the inside, a gallery both on the first and second story, the house being no higher; so that he has always a dry walk; and the rooms, to which formerly there was no approach but through each other, have now all separate entries from the gallery, which is hung with Hogarth's works, and other prints. We went and sat a while in the library. There is a valuable and numerous collection. It was chiefly made by Mr. Falconer, husband to the late Countess of Errol in her own right. This earl has added a good many modern books.

About nine the earl came home. Captain Gordon of Park was with him. His lordship put Dr. Johnson in mind of their dining together in London, along with Mr. Beauclerk. I was exceedingly pleased with Lord Errol. His dignified person and agreeable countenance, with the most unaffected affability, gave me high satisfaction.<sup>1</sup> From perhaps a weakness, or, as I rather hope, more fancy and warmth of feeling than is quite reasonable, I could, with the most perfect honesty, expatiate on Lord Errol's good qualities; but he stands in no need of my praise. His agreeable look and softness of address prevented that constraint which the idea of his being Lord High Constable of Scotland might otherwise have occasioned. He talked very easily and sensibly with his

*Second Edition.*—Line 19: Altered to "a valuable numerous."

*Ibid.*—Lines 24, 25: "their dining together" altered to "their having dined together."

*Ibid.*—Line 29: After "reasonable" is inserted "my mind is ever impressed with admiration for persons of high birth and"

*Ibid.*—Line 32: "agreeable look" changed to "agreeable manners."

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<sup>1</sup> "His countenance and deportment," wrote Dr. Beattie, "exhibited such a mixture of the sublime and graceful, as I have never seen united in any other man." He died in 1778, Mr. Boyd in 1780.

learned guest. I observed that Dr. Johnson, though he shewed that respect to his lordship, which, from principle, he always does to high rank, yet, when they came to argument, maintained that manliness which becomes the force and vigour of his understanding. To shew external deference to our superiors, is proper: to seem to yield to them in opinion, is meanness.\* The earl said grace, both before and after supper, with much decency. He told us a story of a man who was executed at Perth, some years ago, for murdering a woman who was with child by him, and a former child he had by her. His hand was cut off: He was then pulled up; but the rope broke, and he was forced to lie an hour on the ground, till another rope was brought from Perth, the execution being in a wood at some distance,—at the place where the murders were committed. “*There* (said my lord) *I see the hand of Providence.*”—I was really happy here. I saw in this nobleman the best dispositions and best principles; and I saw him, *in my mind's eye*, to be the representative of the ancient Boyds of Kilmarnock. I was afraid he might have urged drinking, as, I believe, he used formerly to do; but he drank port and water out of a large glass himself, and let us do as we pleased. He went with us to our rooms at night; said, he took the visit very kindly; and told me, my father and he were very old acquaintance;—that I now knew the way to Slains, and he hoped to see me there again.

I had a most elegant room; but there was a fire in it which blazed; and the sea, to which my windows looked, roared; and the pillows were made of some sea-fowls' feathers which had to me a disagreeable smell; so that, by all these causes, I was kept awake

\* Lord Chesterfield, in his letters to his son, complains of one who argued in an indiscriminate manner with men of all ranks. Probably the noble lord had felt with some uneasiness what it was to encounter stronger abilities than his own. If a peer will engage at foils with his inferior in station, he must expect that his inferior in station will avail himself of every advantage; otherwise it is not a fair trial of strength and skill. The same will hold in a contest of reason, or of wit.—A certain king<sup>1</sup> entered the lists of genius with Voltaire. The consequence was, that, though the king had great and brilliant talents, Voltaire had such a superiority that his majesty could not bear it; and the poet was dismissed, or escaped, from that court.—In the reign of James I. of England, Crichton, Lord Sanquhar, a peer of Scotland, from a vain ambition to excel a fencing-master in his own art, played at rapier and dagger with him. The fencing-master, whose fame and bread were at stake, put out one of his lordship's eyes. Exasperated at this, Lord Sanquhar hired ruffians, and had the fencing-master assassinated; for which his lordship was capitally tried, condemned, and hanged. Not being a peer of England, he was tried by the name of Robert Crichton, Esq; But he was admitted to be a baron of three hundred years standing.—See the State Trials; and Hume in his History, who applauds the impartial justice executed upon a man of high rank.

<sup>1</sup> Frederick the Great.

a good time. I saw, in imagination, Lord Errol's father, Lord Kilmarnock, (who was beheaded on Tower-hill in 1746) and I was somewhat dreary. But the thought did not last long, and I fell asleep.

*Wednesday, 25th August.*

We got up between seven and eight, and found Mr. Boyd in the dining-room, with tea and coffee before him, to give us breakfast. We were in an admirable humour. Lady Errol had given each of us a copy of an ode by Beattie, on the birth of her son, Lord Hay. Mr. Boyd asked Dr. Johnson how he liked it. Dr. Johnson, who did not admire it, got off very well, by taking it out, and reading the two second stanzas with much melody. This, without his saying a word, pleased Mr. Boyd. He observed, however, to Dr. Johnson, that the expression as to the family of Errol,

*"A thousand years have seen it shine,"*

compared with what went before, was an anti-climax, and that it would have been better

Ages have seen, &c.

Dr. Johnson said, "So great a number as a thousand is better. *Dolus latet in universalibus*. Ages might be only two ages." He talked of the advantage of keeping up the connections of relationship, which produced much kindness. "Every man (said he) who comes into the world, has need of friends. If he has to get them for himself, half his life is spent, before his merit is known. Relations are a man's ready friends, who support him. When a man is in real distress, he flies into the arms of his relations. An old lawyer, who had much experience in making wills, told me, that after people had deliberated long, and thought of many for their executors, they settled at last by fixing on their relations. This shews the universality of the principle."

I regretted the decay of respect for men of family, and that a Nabob now would carry an election from them. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, the Nabob will carry it by means of his wealth, in a country where money is highly valued, as it must be where nothing can be had without money; but if it comes to personal preference, the man of family will always carry it. There is generally a *scoundrelism* about a low man." Mr. Boyd said, that was a good *ism*.



I said, I believed mankind were happier in the ancient feudal state of subordination, than when in the modern state of independency. JOHNSON. "To be sure, the *Chief* was. But we must think of the number of individuals. That *they* were less happy, seems plain; for that state from which all escape as soon as they can, and to which none return after they have left it, must be less happy; and this is the case with the state of dependence on a chief, or great man."

I mentioned the happiness of the French in their subordination, by the reciprocal benevolence and attachment between the great and those in lower ranks. Mr. Boyd gave us an instance of their gentlemanly spirit. An old Chevalier de Malthe, of ancient *noblesse*, but in low circumstances, was in a coffee-house at Paris, where was Julien, the great manufacturer at the Gobelins, of the fine tapestry, so much distinguished both for the figures and the *colours*. The chevalier's carriage was very old. Says Julien, with a plebeian insolence, "I think, Sir, you had better have your carriage new painted." The chevalier looked at him with indignant contempt, and answered, "Well, Sir, you may take it home and *dye* it!" All the coffee-house rejoiced at Julien's confusion.

We set out about nine. Dr. Johnson was curious to see one of those structures which northern antiquarians call a Druid's temple. I had a recollection of one at Strichen, which I had seen fifteen years ago; so we went four miles out of our road, after passing Old Deer, and went thither. Mr. Fraser, the proprietor, was at home, and shewed it to us. But I had augmented it in my mind; for all that remains is two stones set up on end, with a long one laid upon them, as was usual, and one stone at a little distance from them. That stone was the capital one of the circle which surrounded what now remains. Mr. Fraser was very hospitable.\* There was a fair at Strichen; and he had several of his

\* He is the worthy son of a worthy father, the late Lord Strichen, one of our judges, to whose kind notice I was much obliged. Lord Strichen was a man not only honest, but highly generous; for, after his succession to the family estate, he paid a large sum of debts contracted by his predecessor, which he was not under any obligation to pay. Let me here, for the credit of Ayrshire, my own county, record a noble instance of liberal honesty in William Hutchison, drover, in Lanehead, Kyle, who formerly obtained a full discharge from his creditors, upon a composition of his debts; but, upon being restored to good circumstances, invited his creditors last winter to a dinner, without telling the reason, and paid them their full sums, principal and interest. They presented him with a piece of plate, with an inscription to commemorate this extraordinary instance of true worth; which should make some people in Scotland blush, while, though mean themselves, they strut about under the protection of great alliance, conscious of the wretchedness of numbers who have lost by them, to whom they never think of making reparation, but indulge themselves and their families in most unsuitable expence.

neighbours from it at dinner. One of them, Dr. Fraser, who had been in the army, remembered to have seen Dr. Johnson at a lecture on experimental philosophy, at Lichfield. The Doctor recollected being at the lecture; and he was surprised to find here somebody who knew him.

Mr. Fraser sent a servant to conduct us by a short passage into the high road. I observed to Dr. Johnson, that I had a most disagreeable notion of the life of country gentlemen: that I left Mr. Fraser just now, as one leaves a prisoner in a jail. Dr. Johnson said, that I was right in thinking them unhappy; for that they had not enough to keep their minds in motion.

I started a thought this afternoon which amused us a great part of the way. "If (said I) our club should come and set up in St. Andrew's, as a college, to teach all that each of us can, in the several departments of learning and taste, we should rebuild the city: we should draw a wonderful concourse of students." Dr. Johnson entered fully into the spirit of this project. We immediately fell to distributing the offices. I was to teach civil and Scotch law; Burke, politicks and eloquence; Garrick, the art of public speaking; Langton was to be our Grecian, Colman our Latin professor; Nugent to teach physick; Lord Charlemont, modern history; Beauclerk, natural philosophy; Vesey, Irish antiquities, or Celtick learning; Jones, Oriental learning; Goldsmith, poetry and ancient history; Chamier, commercial politicks; Reynolds, painting, and the arts which have beauty for their object; Chambers, the law of England. Dr. Johnson at first said, "I'll trust theology to nobody but myself." But, upon due consideration, that Percy is a clergyman, it was agreed that Percy should teach practical divinity and British antiquities; Dr. Johnson himself, logick, metaphysicks, and scholastick divinity. In this manner did we amuse ourselves;—each suggesting, and each varying or adding, till the whole was adjusted. Dr. Johnson said, we only wanted a mathematician since Dyer died, who was a very good one; but as to every thing else, we should have a very capital university.\*

*Second Edition.*—On line 22 a note: "Since the first edition, it has been suggested by one of the club, who knew Mr. Vesey better than Dr. Johnson and I, that we did not assign him a proper place; for he was quite unskilled in Irish antiquities and Celtick learning, but might with propriety have been made professor of architecture, which he understood well, and has left a very good specimen of his knowledge and taste in that art, by an elegant house built on a plan of his own formation, at Lucan, a few miles from Dublin."

\* Our club, formerly at the Turk's Head, Gerrard-street, then at Prince's, Sackville-street, now at Baxter's, Dover-street, which at Mr. Garrick's funeral got a *name* for the first time, and was called THE LITERARY CLUB, has, since 1773, been greatly augmented; and though Dr. Johnson with justice observed, that, by losing Goldsmith, Garrick, Nugent, Chamier, Beauclerk, we had lost what would make an

We got at night to Banff. I sent Joseph on to Duff-house; but Earl Fife was not at home, which I regretted much, as we should have had a very elegant reception from his lordship. We found here but an indifferent inn.\* Dr. Johnson wrote a long letter to Mrs. Thrale. I wondered to see him write so much so easily. He verified his own doctrine, that "a man may always write when he will set himself *doggedly* to it."

*Thursday, 26th August.*

We got a fresh chaise here, a very good one, and very good horses. We breakfasted at Cullen. They set down dried haddocks broiled, along with our tea. I eat one; but Dr. Johnson was disgusted by the sight of them, so they were removed. Cullen has a comfortable appearance, though but a very small town, and the houses mostly poor buildings.

I called on Mr. Robertson, who has the charge of Lord Findlater's affairs, and was formerly Lord Monboddo's clerk, was three times in France with him, and translated Condamine's Account of the Savage Girl, to which his lordship wrote a preface, containing

eminent club, yet when I mention, as an accession, Mr. Fox, Dr. George Fordyce, Sir Charles Bunbury, Lord Ossory, Mr. Gibbon, Dr. Adam Smith, Mr. R. B. Sheridan, the Bishops of Kilaloe and St. Asaph, Dean Marlay, Mr. Steevens, Mr. Dunning, Sir Joseph Banks, Doctor Scott of the Commons, Earl Spencer, Mr. Wyndham of Norfolk, Lord Elliot, Mr. Malone, Dr. Joseph Warton, the Rev. Mr. Thomas Warton, Lord Lucan, Mr. Burke junior, Lord Palmerston, Dr. Burney, Sir William Hamilton, and Dr. Warren, it will be acknowledged that we might have established a second university of high reputation.

*Second Edition.*—Line I of preceding note: "Our club, formerly at the Turk's Head," &c., "which at Mr. Garrick's funeral got a *name* for the first time, and was called THE LITERARY CLUB, has, since 1773, been greatly augmented; and though Dr. Johnson with justice observed," altered to "Our club, originally at the Turk's Head," &c., "which at Mr. Garrick's funeral acquired a *name* for the first time, and was instituted in 1764; and now consists of thirty-five members, beyond which number, by a late rule, it cannot be extended. It has since 1773 been greatly augmented," &c.

\* Here, unluckily, the windows had no pullies; and Dr. Johnson, who was constantly eager for fresh air, had much struggling to get one of them kept open. Thus he had a notion impressed upon him, that this wretched defect was general in Scotland. So he has erroneously enlarged upon it in his "Journey." I regretted that he did not allow me to read over his book before it was printed. I should have changed very little; but I should have suggested an alteration in a few places where he has laid himself open to be attacked. I hope I should have prevailed with him to omit or soften his assertion, that "a Scotsman must be a sturdy moralist, who does not prefer Scotland to truth,"—for I really think it is not founded; and is harshly said.

*Ibid.*—On line 7, a note: "This word is commonly used to signify *sullenly*, *gloomily*; and in that sense alone it appears in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary. I suppose he meant by it, in the conversation related in p. 221, 'with an *obstinate resolution* similar to that of a sullen man.'"

*Third Edition.*—Preceding note shifted back to p. 221.

*Second Edition.*—Line 11: "I eat one" altered to "I ate one."

several remarks of his own. Robertson said, he did not believe so much as his lordship did; that it was plain to him, the girl confounded what she imagined with what she remembered: that, besides, she perceived Condamine and Lord Monboddo forming theories, and she adapted her story to them.

Dr. Johnson said, "It is a pity to see Lord Monboddo publish such notions as he has done; a man of sense, and of so much elegant learning. There would be little in a fool doing it; we should only laugh; but when a wise man does it, we are sorry. Other people have strange notions; but they conceal them. If they have tails, they hide them; but Monboddo is as jealous of his tail as a squirrel." I shall here put down some more remarks of Dr. Johnson's on Lord Monboddo, which were not made exactly at this time, but come in well from connection. He said, he did not approve of a judge's calling himself *Farmer Burnett*,\* and going about with a little round hat. He laughed heartily at his lordship's saying he was an *enthusiastical* farmer; "for (said he) what can he do in farming by his *enthusiasm*?" Here, however, I think Dr. Johnson mistaken. He who wishes to be successful, or happy, ought to be *enthusiastical*, that is to say, very keen in all the occupations or diversions of life. An ordinary gentleman-farmer will be satisfied with looking at his fields once or twice a day. An *enthusiastical* farmer will be constantly employed on them;—will have his mind earnestly engaged;—will talk perpetually of them. But Dr. Johnson has much of the *nil admirari* in smaller concerns. That survey of life which gave birth to his "Vanity of Human Wishes" early sobered his mind. Besides, so great a mind as his cannot be moved by inferior objects. An elephant does not run and skip like lesser animals.

Mr. Robertson sent a servant with us, to shew us through Lord Findlater's wood, by which our way was shortened, and we saw some part of his domain, which is indeed admirably laid out. Dr. Johnson did not chuse to walk through it. He always said, that he was not come to Scotland to see fine places, of which there were enough in England; but wild objects,—mountains,—water-falls,—peculiar manners; in short, things which he had not seen before. I have a notion that he at no time has had much taste for rural beauties. I have myself very little.

\* It is the custom in Scotland for the judges of the Court of Session to have the title of *lords*, from their estates: thus Mr. Burnett is Lord Monboddo, as Mr. Home was Lord Kames. There is something a little aukward in this; for they are denominated in deeds by their *names*, with the addition of "one of the Senators of the College of Justice;" and subscribe their christian and sur-name, as James Burnett, Henry Home, even in judicial acts.

Dr. Johnson said, there was nothing more contemptible than a country gentleman living beyond his income, and every year growing poorer and poorer. He spoke strongly of the influence which a man has by being rich. "A man (said he) who keeps his money, has in reality more use from it, than he can have by spending it." I observed that this looked very like a paradox; but he explained it thus: "If it were certain that a man would keep his money locked up for ever, to be sure he would have no influence; but, as so many want money, and he has the power of giving it, and they know not but by gaining his favour they may obtain it, the rich man will always have the greatest influence. He again who lavishes his money, is laughed at as foolish, and in a great degree with justice, considering how much is spent from vanity. Even those who partake of a man's hospitality, have but a transient kindness for him. If he has not the command of money, people know he cannot help them, if he would; whereas the rich man always can, if he will, and for the chance of that, will have much weight." BOSWELL. "But philosophers and satyrists have all treated a miser as contemptible." JOHNSON. "He is so philosophically; but not in the practice of life." BOSWELL. "Let me see now:—I do not know the instances of misers in England, so as to examine into their influence." JOHNSON. "We have had few misers in England." BOSWELL. "There was Lowther." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, Lowther, by keeping his money, had the command of the county, which the family has now lost, by spending it.\* I take it, he lent a great deal; and that is the way to have influence, and yet preserve one's wealth. A man may lend his money upon very good security, and yet have his debtor much under his power." BOSWELL. "No doubt, Sir. He can always distress him for the money; as no man borrows, who is able to pay on demand quite conveniently."

We dined at Elgin, and saw the noble ruins of the cathedral. Though it rained much, Dr. Johnson examined them with a most patient attention. He could not here feel any abhorrence at the Scottish reformers, for he had been told by Lord Hailes, that it was destroyed before the Reformation, by the Lord of Badenoch,<sup>b</sup> who

\* I do not know what was at this time the state of the parliamentary interest of the ancient family of Lowther; a family before the Conquest. But all the nation knows it to be very extensive at present. A due mixture of severity and kindness, oeconomy and munificence, characterises its present Representative.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>b</sup> NOTE, by Lord Hailes.

"The cathedral of Elgin was burnt by the Lord of Badenoch, because the Bishop

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<sup>1</sup> Lord Lonsdale was a patron of Mr. Boswell's.

had a quarrel with the bishop. The bishop's house, and those of the other clergy, which are still pretty entire, do not seem to have been proportioned to the magnificence of the cathedral, which has been of great extent, and had very fine carved work. The ground within the walls of the cathedral is employed as a burying-place. The family of Gordon have their vault here; but it has nothing grand.

We passed Gordon Castle\* this forenoon, which has a princely appearance. Fochabers, the neighbouring village, is a poor place, many of the houses being ruinous; but it is remarkable, they have in general orchards well stored with apple-trees. Elgin has what in England are called piazzas, that run in many places on each side of the street. It must have been a much better place formerly. Probably it had piazzas all along the town, as I have seen at Bologna. I approved much of such structures in a town, on account of their conveniency in wet weather. Dr. Johnson disapproved of them, "because (said he) it makes the under story of a house very dark, which greatly over-balances the conveniency, when it is considered how small a part of the year it rains; how few are usually in the street at such times; that many who are might as well be at home; and the little that people suffer, supposing them to be as much wet as they commonly are in walking a street."

We fared but ill at our inn here; and Dr. Johnson said, this was the first time he had seen a dinner in Scotland that he could not eat.

In the afternoon, we drove over the very heath where Macbeth met the witches, according to tradition.<sup>1</sup> Dr. Johnson again solemnly repeated—

"How far is't called to Fores? What are these,  
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire?"

of Moray had pronounced an award not to his liking. The indemnification that the ~~we~~ obtained, was, that the Lord of Badenoch stood for three days bare-footed at the great gate of the cathedral. The story is in the Chartulary of Elgin."

\* I am not sure whether the duke was at home. But, not having the honour of being much known to his grace, I could not have presumed to enter his castle, though to introduce even so celebrated a stranger. We were at any rate in a hurry to get forward to the wildness which we came to see. Perhaps, if this noble family had still preserved that sequestered magnificence which they maintained when catholicks, corresponding with the Grand Duke of Tuscany, we might have been induced to have procured proper letters of introduction, and devoted some time to the contemplation of venerable superstitious state.

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<sup>1</sup> According to Johnson's "Tour," this visit was on the following day.

That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' earth,  
And yet are on't?"

He repeated a good deal more of Macbeth. His recitation was grand and affecting, and, as Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed to me, had no more tone than it should have. It was the better for it. He then parodied the "All-hail" of the witches to Macbeth, addressing himself to me. I had purchased some land called Dalblair; and, as in Scotland it is customary to distinguish landed men by the name of their estates, I had thus two titles, Dalblair and Young Auchinleck. So my friend, in imitation of

"All hail Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!"

condescended to amuse himself with uttering

"All hail Dalblair! hail to thee, Laird of Auchinleck!"

We got to Fores at night, and found an admirable inn, in which Dr. Johnson was pleased to meet with a landlord who styled himself "Wine-Cooper, from LONDON."

*Friday, 27th August.*

It was dark when we came to Fores last night; so we did not see what is called King Duncan's monument. I shall now mark some gleanings of Dr. Johnson's conversation. I spoke of Leonidas, and said there were some good passages in it. JOHNSON. "Why, you must *seek* for them." He said, Paul Whitehead's "Manners" was a poor performance. Speaking of Derrick, he told me "he had a kindness for him, and had often said, that if his letters had been written by one of a more established name, they would have been thought very pretty letters."

This morning I introduced the subject of the origin of evil. JOHNSON. "Moral evil is occasioned by free will, which implies choice between good and evil. With all the evil that there is, there is no man but would rather be a free agent, than a mere machine without the evil; and what is best for each individual, must be best for the whole. If a man would rather be the machine, I cannot argue with him. He is a different being from me." BOSWELL. "A man, as a machine, may have agreeable sensations; for instance, he may have pleasure in musick." JOHNSON. "No, Sir, he cannot have pleasure in musick, at least, no power of producing

musick ; for he who can produce musick may let it alone : he who can play upon a fiddle may break it ; such a man is not a machine." This reasoning satisfied me. It is certain, there cannot be a free agent, unless there is the power of being evil as well as good. We must take the inherent possibilities of things into consideration, in our reasonings or conjectures concerning the works of God.

We came to Nairn to breakfast. Though a county town and a royal burgh, it is a miserable place. Over the room where we sat, a girl was spinning wool with a great wheel, and singing an Erse song. "I'll warrant you (said Dr. Johnson) one of the songs of Ossian." He then repeated these lines :

"Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound.  
All at her work the village maiden sings ;  
Nor while she turns the giddy wheel around,  
Revolves the sad vicissitude of things."

I thought I had heard these lines before. JOHNSON. "I fancy not, Sir ; for they are in a detached poem, the name of which I do not remember, written by one Giffard, a parson."

I expected Mr. Kenneth M'Aulay, the minister of Calder, who published the history of St. Kilda, a book which Dr. Johnson liked, would have met us here, as I had written to him from Aberdeen. But I received a letter from him, telling me that he could not leave home, as he was to administer the sacrament the following Sunday, and earnestly requesting to see us at his manse. "We'll go," said Dr. Johnson ; which we accordingly did. Mrs. M'Aulay received us, and told us her husband was in the church distributing tokens.\* We arrived between twelve and one o'clock, and it was near three before he came to us.

Dr. Johnson thanked him for his book, and said "it was a very pretty piece of topography." M'Aulay did not seem much to mind the compliment. From his conversation, Dr. Johnson was persuaded that he had not written the book which goes under his name. I myself always suspected so ; and I have been told it was written by the learned Dr. John M'Pherson of Sky, from the

\* In Scotland, there is a great deal of preparation before administrating the sacrament. The minister of the parish examines the people as to their fitness, and to those of whom he approves gives little pieces of tin, stamped with the name of the parish, as *tokens*, which they must produce before receiving it. This is a species of priestly power, and sometimes may be abused. I remember a law-suit brought by a person against his parish minister, for refusing him admission to that sacred ordinance.



materials collected by M'Aulay. Dr. Johnson said privately to me, "There is a combination in it of which M'Aulay is not capable." However, he was exceedingly hospitable; and, as he obligingly promised us a route for our Tour through the Western Isles, we agreed to stay with him all night.

After dinner, we walked to the old castle of Calder, (pronounced Cawder) the Thane of Cawdor's seat. I was sorry that my friend, this "prosperous gentleman," was not there. The old tower must be of great antiquity. There is a draw-bridge,—what has been a moat,—and an ancient court. There is a hawthorn-tree, which rises like a wooden pillar through the rooms of the castle, for, by a strange conceit, the walls have been built round it. The thickness of the walls, the small slaunting windows, and a great iron door at the entrance on the second story as you ascend the stairs, all indicate the rude times in which this castle was erected. There were here some large venerable trees.

I was afraid of a quarrel between Dr. Johnson and Mr. M'Aulay, who talked slightly of the lower English clergy. The Doctor gave him a frowning look, and said, "This is a day of novelties: I have seen old trees in Scotland, and I have heard the English clergy treated with disrespect."

I dreaded that a whole evening at Calder-manse would be heavy; however, Mr. Grant, an intelligent and well-bred minister in the neighbourhood, was there, and assisted us by his conversation. Dr. Johnson, talking of hereditary occupations in the Highlands, said, "There is no harm in such a custom as this; but it is wrong to enforce it, and oblige a man to be a tailor or a smith, because his father has been one." This custom, however, is not peculiar to our Highlands: it is well known that in India a similar practice prevails.

Mr. M'Aulay began a rhapsody against creeds and confessions. Dr. Johnson shewed that "what he called *imposition*, was only a voluntary declaration of agreement in certain articles of faith, which a church has a right to require, just as any other society can insist on certain rules being observed by it's members. Nobody is compelled to be of the church, as nobody is compelled to enter into a society." This was a very clear and just view of the subject. But, M'Aulay could not be driven out of his track. Dr. Johnson said, "Sir, you are a *bigot to laxness*."

Mr. M'Aulay and I laid the map of Scotland before us; and he pointed out a route for us from Inverness, by Fort Augustus, to Glenelg, Sky, Mull, Icolmkill, Lorn, and Inveraray, which I wrote down. As my father was to begin the northern circuit about the

18th of September, it was necessary for us either to make our tour with great expedition, so as to get to Auchinleck before he set out, or to protract it, so as not to be there till his return, which would be about the 20th of October. By M'Aulay's calculation, we were not to land in Lorn till the 20th of September. I thought that the interruptions by bad days, or by occasional excursions, might make it ten days later; and I thought too, that we might perhaps go to Benbecula, and visit Clanranald, which would take a week of itself.

Dr. Johnson went up with Mr. Grant to the library, which consisted of a tolerable collection; but the Doctor thought it rather a lady's library, with some Latin books in it by chance, than the library of a clergyman. It had only two of the Latin fathers, and one of the Greek ones in Latin. I doubted whether Dr. Johnson would be present at a Presbyterian prayer. I told M'Aulay so, and said that the Doctor might sit in the library while we were at family worship. M'Aulay said, he would omit it, rather than give Dr. Johnson offence: But I would by no means agree that an excess of politeness, even to so great a man, should prevent what I esteem as one of the best pious regulations. I know nothing more beneficial, more comfortable, more agreeable, than that the little societies of each family should regularly assemble, and unite in praise and prayer to our heavenly Father, from whom we daily receive so much good, and may hope for more in a higher state of existence. I mentioned to Dr. Johnson the over-delicate scrupulosity of our host. He said he had no objection to hear the prayer. This was a pleasing surprise to me; for he refused to go and hear Principal Robertson preach. "I will hear him, (said he) if he will get up into a tree and preach; but I will not give a sanction, by my presence, to a Presbyterian assembly."

Mr. Grant having prayed, Dr. Johnson said, his prayer was a very good one; but objected to his not having introduced the Lord's Prayer. He told us, that an Italian of some note in London said once to him, "We have in our service a prayer called the *Pater Noster*, which is a very fine composition. I wonder who is the authour of it." A singular instance of ignorance in a man of some literature and general inquiry! <sup>1</sup>

*Second Edition.*—Line 13: "Greek ones" altered to "Greek fathers."

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Croker suspected "that the Italian was Martinelli, though, on the whole, he thought it hardly credible of any one." His friend, Mr. Macpherson, guessed rightly that Baretto was intended, who, however, in some sort, justified

himself, as well as Mr. Croker's disbelief.

"The Italian," says Mr. Malone, "whom Mr. Boswell out of tenderness forbore to name, was Baretto. As I walked home with him from Mr. Courte-

Saturday, 28th August.

Dr. Johnson had brought a Sallust with him in his pocket from Edinburgh. He gave it last night to Mr. M'Aulay's son, a smart young lad about eleven years old. Dr. Johnson had given an account of the education at Oxford, in all its gradations. The advantage of being a servitor to a youth of little fortune struck Mrs. M'Aulay much. I observed it aloud. Dr. Johnson very handsomely and kindly said, that, if they would send their boy to him, when he was ready for the university, he would get him made a servitor, and perhaps would do more for him. He could not promise to do more; but would undertake for the servitorship.\*

I should have mentioned that Mr. White, a Welchman, who has been many years factor (*i.e.* steward) on the estate of Calder, drank tea with us last night, upon getting a note from M'Aulay, and asked us to his house. We had not time to accept of his invitation. He gave us a letter of introduction to Mr. Ferne, master of stores at Fort George. He shewed it to me. It recommended "two celebrated gentlemen; no less than Dr. Johnson, *author of his Dictionary*,—and Mr. Boswell, known at Edinburgh by the name of Paoli." He said, he hoped I had no objection to what he had written; if I had, he would alter it. I thought it was a pity to check his effusions, and acquiesced; taking care, however, to seal the letter, that it might not appear that I had read it.

A conversation took place, about saying grace at breakfast (as we do in Scotland) as well as at dinner and supper; in which Dr. Johnson said, "It is enough if we have stated seasons of prayer; no matter when. A man may as well pray when he mounts his horse, or a woman when she milks her cow, (which Mr. Grant told

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\* Dr. Johnson did not neglect what he had undertaken. By his interest with the Rev. Dr. Adams, master of Pembroke College, Oxford, where he was educated for some time, he obtained a servitorship for young M'Aulay. But it seems he had other views; and I believe went abroad.

nay's, he mentioned that the story as told gave an unfair representation of him. The fact, he said, was this. In a conversation with Dr. Johnson concerning the Lord's Prayer, Baretti observed (profanely enough) that the petition, *lead us not into temptation*, ought rather to be addressed to the tempter of mankind than a benevolent Creator who delighted in the happiness of his creatures. 'Pray, Sir,' said Johnson (who could not bear that any part of our holy religion

should be spoken lightly of), 'do you know who was the author of the Lord's Prayer?' Baretti (who did not wish to get into any serious dispute, and who appears to be an Infidel), by way of putting an end to the conversation, only replied,—'Oh, Sir, you know by *our* religion (Roman Catholic), we are not permitted to read the Scriptures. You can't therefore expect an answer.'—*Malomana.*

us is done in the Highlands) as at meals; and custom is to be followed.\*<sup>1</sup>

We proceeded to Fort George. When we came into the square, I sent a soldier with the letter to Mr. Ferne. He came to us immediately, and along with him came Major Brewse of the Engineers, pronounced Bruce. He said he believed it was originally the same Norman name with Bruce. That he had dined at a house in London, where were three Bruces, one of the Irish line, one of the Scottish line, and himself of the English line. He said he was shewn it in the Herald's office spelt fourteen different ways. I told him the different spellings of my name. Dr. Johnson observed, that there had been great disputes about the spelling of Shakspeare's name; at last it was thought it would be settled by looking at the original copy of his will; but, upon examining it, he was found to have written it himself no less than three different ways.

Mr. Ferne and Major Brewse first carried us to wait on Sir Eyre Coote, whose regiment, the 37th, was lying here, and who then commanded the fort. He asked us to dine with him, which we agreed to do.

Before dinner we examined the fort. The Major explained the fortification to us, and Mr. Ferne gave us an account of the stores. Dr. Johnson talked of the proportions of charcoal and salt-petre in making gunpowder, of granulating it, and of giving it a gloss. He made a very good figure upon these topics. He said to me afterwards, that "he had talked *ostentatiously*." We reposed ourselves a little in Mr. Ferne's house. He had every thing in neat order as in England; and a tolerable collection of books. I looked into Pennant's Tour in Scotland. He says little of this fort; but that "the barracks, &c. form several streets." This is aggrandising. Mr. Ferne observed, if he had said they form a square, with a row of buildings before it, he would have given a juster description. Dr. Johnson remarked, "how seldom descriptions correspond with realities; and the reason is, that people do not write them till some time after, and then their imagination has added circumstances."

We talked of Sir Adolphus Oughton. The Major said, he knew a great deal for a military man. JOHNSON. "Sir, you will find few men, of any profession, who know more. Sir Adolphus is a very

\* He could not bear to have it thought that, in any instance whatever, the Scots are more pious than the English. I think grace as proper at breakfast as at any other meal. It is the pleasantest meal we have. Dr. Johnson has allowed the peculiar merit of breakfast in Scotland.

<sup>1</sup> The same thought is in Charles Lamb's essay on "Grace before Meat."

extraordinary man; a man of boundless curiosity and unwearied diligence."

I know not how the Major contrived to introduce the contest between Warburton and Lowth. JOHNSON. "Warburton kept his temper all along, while Lowth was in a passion. Lowth published some of Warburton's letters. Warburton drew *him* on to write some very abusive letters, and then asked his leave to publish them; which he knew Lowth could not refuse, after what *he* had done. So that Warburton contrived that he should publish, apparently with Lowth's consent, what could not but shew Lowth in a disadvantageous light." \*

At three the drum beat for dinner. I, for a little while, fancied myself a military man, and it pleased me. We went to Sir Eyre Cooté's, at the governor's house, and found him a most gentleman-like man. His lady is a very agreeable woman, with an uncommonly mild and sweet tone of voice. There was a pretty large company: Mr. Ferne, Major Brewse, and several officers. Sir Eyre had come from the East-Indies by land, through the Desarts of Arabia. He told us, the Arabs could live five days without victuals, and subsist for three weeks on nothing else but the blood of their camels, who could lose so much of it as would suffice for that time, without being exhausted. He highly praised the virtue of the Arabs; their fidelity, if they undertook to conduct any person; and said, they would sacrifice their lives rather than let him be robbed. Dr. Johnson, who is always for maintaining the superiority of civilized over uncivilized men, said, "Why, Sir, I can see no superior virtue in this. A serjeant and twelve men, who are my guard, will die, rather than that I shall be robbed." Colonel Pennington, of the 37th regiment, took up the argument with a good deal of spirit and ingenuity. PENNINGTON. "But the soldiers are compelled to this, by fear of punishment." JOHNSON. "Well, Sir, the Arabs are compelled by the fear of infamy." PENNINGTON. "The soldiers have the same fear of infamy, and the fear of punishment besides; so have less virtue, because they act less voluntarily." Lady Coo<sup>t</sup> observed very well, that it ought to be known if there was not, among the Arabs, some punishment for not being faithful on such occasions.

We talked of the stage. I observed, that we had not now such a company of actors as in the last age; Wilks, Booth, &c. &c.

\* Here Dr. Johnson gave us part of a conversation held between a Great Personage and him, in the library at the Queen's Palace, in the course of which this contest was considered. I have been at great pains to get that conversation as perfectly preserved as possible. It will appear in Dr. Johnson's LIFE.

JOHNSON. "You think so, because there is one who excels all the rest so much: you compare them with Garrick, and see the deficiency. Garrick's great distinction is his universality. He can represent all modes of life, but that of an easy fine-bred gentleman."

PENNINGTON. "He should give over playing young parts." JOHN-SON. "He does not take them now; but he does not leave off those which he has been used to play, because he does them better than any one else can do them. If you had generations of actors, if they swarmed like bees, the young ones might drive off the old. Mrs. Cibber, I think, got more reputation than she deserved, as she had a great sameness; though her expression was undoubtedly very fine. Mrs. Clive was the best player I ever saw. Mrs. Pritchard was a very good one; but she had something affected in her manner: I imagine she had some player of the former age in her eye, which occasioned it."

Colonel Pennington said, Garrick sometimes failed in emphasis; as for instance, in "Hamlet,"

"I will speak *daggers* to her; but use *none*."

instead of

"I will *speak* daggers to her; but *use* none."

We had a dinner of two compleat courses, variety of wines, and the regimental band of musick playing in the square, before the windows, after it. I enjoyed this day much. We were quite easy and cheerful. Dr. Johnson said, "I shall always remember this fort with gratitude." I could not help being struck with some admiration, at finding upon this barren sandy point, such buildings,—such a dinner,—such company. It was like enchantment. Dr. Johnson, on the other hand, said to me more rationally, that "it did not strike *him* as any thing extraordinary; because he knew, here was a large sum of money expended in building a fort; here was a regiment. If there had been less than what we found, it would have surprized him." *He* looked coolly and deliberately through all the gradations. My warm imagination jumped from the barren sands to the splendid dinner and brilliant company. Like the hero in "Love in a Hollow Tree,"

"Without ands or ifs,

I leapt from off the sands upon the cliffs."

The whole scene gave me a strong impression of the power and excellence of human art.

We left the fort between six and seven o'clock. Sir Eyre Coote, Colonel Pennington, and several more, accompanied us down stairs, and saw us into our chaise. There could not be greater attention paid to any visitors. Sir Eyre spoke of the hardships which Dr. Johnson had before him. BOSWELL. "Considering what he has said of us, we must make him feel something rough in Scotland." Sir Eyre said to him, "You must change your name, Sir." BOSWELL. "Aye, to Dr. M'Gregor."

We got safely to Inverness, and put up at Mackenzie's inn. Mr. Keith, the collector of Excise here, my old acquaintance at Ayr, who had seen us at the Fort, visited us in the evening, and engaged us to dine with him next day, promising to breakfast with us, and take us to the English chapel; so that we were at once commodiously arranged.

Not finding a letter here that I expected, I felt a momentary impatience to be at home. Transient clouds darkened my imagination, and in those clouds I saw events from which I shrunk; but a sentence or two of the "Rambler's" conversation gave me firmness, and I considered that I was upon an expedition for which I had wished for years, and the recollection of which would be a treasure to me for life.

*Sunday, 29th August.*

Mr. Keith breakfasted with us. Dr. Johnson expatiated rather too strongly upon the benefits derived to Scotland from the Union, and the bad state of our people before it. I am entertained with his copious exaggeration upon that subject; but I am uneasy when people are by, who do not know him as well as I do, and may be apt to think him narrow-minded.\* I therefore diverted the subject.

The English chapel, to which we went this morning, was but mean. The altar was a bare fir table, with a coarse stool for kneeling on, covered with a piece of thick sail-cloth doubled, by way of cushion. The congregation was small. Mr. Tait, the clergyman, read prayers very well, though with much of the Scotch accent. He preached on "*Love your Enemies.*" It was remarkable that, when talking of the connections amongst men, he said, that some connected themselves with men of distinguished talents, and since

\* It is remarkable that Dr. Johnson read this gentle remonstrance, and took no notice of it to me.

they could not equal them, tried to deck themselves with their merit, by being their companions. The sentence was to this purpose. It had an odd coincidence with what might be said of my connecting myself with Dr. Johnson.

After church, we walked down to the Quay. We then went to Macbeth's castle. I had a romantick satisfaction in seeing Dr. Johnson actually in it. It perfectly corresponds with Shakspeare's description, which Sir Joshua Reynolds has so happily illustrated, in one of his notes on our immortal poet :

"This castle hath a pleasant seat : the air  
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself  
Unto our gentle sense," &c.

Just as we came out of it, a raven perched on one of the chimney tops, and croaked. Then I repeated

—————" The raven himself is hoarse,  
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements."

We dined at Mr. Keith's. Mrs. Keith was rather too attentive to Dr. Johnson, asking him many questions about his drinking only water. He repressed that observation, by saying to me, "You may remember that Lady Errol took no notice of this."

Dr. Johnson has the happy art (for which I have heard my father praise the old Earl of Aberdeen) of instructing himself, by making every man he meets tell him something of what he knows best. He led Keith to talk to him of the Excise in Scotland, and, in the course of conversation, mentioned that his friend Mr. Thrale, the great brewer, paid twenty thousand pounds a year to the revenue ; and that he had four casks, each of which holds sixteen hundred barrels,—above a thousand hogsheads.

After this there was little conversation that deserves to be remembered. I shall therefore here again glean what I have omitted on former days. Dr. Gerrard, at Aberdeen, told us, that when he was in Wales, he was shewn a valley inhabited by Danes, who still retain their own language, and are quite a distinct people. Dr. Johnson thought it could not be true, or all the kingdom must have heard of it. He said to me, as we travelled, "these people, Sir, that Gerrard talks of, may have somewhat of a *peregrinity* in their dialect, which relation has augmented to a different language." I asked him if *peregrinity* was an English word? He laughed, and said, "No." I told him this was the second time that I had heard



him coin a word. When Foote broke his leg, I observed that it would make him fitter for taking off George Faulkner as Peter Paragraph, poor George having a wooden leg. Dr. Johnson at that time said, "George will rejoice at the *depeditation* of Foote;" and when I challenged that word, laughed, and owned he had made it; and added that he had not made above three or four in his Dictionary.\*

Having conducted Dr. Johnson to our inn, I begged permission to leave him for a little, that I might run about and pay some short visits to several good people of Inverness. He said to me, "You have all the old-fashioned principles, good and bad." I acknowledge I have. That of attention to relations in the remotest degree, or to worthy persons in every state whom I have once known, I inherit from my father. It gave me much satisfaction to hear every body at Inverness speak of him with uncommon regard. Mr. Keith and Mr. Grant, whom we had seen at Mr. M'Aulay's, supped with us at the inn.<sup>1</sup> We had roasted kid, which Dr. Johnson had never tasted before. He relished it much.

*Monday, 30th August.*

This day we were to begin our *equitation*, as I said; for *I* would needs make a word too. It is remarkable, that my noble, and to me most constant friend, the Earl of Pembroke, (who, if there is too much ease on my part, will be pleased to pardon what his benevolent, gay, social intercourse, and lively correspondence, have insensibly produced) has since hit upon the very same word. The title of the first edition of his lordship's very useful book was, in simple terms, "A Method of breaking Horses, and teaching Soldiers to ride." The title of the second edition is, "MILITARY EQUITATION."

We might have taken a chaise to Fort Augustus; but, had we not hired horses at Inverness, we should not have found them after-

\* When upon the subject of this *peregrinity*, he told me some particulars concerning the compilation of his Dictionary, and concerning his throwing off Lord Chesterfield's patronage, of which very erroneous accounts have been circulated. These particulars, with others which he afterwards gave me,—as also his celebrated letter to Lord Chesterfield, which he dictated to me,—I reserve for his "LIFE."

<sup>1</sup> "Mr. Grant," says Mr. Carruthers, "lived till the year 1828. He used to describe this supper, and give a humorous description of Johnson imitating a kangaroo. 'He stood erect, put out his

hands like feelers, and gathering up the tails of his huge brown coat, so as to resemble the pouch of the animal, made two or three vigorous bounds across the room.'

wards. So we resolved to begin here to ride. We had three horses, for Dr. Johnson, myself, and Joseph, and one which carried our port-manteaus, and two Highlanders who walked along with us, John Gray and Lauchlan Vass, whom Dr. Johnson has remembered with credit in his JOURNEY, though he has omitted their names. Dr. Johnson rode very well.

About three miles beyond Inverness, we saw, just by the road, a very compleat specimen of what is called a Druid's temple. There was a double circle, one of very large, the other of smaller stones. Dr. Johnson justly observed, that, "to go and see one druidical temple is only to see that it is nothing, for there is neither art nor power in it; and seeing one is quite enough."

It was a delightful day. Lochness, and the road upon the side of it, shaded with birch trees, and the hills above it, pleased us much. The scene was as sequestered and agreeably wild as could be desired, and for a time engrossed all our attention.

To see Dr. Johnson in any new situation is always an interesting object to me; and, as I saw him now for the first time on horseback, jaunting about at his ease in quest of pleasure and novelty, the very different occupations of his former laborious life, his admirable productions, his "London," his "Rambler," &c. &c. immediately presented themselves to my mind, and the contrast made a strong impression on my imagination.

When we had advanced a good way by the side of Lochness, I perceived a little hut, with an old-looking woman at the door of it. I thought here might be a scene that would amuse Dr. Johnson; so I mentioned it to him. "Let's go in," said he. So we dismounted, and we and our guides entered the hut. It was a wretched little hovel of earth only, I think, and for a window had only a small hole, which was stopped with a piece of turf, that was taken out occasionally to let in light. In the middle of the room or space which we entered, was a fire of peat, the smoke going out at a hole in the roof. She had a pot upon it, with goat's flesh, boiling. There was at one end under the same roof, but divided by a kind of partition made of wattles, a pen or fold in which we saw a good many kids.

Dr. Johnson was curious to know where she slept. I asked one of the guides, who questioned her in Erse. She answered with a tone of emotion, saying, (as he told us) she was afraid we wanted to go to bed to her. This *coquetry*, or whatever it may be called, of so wretched a being, was truly ludicrous. Dr. Johnson and I afterwards were merry upon it. I said, it was he who alarmed the poor woman's virtue. "No, Sir, (said he) she'll say, 'there came a

wicked young fellow, a wild dog, who I believe would have ravished me, had there not been with him a grave old gentleman, who repressed him : but when he gets out of the sight of his tutor, I'll warrant you he'll spare no woman he meets, young or old." "No, Sir, (I replied) she'll say, 'There was a terrible ruffian who would have forced me, had it not been for a civil decent young man, who, I take it, was an angel sent from heaven to protect me.'"

Dr. Johnson would not hurt her delicacy, by insisting on "seeing her bed chamber," like Archer in the "Beaux Stratagem." But my curiosity was more ardent ; I lighted a piece of paper, and went into the place where the bed was. There was a little partition of wicker, rather more neatly done than the one for the fold, and close by the wall was a kind of bedstead of wood with heath upon it by way of bed ; at the foot of which I saw some sort of blankets or covering rolled up in a heap. The woman's name was Fraser ; so was her husband's. He was a man of eighty. Mr. Fraser of Balnain allows him to live in this hut, and keep sixty goats, for taking care of his woods, where he then was. They had five children, the eldest only thirteen. Two were gone to Inverness to buy meal ; the rest were looking after the goats. This contented family had four stacks of barley, twenty-four sheaves in each. They had a few fowls. We were informed that they lived all the spring without meal, upon milk and curds and whey alone. What they get for their goats, kids, and fowls, maintains them during the rest of the year.

She asked us to sit down and take a dram. I saw one chair. She said, she was as happy as any woman in Scotland. She could hardly speak any English, except a few detached words. Dr. Johnson was pleased at seeing, for the first time, such a state of human life. She asked for snuff. It is her luxury, and she uses a great deal. We had none ; but gave her sixpence a piece. She then brought out her whisky bottle. I tasted it ; as did Joseph and our guides. So I gave her sixpence more. She sent us away with many prayers in Erse.

We dined at a little publick house called the *General's* Hut, from General Wade, who was lodged there when he commanded in the North. Near it is the meanest parish Kirk I ever saw. It is a shame it should be on a high road. After dinner, we passed through a good deal of mountainous country. I had known Mr. Trapaud, the deputy-governour of Fort Augustus, twelve years ago, at a circuit at Inverness, where my father was judge. I sent forward one of our guides, and Joseph, with a card to him, that he might know Dr. Johnson and I were coming up, leaving it to him

to invite us or not. It was dark when we arrived. The inn was wretched. Government ought to build one, or give the resident governour an additional salary; as, in the present state of things, he must necessarily be put to a great expense in entertaining travellers. Joseph announced to us, when we alighted, that the governour waited for us at the gate of the fort. We walked to it. He met us, and with much civility conducted us to his house. It was comfortable to find ourselves in a well-built little square, and a neatly furnished house, in good company, and with a good supper before us; in short, with all the conveniencies of civilized life in the midst of rude mountains. Mrs. Trapaud, and the governour's daughter, and her husband, Captain Newmarsh, were all most obliging and polite. The governour had excellent animal spirits, the conversation of a soldier, and somewhat of a Frenchman, to which his extraction entitles him. He is brother to General Cyrus Trapaud. We passed a very agreeable evening.

*Tuesday, 31st August.*

The governour has a very good garden. We looked at it, and at all the rest of the fort, which is but small, and may be commanded from a variety of hills around. We also looked at the galley or sloop belonging to the fort, which sails upon the Loch, and brings what is wanted for the garrison. Captains Urie and Darippe, of the 15th regiment of foot, breakfasted with us. They had served in America, and entertained Dr. Johnson much with an account of the Indians. He said, he could make a very pretty book out of them, were he to stay there. Governor Trapaud was much struck with Dr. Johnson. "I like to hear him, (said he) it is so majestick. I should be glad to hear him speak in your court." He pressed us to stay dinner; but I considered that we had a rude road before us, which we could more easily encounter in the morning, and that it was hard to say when we might get up, were we to sit down to good entertainment, in good company; I therefore begged the governour would excuse us. Here, too, I had another very pleasing proof how much my father is regarded. The governour expressed the highest respect for him, and bade me tell him, that, if he would come that way on a circuit to Inverness, he would do him all the honours of the garrison.

*Second Edition.*—Line 36: "on a circuit to Inverness" altered to "on the Northern Circuit."

Between twelve and one we set out, and travelled eleven miles, through a wild country, till we came to a house in Glenmorison, called Anoch, kept by a M'Queen.\* Our landlord was a sensible fellow: he had learnt his grammar, and Dr. Johnson justly observed, that "a man is the better for that as long as he lives." There were some books here: a "Treatise against Drunkenness," translated from the French; a volume of the "Spectator;" a volume of Prideaux's "Connection," and Cyrus's "Travels." M'Queen said he had more volumes; and his pride seemed to be much piqued that we were surprised at his having books.<sup>1</sup>

Near to this place we had passed a party of soldiers, under a serjeant's command, at work upon the road. We gave them two shillings to drink. They came to our inn, and made merry in the barn. We went and paid them a visit, Dr. Johnson saying, "Come, let's go and give 'em another shilling a-piece." We did so; and he was saluted "MY LORD" by all of them. He is really generous, loves influence, and has the way of gaining it. He said, "I am quite feudal, Sir." Here I agree with him. I said, I regretted I was not the head of a clan; however, though not possessed of such an hereditary advantage, I would always endeavour to make my tenants follow me. I could not be a *patriarchal* chief, but I would be a *feudal* chief.

The poor soldiers got too much liquor. Some of them fought, and left blood upon the spot, and cursed whisky next morning. The house here was built of thick turfs, and thatched with thinner turfs and heath. It had three rooms in length, and a little room which projected. Where we sat, the side-walls were *wainscotted*, as Dr. Johnson said, with wicker, very neatly plaited. Our landlord had made the whole with his own hands.

After dinner, M'Queen sat by us awhile, and talked with us. He said, all the Laird of Glenmorison's people would bleed for him, if they were well used; but that seventy men had gone out of the Glen to America. That he himself intended to go next year; for that the rent of his farm, which twenty years ago was only five

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\* A M'Queen is a Highland mode of expression. An Englishman would say *one* M'Queen. But where there are *clans* or *tribes* of men, distinguished by *patronymick* surnames, the individuals of each are considered as if they were of different species, at least as much as nations are distinguished; so that a M'Queen, a M'Donald, a M'Lean, is said, as we say a Frenchman, an Italian, a Spaniard.

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<sup>1</sup> Mr. Carruthers describes MacQueen as a gentleman of good birth, and married to a laird's daughter. He lived to be ninety, often talking of the *olla Sasse-*

*nach* ("jolly Englishman"), as he called Johnson. His pretty daughter married a watchmaker.

pounds, was now raised to twenty pounds. That he could pay ten pounds, and live; but no more. Dr. Johnson said, he wished M'Queen laird of Glenmorison, and the laird to go to America. M'Queen very generously answered, he should be sorry for it; for the laird could not shift for himself in America as he could do.

I talked of the officers whom we had left to-day; how much service they had seen, and how little they got for it, even of fame. JOHNSON. "Sir, a soldier gets as little as any man can get." BOSWELL. "Goldsmith has acquired more fame than all the officers last war, who were not Generals." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, you will find ten thousand fit to do what they did, before you find one who does what Goldsmith has done. You must consider, that a thing is valued according to its rarity. A pebble that paves the street is in itself more useful than the diamond upon a lady's finger." I wish our friend Goldsmith had heard this.

I yesterday expressed my wonder that John Hay, one of our guides, who had been pressed aboard a man of war, did not chuse to continue longer than nine months, after which time he got off. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, no man will be a sailor, who has contrivance enough to get himself into a jail; for, being in a ship is being in a jail, with the chance of being drowned."

We had tea in the afternoon, and our landlord's daughter, a modest civil girl, very neatly drest, made it for us. She told us, she had been a year at Inverness, and learnt reading and writing, sewing, knotting, working lace, and pastry. Dr. Johnson made her a present of a book which he had bought at Inverness.\*

The room had some deals laid across the joists, as a kind of cieling. There were two beds in the room, and a woman's gown was hung on a rope to make a curtain of separation between them. Joseph had sheets, which my wife had sent with us, laid on them. We had much hesitation, whether to undress, or lye down with our

\* This book has given rise to much inquiry, which has ended in ludicrous surprise. Several ladies, wishing to learn the kind of reading which the great and good Dr. Johnson esteemed most fit for a young woman, desired to know what book he had selected for this Highland nymph. "They never adverted (said he) that I had no choice in the matter. I have said that I presented her with a book which I *happened* to have about me." And what was this book? My readers, prepare your features for merriment. It was "Cocker's Arithmetick!" Wherever this was mentioned, there was a loud laugh, at which Dr. Johnson, when present, used sometimes to be a little angry. One day, when we were dining at General Ogleshorpe's, where we had many a valuable day, I ventured to interrogate him, "But, Sir, is it not somewhat singular that you should *happen* to have 'Cocker's Arithmetick' about you on your journey? What made you buy such a book at Inverness?" He gave me a very sufficient answer. "Why, Sir, if you are to have but one book with you upon a journey, let it be a book of science. When you have read through a book of entertainment, you know it, and it can do no more for you; but a book of science is inexhaustible."

clothes on. I said at last, "I'll plunge in! There will be less harbour for vermin about me, when I am stripped!" Dr. Johnson said, he was like one hesitating whether to go into the cold bath. At last he resolved too. I observed, he might serve a campaign. JOHNSON. "I could do all that can be done by patience. Whether I should have strength enough, I know not." He was in excellent humour. To see the "Rambler" as I saw him to-night, was really an amusement. I yesterday told him, I was thinking of writing a poetical letter to him, *on his return from Scotland*, in the stile of Swift's humorous epistle in the character of Mary Gulliver to her husband, Captain Lemuel Gulliver, on his return to England from the country of the Houyhnhnms.

"At early morn I to the market haste,  
 Studious in ev'ry thing to please thy taste.  
 A curious *fowl* and *sparagrass* I chose;  
 (For I remember you were fond of those:)  
 Three shillings cost the first, the last sev'n groats;  
 Sullen you turn from both, and call for OATS."

He laughed, and asked in whose name I would write it. I said, in Mrs. Thrale's. He was angry. "Sir, if you have any sense of decency or delicacy, you won't do that!" BOSWELL. "Then let it be in Cole's, the landlord of the Mitre tavern; where we have so often sat together." JOHNSON. "Aye, that may do."

After we had offered up our private devotions, and had chatted a little from our beds, Dr. Johnson said, "GOD bless us both, for JESUS CHRIST'S sake! Good night!" I pronounced "Amen." He fell asleep immediately. I was not so fortunate for a long time. I fancied myself bit by innumerable vermin under the clothes; and that a spider was travelling from the wainscot towards my mouth. At last I fell into insensibility.

*Wednesday, 1st September.*

I awaked very early. I began to imagine that the landlord, being about to emigrate, might murder us to get our money, and lay it upon the soldiers in the barn. Such groundless fears will arise in the mind, before it has resumed its vigour after sleep! Dr. Johnson had had the same kind of ideas; for he told me afterwards, that he considered so many soldiers, having seen us, would be witnesses, should any harm be done, and that circumstance, I suppose, he considered as a security. When I got up, I found

sound asleep in his miserable stye, I may call it, with a coloured handkerchief tied round his head. With difficulty could I awaken him. It reminded me of Henry IV.'s fine soliloquy on sleep; for there was here as *uneasy a pallet* as the poet's imagination could possibly conceive.

A red-coat of the 15th regiment, whether officer, or only serjeant, I could not be sure, came to the house, in his way to the mountains to shoot deer, which it seems the Laird of Glenmorison does not hinder any body to do. Few, indeed, can do them harm. We had him to breakfast with us. We got away about eight. M'Queen walked some miles to give us a convoy. He had, in 1745, joined the Highland army at Fort Augustus, and continued in it till after the battle of Culloden. As he narrated the particulars of that ill-advised, but brave attempt, I several times burst into tears. There is a certain association of ideas in my mind upon that subject, by which I am strongly affected. The very Highland names, or the sound of a bagpipe, will stir my blood, and fill me with a mixture of melancholy and respect for courage; with pity for an unfortunate, and superstitious regard for antiquity, and thoughtless inclination for war; in short, with a crowd of sensations with which sober rationality has nothing to do.

We passed through Glensheal, with prodigious mountains on each side. We saw where the battle was fought in the year 1719.<sup>1</sup> Dr. Johnson owned he was now in a scene of as wild nature as he could see; but he corrected me sometimes in my inaccurate observations. "There, said I, is a mountain like a cone." JOHNSON. "No, Sir. It would be called so in a book; and when a man comes to look at it, he sees it is not so. It is indeed pointed at the top; but one side of it is larger than the other." Another mountain I called immense. JOHNSON. "No; it is no more than a considerable protuberance."

We came to a rich green valley, comparatively speaking, and stopt awhile to let our horses rest and eat grass.\* We soon after

*Second Edition* — Line 14: "I several times burst into tears" altered to "I could not refrain from tears."<sup>2</sup>

\* Dr. Johnson, in his "Journey," thus beautifully describes his situation here:—"I sat down on a bank, such as a writer of romance might have delighted to feign. I had, indeed, no trees to whisper over my head; but a clear rivulet streamed at my feet. The day was calm, the air soft, and all was rudeness, silence, and solitude. Before me, and on either side, were high hills, which, by hindering the eye from ranging, forced the mind to find entertainment for itself. Whether I spent the hour

<sup>1</sup> Between the royal troops and some Spanish forces under Lord Seaforth, sent in aid of the Young Pretender's cause.

<sup>2</sup> Mr Boswell, no doubt, saw the absurdity of such repeated bursts of grief at a story.



came to Auchnasheal, a kind of rural village, a number of cottages being built together, as we saw all along in the Highlands. We passed many miles this day without seeing a house, but only little summer-huts, called *shielings*. Evan Campbell, servant to Mr. Murchison, factor to the Laird of Macleod in Glenelg, ran along with us to-day. He was a very obliging fellow. At Auchnasheal, we sat down on a green turf seat at the end of a house; they brought us out two wooden dishes of milk, which we tasted. One of them was frothed like a syllabub. I saw a woman preparing it with such a stick as is used for chocolate, and in the same manner. We had a considerable circle about us, men, women and children, all M'Craas, Lord Seaforth's people. Not one of them could speak English. I observed to Dr. Johnson, it was much the same as being with a tribe of Indians. JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir; but not so terrifying." I gave all who chose it, snuff and tobacco. Governor Trapaud had made us buy a quantity at Fort Augustus, and put them up in small parcels. I also gave each person a bit of wheat bread, which they had never tasted before. I then gave a penny a piece to each child. I told Dr. Johnson of this; upon which he called to Joseph and our guides, for change for a shilling, and declared that he would distribute among the children. Upon this being announced in Erse, there was a great stir; not only did some children come running down from neighbouring huts, but I observed one black-haired man, who had been with us all along, had gone off and returned, bringing a very young child. My fellow-traveller then ordered the children to be drawn up in a row; and he dealt about his copper, and made them and their parents all happy. The poor M'Craas, whatever may be their present state, were much thought of in the year 1715, when there was a line in a song,

"And aw the brave M'Craas are coming."\*

well, I know not; for here I first conceived the thought of this narration." The *Critical Reviewers*, with a spirit and expression worthy of the subject, say,—“We congratulate the public on the event with which this quotation concludes, and are fully persuaded that the hour in which the entertaining traveller conceived this narrative will be considered, by every reader of taste, as a fortunate event in the annals of literature. Were it suitable to the task in which we are at present engaged, to indulge ourselves in a poetical flight, we would invoke the winds of the Caledonian mountains to blow for ever, with their softest breezes, on the bank where our author reclined, and request of Flora, that it might be perpetually adorned with the gayest and most fragrant productions of the year.”

*Second Edition.*—Lines 28, 29: “were much thought of” altered to “were of considerable estimation.”

\* The M'Craas, or Macraes, were since that time brought into the king's army, by the late Lord Seaforth. When they lay in Edinburgh castle in 1778, and were ordered to embark for Jersey, they, with a number of other men in the regiment, for different reasons, but especially an apprehension that they were to be sold to the East India Company, though enlisted not to be sent out of Great-Britain without

There was great diversity in the faces of the circle around us: some were as black and wild in their appearance as any American savages whatever. One woman was as comely almost as the figure of Sapho, as we see it painted. We asked the old woman, the mistress of the house where we had the milk, (which, by the bye, Dr. Johnson told me, for I did not observe it myself, was built not of turf, but of stone,) what we should pay. She said, what we pleased. One of our guides asked her, in Erse, if a shilling was enough. She said, "Yes." But some of the men bid her ask more. This vexed me; because it shewed a desire to impose upon strangers, as they knew that even a shilling was high payment. The woman, however, honestly persisted in her first price; so I gave her half a crown. Thus we had one good scene of life uncommon to us. The people were very much pleased, gave us many blessings, and said they had not had such a day since the old Laird of M'Leod's time.

Dr. Johnson was much refreshed by this repast. He was pleased when I told him he would make a good Chief. He said, "Were I a chief, I would dress my servants better than myself, and knock a fellow down if he looked saucy to a Macdonald in rags. But I would not treat men as brutes. I would let them know why all of my clan were to have attention paid to them. I would tell my upper servants why, and make them tell the others."

We rode on well, till we came to the high mountain called the Rattakin, by which time both Dr. Johnson and the horses were a good deal fatigued. It is a terrible steep to climb, notwithstanding the road is made slanting along it; however, we made it out. On the top of it we met Captain M'Leod of Balmenoch (a Dutch officer who had come from Sky) riding with his sword slung across him. He asked, "Is this Mr. Boswell?" which was a proof that we were expected. Going down the hill on the other side was no easy task. As Dr. Johnson was a great weight, the two guides agreed that he should ride the horses alternately. Hay's were the two best, and the Doctor would not ride but upon one or other of them, a black or

their own consent, made a determined mutiny, and encamped upon the lofty mountain, Arthur's seat, where they remained three days and three nights bidding defiance to all the force in Scotland. At last they came down, and embarked peaceably, having obtained formal articles of capitulation, signed by Sir Adolphus Oughton, commander in chief, General Skene, deputy commander, the Duke of Buccleugh, and the Earl of Dunmore, which quieted them. Since the secession of the Commons of Rome to the *Mons Sacer*, a more spirited exertion has not been made. I gave great attention to it from first to last, and have drawn up a particular account of it. Those brave fellows have since served their country effectually at Jersey, and also in the East-Indies, to which, after being better informed, they voluntarily agreed to go.

a brown. But, as Hay complained much, after ascending the Rattakin, the Doctor was prevailed with to mount one of Vass's greys. As he rode upon it down hill, it did not go well; and he grumbled. I walked on a little before, but was excessively entertained with the method taken to keep him in good humour. Hay led the horse's head, talking to Dr. Johnson as much as he could; and (having heard him, in the forenoon, express a pastoral pleasure on seeing the goats browsing) just when the Doctor was uttering his displeasure, the fellow cried, with a very Highland accent, "See such pretty goats!" Then he whistled, *whu!* and made them jump. Little did he conceive what Dr. Johnson was. Here now was a common ignorant Highland horse-hirer imagining that he could divert, as one does a child,—*Dr. Samuel Johnson!* The ludicrousness, absurdity, and extraordinary contrast between what the fellow fancied, and the reality, was truly comick.

It grew dusky; and we had a very tedious ride for what was called five miles; but I am sure would measure ten. We spoke none. I was riding forward to the inn at Glenelg, on the shore opposite to Sky, that I might take proper measures, before Dr. Johnson, who was now advancing in dreary silence, Hay leading his horse, should arrive. He called me back with a tremendous shout, and was really in a passion with me for leaving him. I told him my intentions, but he was not satisfied, and said, "Do you know, I should as soon have thought of picking a pocket, as doing so." BOSWELL. "I am diverted with you, Sir." JOHNSON. "Sir, I could never be diverted with incivility. Doing such a thing, makes one lose confidence in him who has done it, as one cannot tell what he may do next." His extraordinary warmth confounded me so much, that I justified myself but lamely to him; yet my intentions were not improper. I wished to get on, to see how we were to be lodged, and how we were to get a boat; all which I thought I could best settle myself, without his having any trouble. To apply his great mind to minute particulars, is wrong. It is like taking an immense balance, such as is kept on quays for weighing cargoes of ships,—to weigh a guinea. I knew I had neat little scales, which would do better; and that his attention to every thing which falls in his way, and his uncommon desire to be always in the right, would make him weigh, if he knew of the particulars: it was

*Second Edition.*—Lines 17, 18: "We spoke none" altered to "We had no conversation."

*Ibid.*—Line 21: After "arrive," inserted—"Vass also walked by the side of his horse, and Joseph followed behind; as therefore he was thus attended, and seemed to be in deep meditation, I thought there could be no harm in leaving him for a little while."

right therefore for me to weigh them, and let him have them only in effect. I however continued to ride by him, finding he wished I should do so.

As we passed the barracks at Bernéra, I looked at them wishfully, as soldiers have always every thing in the best order. But there was only a serjeant and a few men there. We came on to the inn at Glenelg. There was no provender for our horses; so they were sent to grass, with a man to watch them. A maid shewed us up stairs into a room damp and dirty, with bare walls, a variety of bad smells, a coarse black greasy fir table, and forms of the same kind; and out of a wretched bed started a fellow from his sleep, like Edgar in King Lear, "Poor Tom's a cold."<sup>a</sup>

This inn was furnished with not a single article that we could either eat or drink; but Mr. Murchison, factor to the Laird of Macleod in Glenelg, sent us a bottle of rum and some sugar, with a polite message, to acquaint us, that he was very sorry that he did not hear of us till we had passed his house, otherwise he should have insisted on our passing the night there; and that, if he were not obliged to set out for Inverness early next morning, he would have waited upon us. Such extraordinary attention from this gentleman, to entire strangers, deserves the most honourable commemoration.

Our bad accommodation here made me uneasy, and almost fretful. Dr. Johnson was calm. I said, he was so from vanity. JOHNSON. "No, Sir, it is from philosophy." It pleased me to see that the "Rambler" could practice so well his own lessons.

I resumed the subject of leaving him on the road, and endeavoured to defend it better. He was still violent upon that head, and said, "Sir, had you gone on, I was thinking that I should have returned with you to Edinburgh, and then have parted from you, and never spoken to you more."

I sent for fresh hay, with which we made beds for ourselves, each in a room equally miserable. Like Wolfe, we had a "*choice of difficulties*." Dr. Johnson made things easier by comparison. At M'Queen's, last night, he observed, that few were so well lodged in a ship. To-night he said, we were better than if we had been upon the hill. He lay down buttoned up in his great coat. I had my sheets spread on the hay, and my clothes and great coat laid over me, by way of blankets.

<sup>a</sup> It is amusing to observe the different images which this being presented to Dr. Johnson and me. The Doctor, in his JOURNEY, compares him to a Cyclops.  
*Second Edition.*—Line 18: Altered to "should have insisted on our sleeping there that night."

*Thursday, 2d September.*

I had slept ill. Dr. Johnson's anger had affected me much. I considered that, without any bad intention, I might suddenly forfeit his friendship. I was impatient to see him this morning. I told him how uneasy he had made me, by what he had said, and reminded him of his own remark at Aberdeen, upon old friendships being hastily broken off. He owned, he had spoken to me in passion; that he would not have done what he threatened; and that, if he had, he would have been ten times worse than I; that forming intimacies, would indeed be "limning the water," were they liable to such sudden dissolutions; and added, "Let's think no more on't." BOSWELL. "Well then, Sir, I shall be easy. Remember, I am to have fair warning in case of any quarrel. You are never to spring a mine upon me. It was absurd in me to believe you." JOHNSON. "You deserved about as much, as to believe me from night to morning."

After breakfast, we got into a boat for Sky. It rained much when we set off, but cleared up as we advanced. One of the boatmen, who spoke English, said, that a mile at land was two miles at sea. I then observed, that from Glenelg to Armidale in Sky, which was our present course, and is called twelve, was only six miles. But this he could not understand. "Well, (said Dr. Johnson) never talk to me of the native good sense of the Highlanders. Here is a fellow who calls one mile two, and yet cannot comprehend that twelve such imaginary miles make in truth but six"

We reached the shore of Armidale before one o'clock. Sir Alexander M'Donald came down to receive us. He and his lady (formerly Miss Bosville of Yorkshire) was then in a house built by a tenant at this place, which is in the district of Slate, the family mansion here having been burnt in Sir Donald Macdonald's time.

Instead of finding the head of the Macdonalds surrounded with his clan, and a festive entertainment, we had a small company, and cannot boast of our cheer. The particulars are minuted in my

*Second Edition.*—Line 4: "friendship. I was," &c., altered to "friendship; and was," &c.

*Ibid.*—Line 31: Paragraph beginning "Instead of finding" to "if it were full," omitted, and the following inserted:—

"The most ancient seat of the chief of the Macdonalds in the isle of Sky was at Duntulm, where there are the remains of a stately castle. The principal residence of the family is now at Mugstot, at which there is a considerable building. Sir Alexander and lady Macdonald had come to Armidale in their way to Edinburgh, where it was necessary for them to be soon after this time.

"Armidale is situated on a pretty bay of the narrow sea, which flows between the main land of Scotland and the Isle of Sky. In front there is a grand prospect of the rude mountains of Moidart and Knoidart. Behind are hills gently rising and

Journal, but I shall not trouble the publick with them. I shall mention but one characteristic circumstance. My shrewd and hearty friend, Sir Thomas (Wentworth) Blacket, Lady Macdonald's uncle, who had preceded us in a visit to this chief, upon being asked by him, if the punch-bowl then upon the table was not a very handsome one, replied, "Yes,—if it were full."

Sir Alexander Macdonald having been an Eton Scholar, Dr. Johnson had formed an opinion of him which was much diminished when he beheld him in the isle of Sky, where we heard heavy complaints of rents racked, and the people driven to emigration. Dr. Johnson said, "It grieves me to see the chief of a great clan appear to such disadvantage. This gentleman has talents, nay some learning; but he is totally unfit for this situation. Sir, the Highland chiefs should not be allowed to go farther south than Aberdeen. A strong-minded man, like his brother Sir James, may be improved by an English education; but in general, they will be tamed into insignificance."

I meditated an escape from this house the very next day; but Dr. Johnson resolved that we should weather it out till Monday.

We found here Mr. Janes of Aberdeenshire, a naturalist. Janes said he had been at Dr. Johnson's, in London, with Ferguson, the covered with a finer verdure than I expected to see in this climate, and the scene is enlivened by a number of little clear brooks."

*Second Edition*—Line 7 Paragraphs from "Sir Alexander" to "weather it out till Monday" thus remodelled—

"Sir Alexander Macdonald having been an Eton scholar, and being a gentleman of talents, Dr. Johnson had been very well pleased with him in London. But my fellow-traveller and I were now full of the old Highland spirit, and were dissatisfied at hearing of racked rents and emigration, and finding a chief not surrounded by his clan. Dr. Johnson said, 'Sir, the Highland chiefs should not be allowed to go farther south than Aberdeen. A strong-minded man, like Sir James Macdonald, may be improved by an English education; but in general, they will be tamed into insignificance.'"<sup>1</sup>

*Third Edition*—Line 7, note: "See his Latin verses addressed to Dr. Johnson in the appendix"

<sup>1</sup> These alterations were no doubt owing, as Boswell protests elsewhere, to a feeling that the passage had been written hastily, and was, indeed, unbecoming. It was reported that the change was made on compulsion. "Sir Alexander," writes Barette, in his *Marginalia*, "threatened to kick him if he did not recant what he had said of him." Johnson wrote, that he believed Sir Alexander had come from his seat in the middle of the island that he might with less reproach entertain them meanly. There was no cook, and everything was in the rough. Johnson and his companion

christened him "Sir Sawney," a title no doubt suggested by Boswell, who had given the same nickname to another Sir Alexander who had been his rival in an old courtship. The lynx-eye of Mr. Croker here detected a cancelled page, which was so contrived as almost to defy detection. There must have been something specially offensive in the report of the next morning's conversation. It should be mentioned, however, that this vilified host had recently given a splendid masquerade in Edinburgh. He, later, became Lord Macdonald.

astronomer. JOHNSON. "It is strange that, in such distant places, I should meet with any one who knows me. I should have thought I might hide myself in Sky."

*Friday, 3d September.*

This day proving wet, we should have passed our time very uncomfortably, had we not found in the house two chests of books, which we eagerly ransacked. After dinner, when I alone was left at table with the few Highland gentlemen who were of the company, having talked with very high respect of Sir James Macdonald, they were all so much affected as to shed tears. One of them was Mr. Donald Macdonald, who had been lieutenant of grenadiers in the Highland regiment, raised by Colonel Montgomery, now Earl of Eglington, in the war before last; one of those regiments which the late Lord Chatham prided himself in having brought "from the mountains of the North:" by doing which he contributed to extinguish in the Highlands the remains of disaffection to the present Royal Family. From this gentleman's conversation, I first learnt how very popular his Colonel was among the Highlanders; of which I had such continued proofs, during the whole course of my Tour, that on my return I could not help telling the noble Earl himself, that I did not before know how great a man he was.

We were advised by some persons here to visit Rasay, in our way to Dunvegan, the seat of the Laird of Macleod. Being informed that the Rev. Mr. Donald M'Queen was the most intelligent man in Sky, and having been favoured with a letter of introduction to him, by the learned Sir James Foulis, I sent it to him by an express, and requested he would meet us at Rasay; and at the same time enclosed a letter to the Laird of Macleod, informing him that we intended in a few days to have the honour of waiting on him at Dunvegan.

Dr. Johnson this day endeavoured to obtain some knowledge of the state of the country; but complained that he could get no distinct information about any thing, from those with whom he conversed.

*Saturday, 4th September.*

My endeavours to rouse the English-bred Chieftain, in whose house we were, to the feudal and patriarchal feelings, proving in-

effectual, Dr. Johnson this morning tried to bring him to our way of thinking. JOHNSON. "Were I in your place, sir, in seven years I would make this an independant island. I would roast oxen whole, and hang out a flag as a signal to the Macdonalds to come and get beef and whisky." Sir Alexander was still starting difficulties. JOHNSON. Nay, sir; if you are born to object, I have done with you. Sir, I would have a magazine of arms." SIR ALEXANDER. "They would rust." JOHNSON. "Let there be men to keep them clean. Your ancestors did not use to let their arms rust."

We attempted in vain to communicate to him a portion of our enthusiasm. He bore with so polite a good-nature our warm, and what some might call Gothick, expostulations, on this subject, that I should not forgive myself, were I to record all that Dr. Johnson's ardour led him to say. This day was little better than a blank.

*Sunday, 5th September.*

I walked to the parish church of Slate, which is a very poor one. There are no church bells in the island. I was told there were once some; what has become of them, I could not learn. The minister not being at home, there was no service. I went into the church, and saw the monument of Sir James Macdonald, which was elegantly executed at Rome, and has the following inscription, written by his friend, George Lord Lyttleton :

"To the memory

Of SIR JAMES MACDONALD, BART.

Who in the flower of youth

Had attained to so eminent a degree of knowledge

In Mathematics, Philosophy, Languages,

And in every other branch of useful and polite learning,

As few have acquired in a long life

Wholly devoted to study :

Yet to this erudition he joined

What can rarely be found with it,

Great talents for business,

Great propriety of behaviour,

Great politeness of manners !

His eloquence was sweet, correct, and flowing ;

His memory vast and exact ;



## TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES.

His judgement strong and acute ;  
 All which endowments, united  
 With the most amiable temper  
 And every private virtue,  
 Procured him, not only in his own country,  
 But also from foreign nations,  
 The highest marks of esteem

“ In the year of our Lord  
 1766,  
 The 25th of his life,  
 After a long and extremely painful illness,  
 Which he supported with admirable patience and fortitude,  
 He died at Rome,  
 Where, notwithstanding the difference of religion,  
 Such extraordinary honours were paid to his memory  
 As had never graced that of any other British subject,  
 Since the death of Sir Philip Sydney.  
 The fame he left behind him is the best consolation  
 To his afflicted family,  
 And to his countrymen in this isle,  
 For whose benefit he had planned  
 Many useful improvements,  
 Which his fruitful genius suggested,  
 And his active spirit promoted,  
 Under the sober direction  
 Of a clear and enlightened understanding.  
 Reader, bewail our loss,  
 And that of all Britain.

“ In testimony of her love,  
 And as the best return she can make  
 To her departed son,  
 For the constant tenderness and affection  
 Which, even to his last moments,  
 He shewed for her,  
 His much afflicted mother,  
 The LADY MARGARET MACDONALD,  
 Daughter to the EARL OF EGLINFOUNE,  
 Erected this monument,  
 A.D. 1768.” \*

\* This extraordinary young man, whom I had the pleasure of knowing intimately, having been deeply regretted by his country, the most minute particulars concerning

Dr. Johnson said, the inscription should have been in Latin, as every thing intended to be universal and permanent, should be.

This being a beautiful day, my spirits were cheered by the mere effect of climate. I had felt a return of spleen during my stay at Armidale, and had it not been that I had Dr. Johnson to contemplate, I should have sunk into dejection; but his firmness supported me. I looked at him, as a man whose head is turning giddy at sea looks at a rock, or any fixed object. I wondered at his tranquillity. He said, "Sir, when a man retires into an island, he is to turn his thoughts intirely on another world. He has done with this." BOSWELL. "It appears to me, Sir, to be very difficult to unite a due attention to this world, and that which is to come; for, if we engage eagerly in the affairs of life, we are apt to be totally forgetful of a future state; and, on the other hand, a steady contemplation of the awful concerns of ete nity renders all objects here so insignificant,

him must be interesting to many. I shall therefore insert his two last letters to his mother, Lady Margaret Macdonald, which her ladyship has been pleased to communicate to me.

"Rome, July 9th, 1766.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—Yesterday's post brought me your answer to the first letter in which I acquainted you of my illness. Your tenderness and concern upon that account are the same I have always experienced, and to which I have often owed my life. Indeed it never was in so great danger as it has been lately, and though it would have been a very great comfort to me to have had you near me, yet perhaps I ought to rejoice, on your account, that you had not the pain of such a spectacle. I have been now a week in Rome, and wish I could continue to give you the same good accounts of my recovery as I did in my last; but I must own that, for three days past, I have been in a very weak and miserable state, which however seems to give no uneasiness to my physician. My stomach has been greatly out of order, without any visible cause; and the palpitation does not decrease. I am told that my stomach will soon recover its tone, and that the palpitation must cease in time. So I am willing to believe; and with this hope support the little remains of spirits which I can be supposed to have, on the forty-seventh day of such an illness. Do not imagine I have relapsed;—I only recover slower than I expected. If my letter is shorter than usual, the cause of it is a dose of physick, which has weakened me so much to day, that I am not able to write a long letter. I will make up for it next post, and remain always

"Your most sincerely affectionate son,

"J. MACDONALD."

He grew gradually worse; and on the night before his death he wrote as follows, from Frescati:

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—Though I did not mean to deceive you in my last letter from Rome, yet certainly you would have very little reason to conclude of the very great and constant danger I have gone through ever since that time. My life, which is still almost entirely desperate, did not at that time appear to me so, otherwise I should have represented, in its true colours, a fact which acquires very little horror by that means, and comes with redoubled force by deception. There is no circumstance of danger and pain of which I have not had the experience, for a continued series of above a fortnight; during which time I have settled my affairs, after my death, with as much distinctness as the hurry and the nature of the thing could admit of. In case of the worst, the Abbé Grant will be my executor in this part of the world, and Mr. Mackenzie in Scotland, where my object has been to make you and my younger brother as independent of the eldest as possible."

as to make us indifferent and negligent about them." JOHNSON. "Sir, Dr. Cheyne has laid down a rule to himself on this subject, which should be imprinted on every mind: '*To neglect nothing to secure my eternal peace, more than if I had been certified I should die within the day: nor to mind any thing that my secular obligations and duties demanded of me, less than if I had been ensured to live fifty years more.*'"

I must here observe, that though Dr. Johnson appeared now to be philosophically calm, yet his genius did not shine forth as in companies, where I have listened to him with admiration. The vigour of his mind was, however, sufficiently manifested, by his discovering no symptoms of feeble relaxation in the dull, "weary, flat, and unprofitable" state in which we now were placed.

I am inclined to think that it was on this day he composed the following Ode upon the "Isle of Sky," which a few days afterwards he shewed me at Rasay:

"O D A.

"*Ponti profundis clausa recessibus,  
Strepens procellis, rupibus obsita,  
Quam grata defesso virentem  
Skia sinum nebuloosa pandis.*

"*His cura credo sedibus exulat;  
His blanda certe pax habitat locis:  
Non ira, non mæror quietis  
Insidias meditatur horis.*

"*At non cavata rupe latescere,  
Menti nec ægræ montibus aviis  
Prodest vagari, nec frementes  
E scopulo numerare fluctus.*

"*Humana virtus non sibi sufficit,  
Datur nec æquum cuique animum sibi  
Parare posse, ut Stoicorum  
Secta crepet nimis alta fallax.*

"*Exæstantis pectoris impetum,  
Rex summe, solus tu regis arbiter,  
Mentisque, te tollente, surgunt,  
Te recidunt moderante fluctus."*<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> VARIOUS READINGS.

Line 2. In the manuscript, Dr. Johnson, instead of *rupibus obsita*, had written *imbribus uvula*, and *uvula nubibus*, but struck them both out.

Lines 15 & 16. Instead of these two lines, he had written, but afterwards struck out, the following:

*Parare posse, utcunque jactet  
Grandiloquus nimis alta Zeno.*

After supper, Dr. Johnson told us, that Isaac Hawkins Browne drank freely for thirty years, and that he wrote his poem, "*De Animi Immortalitate*," in some of the last of these years.—I listened to this with the eagerness of one, who, conscious of being himself fond of wine, is glad to hear that a man of so much genius and good thinking as Browne, had the same propensity.

*Monday, 6th September.*

We set out, accompanied by Mr. Donald M'Leod (late of Canna) as our guide. We rode for some time along the district of Slate, near the shore. The houses in general are made of turf, covered with grass. The country seemed well peopled. We came into the district of Strath, and passed along a wild moonish tract of land till we arrived at the shore. There we found good verdure, and some curious whin-rocks, or collections of stones like the ruins of the foundations of old buildings. We saw also three Cairns of considerable size. About a mile beyond Broadfoot, is Corriechatichin, a farm of Sir Alexander Macdonald's, possessed by Mr. M'Kinnon,\* who received us with a hearty welcome, as did his wife, who was what we call in Scotland a *lady-like* woman. Mr. Pennant, in the course of his tour to the Hebrides, passed two nights at this gentleman's house. On its being mentioned, that a present had here been made to him of a curious specimen of Highland antiquity, Dr. Johnson said, "Sir, it was more than he deserved. The dog is a Whig."

We here enjoyed the comfort of a table plentifully furnished, the satisfaction of which was heightened by a numerous and cheerful company, and we for the first time had a specimen of the joyous

\* That my readers may have my narrative in the style of the country through which I am travelling, they will please to be informed, that the chief of a clan is denominated by his *surname* alone, as M'Leod, M'Kinnon, M'Intosh. To prefix *Mr.* to it would be a degradation from *the* M'Leod, &c. My old friend, the Laird of M'Farlane, the great antiquary, took it highly amiss, when General Wade called him *Mr.* M'Farlane. Dr. Johnson said, he could not bring himself to use this mode of address—it seemed to him to be too familiar, as it is the way in which, in all other places, intimate or inferiors are addressed. When the chiefs have *titles*, they are denominated by them, as *Sir James Grant*, *Sir Allan M'Lean*. The other Highland gentlemen, of landed property, are denominated by their *estates*, as *Rasay*, *Boisdale*; and the wives of all of them have the title of *ladies*. The *lacksmen*, or principal tenants, are named by their farms, as *Kingsburgh*, *Corrichatichin*; and their wives are called the *mistress* of Kingsburgh, the *mistress* of Corrichatichin.—Having given this explanation, I am at liberty to use that mode of speech which generally prevails in the Highlands, and the Hebrides.

social manners of the inhabitants of the Highlands. They talked in their own ancient language, with fluent vivacity, and sung many Erse songs with such spirit, that, though Dr. Johnson was treated with the greatest respect and attention, there were moments in which he seemed to be forgotten. For myself, though but a Lowlander, having picked up a few words of the language, I presumed to mingle in their mirth, and joined in the chorusses with as much glee as any of the company. Dr. Johnson, being fatigued with his journey, retired early to his chamber, where he composed the following Ode, addressed to Mrs. Thrale :

“ O D A .

“ *Permeo terras, ubi nuda rupes  
Saxeas miscet nebulis ruinas,  
Torva ubi rident steriles coloni  
Rura labores.*

“ *Pervagor gentes, hominum ferorum  
Vita ubi nullo decorata cultu  
Squallet informis, tugurique fumis  
Fœda latescit.*

“ *Inter erroris salebrosa longi,  
Inter ignotæ strepitus loquelæ,  
Quot modis mecum, quid agat requiro  
Thralia dulcis !*

“ *Seu viri curas pia nupta mulcet,  
Seu fovet mater sobolem benigna,  
Sive cum libris novitate pascet  
Sedula mentem ;*

“ *Sit memor nostri, fideique merces,  
Stet fides constans, meritoque blandum  
Thraliæ discant resonare nomen  
Littora Skiæ.*

“ Scriptum in Skiá, Sep. 6, 1773.”

*Tuesday, 7th September.*

Dr. Johnson was much pleased with his entertainment here. There were many good books in the house: Hector Boethius in Latin; Cave's "Lives of the Fathers;" Baker's "Chronicle;" Jeremy

Collier's "Church History;" Dr. Johnson's small Dictionary; Craufurd's "Officers of State," and several more:—a mezzotinto of Mrs. Brookes the actress (by some strange chance in Sky); and also a print of Macdonald of Clanranald, with a Latin inscription about the cruelties after the battle of Culloden, which will never be forgotten.

It was a very wet stormy day; so we were obliged to remain here, it being impossible to cross the sea to Rasay.

I employed a part of the forenoon in writing this Journal. The rest of it was somewhat dreary, from the gloominess of the weather, and the uncertain state which we were in, as we could not tell but it might clear up every hour. Nothing is more uneasy to the mind than a state of suspense, especially when it depends upon the weather, concerning which there can be so little calculation. As Dr. Johnson said of our weariness on the Monday at Aberdeen, "Sensation is sensation:" Corrichatachin, which was last night a hospitable house, was, in my mind, changed to-day into a prison. After dinner, I read some of Dr. Macpherson's "Dissertations on the Ancient Caledonians." I was disgusted by the unsatisfactory conjectures as to antiquity, before the days of record. I was happy when tea came. Such, I take it, is the state of those who live in the country. Meals are wished for from the cravings of vacuity of mind, as well as from the desire of eating. I was hurt to find even such a temporary feebleness, and that I was so far from being that robust wise man who is sufficient for his own happiness. I felt a kind of lethargy of indolence. I did not exert myself to get Dr. Johnson to talk, that I might not have the labour of writing down his conversation.—He enquired here, if there were any remains of the second sight. Mr. M'Pherson, minister of Slate, said, he was *resolved* not to believe it, because it was founded on no principle. JOHNSON. "There are many things then, which we are sure are true, that you will not believe. What principle is there, why a loadstone attracts iron? why an egg produces a chicken by heat? why a tree grows upwards, when the natural tendency of all things is downwards? Sir, it depends upon the degree of evidence that you have." Young Mr. M'Kinnon mentioned one M'Kenzie, who is still alive, who had often fainted in his presence, and when he recovered, mentioned visions which had been presented to him. He told Mr. M'Kinnon, that at such a place he should meet a funeral, and that such and such people would be the bearers, naming four; and three weeks afterwards he

saw what M'Kenzie had predicted. The naming the very spot in a country where a funeral comes a long way, and the very people as bearers, when there are so many out of whom a choice may be made, seems extraordinary.—We would have sent for M'Kenzie, had we not been informed that he could speak no English. Besides, the facts were not related with sufficient accuracy.

Mrs. M'Kinnon, who is a daughter of old Kingsburgh, told us, that her father was one day riding in Sky, and some women, who were at work in a field on the side of the road, said to him, they had heard two *taiscks*, (that is, two voices of persons about to die,) and what was remarkable, one of them was an English *taisck*, which they never heard before. When he returned, he at that very place met two funerals, and one of them was that of a woman who had come from the main land, and could speak only English. This, she remarked, made a great impression upon her father.<sup>1</sup>

How all the people here were lodged, I know not. It was partly done by separating man and wife, and putting a number of men in one room, and of women in another.

*Wednesday, 8th September.*

When I awaked, the rain was much heavier than yesterday; but the wind had abated. By breakfast, the day was better, and in a little while it was calm and clear. I felt my spirits much elated. The propriety of the expression, "*the sunshine of the breast,*" now struck me with peculiar force; for the brilliant rays penetrated into my very soul. We were all in better humour than before. Mrs. M'Kinnon, with unaffected hospitality and politeness, expressed her happiness in having such company in her house, and appeared to understand and relish Dr. Johnson's conversation, as indeed all the company seemed to do. When I knew she was old Kingsburgh's daughter, I did not wonder at the good appearance which she made.<sup>2</sup>

She talked as if her husband and family would emigrate, rather than be oppressed by their landlord; and said, "how agreeable would it be, if these gentlemen should come in upon us when we are in America." Somebody observed that Sir Alexander Macdonald was always frightened at sea. JOHNSON. "*He is frightened at sea; and his tenants are frightened when he comes to land.*"

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<sup>1</sup> The descendants of this hospitable family, says Mr. Canuthers, still occupy the place.

<sup>2</sup> She lived to be ninety, and was always talkative on the subject of this visit.

We resolved to set out directly after breakfast. We had about two miles to ride to the sea-side, and there we expected to get one of the boats belonging to the fleet of bounty herring-busses then on the coast, or at least a good country fishing-boat. But while we were preparing to set out, there arrived a man with the following card from the Reverend Mr. Donald M'Queen.

"Mr. M'QUEEN's compliments to Mr. Boswell, and begs leave to acquaint him, that, fearing the want of a proper boat, as much as the rain of yesterday, might have caused a stop, he is now at Skianwden with Macgillichallum's\* carriage, to convey him and Dr. Johnson to Rasay, where they will meet with a most hearty welcome, and where Macleod, being on a visit, now attends their motions."

"Wednesday forenoon."

This card was most agreeable; it was a prologue to that hospitable and truly polite reception which we found at Rasay. In a little while arrived Mr. Donald M'Queen himself; a decent minister, an elderly man with his own black hair, courteous, and rather slow of speech, but candid, sensible and well-informed, nay learned. Along with him came, as our pilot, a gentleman whom I had a great desire to see, Mr. Malcolm Macleod, one of the Rasay family, celebrated in the year 1745-6. He was now sixty-two years of age, hale, and well proportioned,—with a manly countenance, tanned by the weather, yet having a ruddiness in his cheeks, over a great part of which his rough beard extended,—a quick lively eye; not fierce in his look, but at once firm and good humoured. He wore a pair of brogues,—Tartan hose which came up only near to his knees, and left them bare,—a purple camblet kilt,—a black waistcoat,—a short green cloth coat bound with gold cord,—a yellowish bushy wig,—a large blue bonnet with a gold thread button. I never saw a figure that was more perfectly a representative of a Highland gentleman. I wished much to have a picture of him just as he was. I found him frank and *polite*, in the true sense of the word.

The good family at Corichatachin said, they hoped to see us on our return. We rode down to the shore; but Malcolm walked with graceful agility.

We got into Rasay's *carriage*, which was a good strong open boat made in Norway. The wind had now risen pretty high, and

\* The Highland expression for Laird of Rasay.

*Second Edition.*—Lines 25, 26. *Read* "If his eye was quick and lively, yet his look was not fierce, but he appeared at once," &c.

*Ibid.*—Line 31: *Read* "that gave a more perfect representation of," &c



was against us; but we had four stout rowers, particularly a Macleod, a robust, black-haired fellow, half naked, and bare-headed, something between a wild Indian and an English tar. Dr. Johnson sat high on the stern, like a magnificent Triton. Malcolm sung an Erse song, the chorus of which was "*Hatyin foam foam eri,*" with words of his own. The tune resembled "*Owr the muir amang the heather.*" The boatmen and Mr. M'Queen chorused, and all went well. At length Malcolm himself took an oar, and rowed vigorously. We sailed along the coast of Scalpa, a rugged island, about four miles in length. Dr. Johnson proposed that he and I should buy it, and found a good school, and an episcopal church, (Malcolm said, he would come to it,) and have a printing-press, where he would print all the Erse that could be found.

Here I was strongly struck with our long projected scheme of visiting the Hebrides being realized. I called to him, "We are contending with seas;" which I think were the words of one of his letters to me. "Not much," said he; and though the wind made the sea lash considerably upon us, he was not discomposed. After we were out of the shelter of Scalpa, and in the sound between it and Rasay, which extended about a league, the wind made the sea very rough. I did not like it. JOHNSON. "This now is the Atlantick. If I should tell at a tea-table in London, that I have crossed the Atlantick in an open boat, how they'd shudder, and what a fool they'd think me to expose myself to such danger!" He then repeated Horace's ode,

*"Otium Divos rogat in palenti  
Prensus Ægæo ——."*

In the confusion and hurry of this boisterous sail, Dr. Johnson's spurs, of which Joseph had charge, were carried over-board into the sea, and lost. This was the first misfortune that has befallen us. Dr. Johnson was a little angry at first, observing that "there was something wild in letting a pair of spurs be carried into the sea out of a boat;" but then he remarked, "that, as Janes the naturalist had said upon losing his pocket-book, it was rather an inconvenience than a loss." He told us, he now recollected that he dreamt the night before, that he put his staff into a river, and chanced to let it go, and it was carried down the stream and lost. "So now you see (said he) that I have lost my spurs; and this story is better than many of those which we have concerning second sight and dreams." Mr M'Queen said he did not believe the second sight; that he never met with any well attested instances; and if he

should, he would impute them to chance; because all who pretend to that quality often fail in their predictions, though they take a great scope, and sometimes interpret literally, sometimes figuratively, so as to suit the events. He told us, that, since he came to be minister of the parish where he now is, the belief of witchcraft, or charms, was very common, insomuch that he had many prosecutions before his *session* (the parochial ecclesiastical court) against women, for having by these means carried off the milk from people's cows. He disregarded them; and there is not now the least vestige of that superstition. He preached against it; and in order to give a strong proof to the people that there was nothing in it, he said from the pulpit, that every woman in the parish was welcome to take the milk from his cows, provided she did not touch them.

Dr. Johnson asked him as to Fingal. He said he could repeat some passages in the original; that he heard his grandfather had a copy of it; but that he could not affirm that Ossian composed all that poem as it is now published. This came pretty much to what Dr. Johnson has maintained; though he goes farther, and contends that it is no better than such an epick poem as he could make from the song of Robin Hood; that is to say, that, except a few passages, there is nothing truly ancient but the names and some vague traditions. Mr. M'Queen alledged that Homer was made up of detached fragments. Dr. Johnson denied this; observing, that it had been one work originally, and that you could not put a book of the Iliad out of its place; and he believed the same might be said of the Odyssey.

The approach to Rasay was very pleasing. We saw before us a beautiful bay, well defended by a rocky coast; a good family mansion; a fine verdure about it,—with a considerable number of trees;—and beyond it hills and mountains in gradation of wildness. Our boatmen sung with great spirit. Dr. Johnson observed, that naval musick was very ancient. As we came near the shore, the singing of our rowers was succeeded by that of reapers, who were busy at work, and who seemed to shout as much as to sing, while they worked with a bounding activity. Just as we landed, I observed a cross, or rather the ruins of one, upon a rock, which had to me a pleasing vestige of religion. I perceived a large company coming out from the house. We met them as we walked up. There were Rasay himself; his brother Dr. Macleod; his nephew the Laird of M'Kinnon; the Laird of Macleod; Colonel Macleod of Talisker, an officer in the Dutch service, a very genteel man, and a faithful branch of the family; Mr. Macleod of Muiravenside, best known by

the name of Sandie Macleod, who was long in exile on account of the part which he took in 1745; and several other persons. We were welcomed upon the green, and conducted into the house, where we were introduced to Lady Rasay, who was surrounded by a numerous family, consisting of three sons and ten daughters. The Laird of Rasay is a sensible, polite, and most hospitable gentleman. I was told that his island of Rasay, and that of Rona, (from which the eldest son of the family has his title,) and a considerable extent of land which he has in Sky, do not altogether yield him a very large revenue: and yet he lives in great splendour; and so far is he from distressing his people, that, in the present rage for emigration, not a man has left his estate.

It was past six o'clock when we arrived. Some excellent brandy was served round immediately, according to the custom of the Highlands, where a dram is generally taken every day. They call it a *scalch*. On a side-board was placed for us, who had come off the sea, a substantial dinner, and a variety of wines. Then we had coffee and tea. I observed in the room several elegantly-bound books, and other marks of improved life. Soon afterwards a fidler appeared, and a little ball began. Rasay himself danced with as much spirit as any man, and Malcolm bounded like a roe. Sandie Macleod, who has at times an excessive flow of spirits, and had it now, was, in his days of absconding, known by the name of M'Cruslick, which it seems was the designation of a kind of wild man in the Highlands, something between Proteus and Don Quixotte; and so he was called here. He made much jovial noise. Dr. Johnson was so delighted with this scene, that he said, "I know not how we shall get away." It entertained me to observe him sitting by, while we danced, sometimes in deep meditation,—sometimes smiling complacently,—sometimes looking upon Hooke's "Roman History,"—and sometimes talking a little, amidst the noise of the ball, to Mr. Donald M'Queen, who anxiously gathered knowledge from him. He was pleased with M'Queen, and said to me, "This is a critical man, Sir. There must be great vigour of mind to make him cultivate learning so much in the isle of Sky, where he might do without it. It is wonderful how many of the new publications he has. There must be a snatch of every opportunity." Mr. M'Queen told me that his brother (who is the fourth generation of the family following each other as ministers of the parish of Snizort) and he joined together, and bought from time to time such books as had reputation. Soon after we came in, a black cock and grey hen, which had been shot, were shewn, with their feathers on, to Dr. Johnson, who had never seen that species of

bird before. We had a company of thirty at supper; and all was good humour and gaiety, without intemperance.

*Thursday, 9th September.*

At breakfast this morning, among a profusion of other things, there were oat-cakes, made of what is called *gradaned* meal, that is, meal made of grain separated from the husks, and toasted by fire, instead of being threshed and kiln-dried. This seems to be bad management, as so much fodder is consumed by it. Mr. M'Queen however defended it, by saying, that it is doing the thing much quicker, as one operation serves what is otherwise done by two. His chief reason however was, that the servants in Sky are, according to him, a faithless pack, and steal what they can; so that much is saved by the corn passing but once through their hands, as at each time they pilfer some. It appears to me, that the gradaning is a strong proof of the laziness of the Highlanders, who will rather make fire act for them, at the expence of fodder, than labour themselves. There was also, what I cannot help disliking at breakfast, cheese: it is the custom over all the Highlands to have it; and it often smells very strong, and poisons to a certain degree the elegance of an Indian repast. The day was showery; however, Rasay and I took a walk, and had some cordial conversation. I conceived a more than ordinary regard for this worthy gentleman. His family has possessed this island above four hundred years. It is the remains of the estate of Macleod of Lewis, whom he represents. When we returned, Dr. Johnson walked with us to see the old chapel. He was in fine spirits. He said, "This is truly the patriarchal life: this is what we came to find"

After dinner, M'Crushick, Malcolm, and I, went out with guns, to try if we could find any black-cock; but we had no sport, owing to a heavy rain. I saw here what is called a Danish fort. Our evening was passed as last night was. One of our company, I was told, had hurt himself by too much study, particularly of infidel metaphysicians, of which he gave a proof, on second sight being mentioned. He immediately retailed some of the fallacious arguments of Voltaire and Hume against miracles in general. Infidelity in a Highland gentleman appeared to me peculiarly offensive. I was sorry for him, as he had otherwise a good character. I told Dr. Johnson that he had studied himself into infidelity. JOHNSON. "Then he must study himself out of it again. That is the way. Drinking largely will sober him again."

*Friday, 10th September.*

Having resolved to explore the island of Rasay, which could be done only on foot, I the last night obtained my fellow traveller's permission to leave him for a day, he being unable to take so hardy a walk. Old Mr. Malcolm M'Cleod, who had obligingly promised to accompany me, was at my bedside between five and six. I sprang up immediately, and he and I, attended by two other gentlemen, traversed the country during the whole of this day. Though we had passed over not less than four-and-twenty miles of very rugged ground, and had a Highland dance on the top of Dun Can, the highest mountain in the island, we returned in the evening not at all fatigued, and piqued ourselves at not being outdone at the nightly ball by our less active friends, who had remained at home.

My survey of Rasay did not furnish much which can interest my readers; I shall therefore put into as short a compass as I can, the observations upon it, which I find registered in my Journal. It is about fifteen English miles long, and four broad. On the south side is the laird's family seat, situated on a pleasing low spot. The old tower of three stories, mentioned by Martin, was taken down soon after 1746, and a modern house supplies its place. There are very good grass fields and corn lands about it, well dressed. I observed, however, hardly any inclosures, except a good garden plentifully stocked with vegetables, and strawberries, raspberries, and currants, &c.

On one of the rocks just where we landed, which are not high, there is rudely carved a square, with a crucifix in the middle. Here, it is said, the Lairds of Rasay, in old times, used to offer up their devotions. I could not approach the spot, without a grateful recollection of the event commemorated by this symbol.

A little from the shore, westward, is a kind of subterraneous house. There has been a natural fissure, or separation of the rock, running towards the sea, which has been roofed over with long stones, and above them turf has been laid. In that place the inhabitants used to keep their oars. There are a number of trees near the house, which grow well; some of them of a pretty good size. They are mostly plane and ash. A little to the west of the house is an old ruinous chapel, unroofed, which never has been very curious. We here saw some human bones of an uncommon size. There was a heel-bone, in particular, which Dr. M'Leod said was such, that, if the foot was in proportion, it must have been twenty-seven inches long. Dr. Johnson would not look at the bones. He started back from them with a striking appearance of horror. Mr.

M'Queen told us, it was formerly much the custom, in these isles, to have human bones lying above ground, especially in the windows of churches. On the south of the chapel is the family burying-place. Above the door, on the east end of it, is a small bust or image of the Virgin Mary, carved upon a stone which makes part of the wall. There is no church upon the island. It is annexed to one of the parishes of Sky, and the minister comes and preaches either in Rasay's house, or some other house, on certain Sundays. I could not but value the family seat more, for having even the ruins of a chapel close to it. There was something comfortable in the thought of being so near a piece of consecrated ground. Dr. Johnson said, "I look with reverence upon every place that has been set apart for religion," and he kept off his hat while he was within the walls of the chapel.

The eight crosses, which Martin mentions as pyramids for deceased ladies, stood in a semi-circular line, which contained within it the chapel. They marked out the boundaries of the sacred territory within which an asylum was to be had. One of them, which we observed upon our landing, made the first point of the semicircle. There are few of them now remaining. A good way farther north, there is a row of buildings about four feet high: they run from the shore on the east along the top of a pretty high eminence, and so down to the shore on the west, in much the same direction with the crosses. Rasay took them to be the marks for the asylum; but Malcolm thought them to be false sentinels, a common deception, of which instances occur in Martin, to make invaders imagine an island better guarded. Mr. Donald M'Queen, justly in my opinion, supposed the crosses which form the inner circle to be the church's land marks.

The south end of the island is much covered with large stones, or rocky strata. The laird has enclosed and planted part of it with firs, and he shewed me a considerable space marked out for additional plantations.

Dun Can is a mountain three computed miles from the laird's house. The ascent to it is by consecutive risings, if that expression may be used when valleys intervene, so that there is but a short rise at once; but it is certainly very high above the sea. The palm of altitude is disputed for by the people of Rasay and those of Sky; the former contending for Dun Can, the latter for the mountains in Sky, over-against it. We went up the east side of Dun Can pretty easily. It is mostly rocks all round, the points of which hem the summit of it. Sailors, to whom it is a good object as they pass along, call it Rasay's cap. Before we reached this mountain, we

passed by two lakes. Of the first, Malcolm told me a strange fabulous tradition. He said, there was a wild beast in it, a sea-horse, which came and devoured a man's daughter; upon which the man lighted a great fire, and had a sow roasted at it, the smell of which attracted the monster. In the fire was put a spit. The man lay concealed behind a low wall of loose stones, and he had an avenue formed for the monster, with two rows of large flat stones, which extended from the fire over the summit of the hill, till it reached the side of the loch. The monster came, and the man with the red hot spit destroyed it. Malcolm shewed me the little hiding place, and the rows of stones. He did not laugh when he told this story. I recollect having seen in the "Scots Magazine," several years ago, a poem upon a similar tale, perhaps the same, translated from the Erse, or Irish, called "Albin and the Daughter of Mey."

There is a large tract of land, possessed as a common, in Rasay. They have no regulations as to the number of cattle. Every man puts upon it as many as he chooses. From Dun Can northward, till you reach the other end of the island, there is much good natural pasture unencumbered by stones. We passed over a spot, which is appropriated for the exercising ground. In 1745, a hundred fighting men were reviewed here, as Malcolm told me, who was one of the officers that led them to the field. They returned home all but about fourteen. What a princely thing is it to be able to furnish such a band! Rasay has the true spirit of a chief. He is, without exaggeration, a father to his people.

There is plenty of lime-stone in the island, a great quarry of free-stone, and some natural woods, but none of any age, as they cut the trees for common country uses. The lakes, of which there are many, are well stocked with trout. Malcolm caught one of four-and-twenty pounds weight in the loch next to Dun Can, which, by the way, is certainly a Danish name, as most names of places in these islands are.

The old castle, in which the family of Rasay formerly resided, is situated upon a rock very near the sea. The rock is not one mass of stone, but a concretion of pebbles and earth, so firm that it does not appear to have mouldered. In this remnant of antiquity I found nothing worthy of being noticed, except a certain accommodation rarely to be found at the modern houses of Scotland, and which Dr. Johnson and I sought for in vain at the Laird of Rasay's new-built mansion, where nothing else was wanting. I took the liberty to tell the Laird it was a shame there should be such a deficiency in civilized times. He acknowledged the justice of the remark. But perhaps some generations may pass before the want is supplied.

Dr. Johnson observed to me, how quietly people will endure an evil, which they might at any time very easily remedy; and mentioned as an instance, that the present family of Rasay had possessed the island for more than four hundred years, and never made a commodious landing place, though a few men with pickaxes might have cut an ascent of stairs out of any part of the rock in a week's time.

The north end of Rasay is as rocky as the south end. From it I saw the little isle of Fladda, belonging to Rasay, all fine green ground;—and Rona, which is of so rocky a soil that it appears to be a pavement. I was told however that it has a great deal of grass, in the interstices. The Laird has it all in his own hands. At this end of the island of Rasay, is a cave in a striking situation. It is in a recess of a great cleft, a good way up from the sea. Before it the ocean roars, being dashed against monstrous broken rocks; grand and awful *propugnacula*. On the right hand of it is a longitudinal cave, very low at the entrance, but higher as you advance. The sea having scooped it out, it seems strange and unaccountable that the interior part, where the water must have operated with less force, should be loftier than that which is more immediately exposed to its violence. The roof of it is all covered with a kind of petrifications formed by drops, which perpetually distil from it. The first cave has been a place of much safety. I find a great difficulty in describing visible objects. I must own too that the old castle and cave, like many other things, of which one hears much, did not answer my expectations. People are every where apt to magnify the curiosities of their country.

This island has abundance of black cattle, sheep, and goats;—a good many horses, which are used for plowing, carrying out dung, &c. I believe the people never ride. There are indeed no roads through the island, unless a few detached beaten tracks deserve that name. Most of the houses are upon the shore; so that all the people have little boats, and catch fish. There is great plenty of potatoes here. There are black-cock in extraordinary abundance, moor-fowl, plover, and wild pigeons, which seemed to me to be the same as we have in pigeon-nouses, in their state of nature. Rasay has no pigeon house. There are no hares nor rabbits in the island, nor was there ever known to be a fox, till last year, when one was landed on it by some malicious person, without whose aid he could not have got thither, as that animal is known to be a very bad swimmer. He has done much mischief. There is a great deal of fish caught in the sea around Rasay; it is a place where one may

*Second Edition.*—Line 28: Read “carrying out dung, and other works of husbandry.”



live in plenty, and even in luxury. There are no deer; but Rasay told us he would get some.

They reckon it rains nine months in the year in this island, owing to its being directly opposite to the western coast of Sky, where the watery clouds are broken by high mountains. The hills here, and indeed all the heathy grounds in general, abound with the sweet-smelling plant which the Highlanders call *gaul*, and (I think) with dwarf juniper in many places. There is enough of turf, which is their fuel, and it is thought there is a mine of coal.—Such are the observations which I made upon the island of Rasay, upon comparing it with the description given by Martin, whose book we had with us.

There has been an ancient league between the families of Macdonald and Rasay. Whenever the head of either family dies, his sword is given to the head of the other. The present Rasay has the late Sir James Macdonald's sword. Old Rasay joined the Highland army in 1745, but prudently guarded against a forfeiture, by previously conveying his estate to the present gentleman, his eldest son. On that occasion, Sir Alexander, father of the late Sir James Macdonald, was very friendly to his neighbour. "Don't be afraid, Rasay, said he; I'll use all my interest to keep you safe; and if your estate should be taken, I'll buy it for the family." And he would have done it.

Let me now gather some gold dust,—some more fragments of Dr. Johnson's conversation, without regard to order of time. He said, "he thought very highly of Bentley, that no man now went so far in the kinds of learning that he cultivated; that the many attacks on him were owing to envy, and to a desire of being known, by being in competition with such a man; that it was safe to attack him, because he never answered his opponents, but let them die away. It was attacking a man who would not beat them, because his beating them would make them live the longer. And he was right not to answer; for, in his hazardous method of writing, he could not but be often enough wrong; so it was better to leave things to their general appearance, than own himself to have erred in particulars." He said, "Mallet was the prettiest drest puppet about town, and always kept good company.<sup>1</sup> That, from his way of talking, he saw, and always said, that he had not written any part of the 'Life of the Duke of Marlborough,' though perhaps he intended to do it at some time, in which case he was not

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<sup>1</sup> His dress, Davies says, was chosen velvet. by his wife, and was generally black

culpable in taking the pension. That he imagined the Duchess furnished the materials for her Apology, which Hooke wrote, and Hooke furnished the words and the order, and all that in which the art of writing consists. That the duchess had not superior parts, but was a bold frontless woman, who knew how to make the most of her opportunities in life. That Hooke got a *large* sum of money for writing her Apology. That he wondered Hooke should have been weak enough to insert so profligate a maxim, as that to tell another's secret to one's friend, is no breach of confidence; though perhaps Hooke, who was a virtuous man, as his 'History' shews, and did not wish her well, though he wrote her Apology, might see its ill tendency, and yet insert it at her desire. He was acting only ministerially." I apprehend, however, that Hooke was bound to give his best advice. I speak as a lawyer. Though I have had clients whose causes I could not, as a private man, approve; yet, if I undertook them, I would not do any thing that might be prejudicial to them, even at their desire, without warning them of their danger.

*Saturday, 11th September.*

It was a storm of wind and rain; so we could not set out. I wrote some of this Journal, and talked awhile with Dr. Johnson in his room, and passed the day, I cannot well say how, but very pleasantly. I was here amused to find Mr. Cumberland's comedy of the "West Indian," in which he has very well drawn a Highland character, Colin M'Cleod, of the same name with the family under whose roof we now were. Dr. Johnson was much pleased with the Land of Macleod, who is indeed a most promising youth, and with a noble spirit struggles with difficulties, and endeavours to preserve his people. He has been left with an incumbrance of forty thousand pounds debt, and annuities to the amount of thirteen hundred pounds a year. Dr. Johnson said, "If he gets the better of all this, he'll be a hero, and I hope he will.<sup>1</sup> I have not met with a young man who had more desire to learn, or who has learnt more. I have seen nobody that I wish more to do a kindness to than Macleod." Such was the honourable elogium, on this young

*Second Edition.*—Line 24: *Dele* "West Indian," and *read* "Fashionable Lover."

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<sup>1</sup> He died in 1801; and his son and their difficulties, failed to redeem the grandson, after a hopeless struggle with estate.

chieftain, pronounced by an accurate observer, whose praise was never lightly bestowed.

There is neither justice of peace, nor constable, in Rasay. Sky has Mr. M'Cleod of Ulmish, who is the sheriff substitute, and no other justice of peace. The want of the execution of justice is much felt among the islanders. Macleod very sensibly observed, that taking away the heritable jurisdictions had not been of such service in the islands as was imagined. They had not authority enough in lieu of them. What could formerly have been settled at once, must now either take much time and trouble, or be neglected. Dr. Johnson said, "A country is in a bad state, which is governed only by laws; because a thousand things occur for which laws cannot provide, and where authority ought to interpose. Now destroying the authority of the chiefs set the people loose. It did not pretend to bring any positive good, but only to cure some evil, and I am not well enough acquainted with the country to know what degree of evil the heritable jurisdictions occasioned." I maintained hardly any; because the chiefs generally acted right, for their own sakes.

Dr. Johnson was now wishing to move. There was not enough of intellectual entertainment for him, after he had satisfied his curiosity, which he did, by asking questions, till he had exhausted the island; and where there was so numerous a company, mostly young people, there was such a flow of familiar talk, so much noise, and so much singing and dancing, that little opportunity was left for his energetic conversation. He seemed sensible of this; for when I told him how happy they were at having him there, he said, "Yet we have not been able to entertain them much." I was fretted, from irritability of nerves, by M'Cruslick's too obstreperous mirth. I complained of it to my friend, observing we should be better if he was gone. "No, Sir, said he. He puts something into our society, and takes nothing out of it." Dr. Johnson, however, had several opportunities of instructing the company; but I am sorry to say, that I did not pay sufficient attention to what passed, as his discourse now turned chiefly on mechanics, agriculture, and such subjects, rather than on science and wit. Last night Lady Rasay shewed him the operation of *wauking* cloth, that is, thickening it in the same manner as is done by a mill. Here it is performed by women, who kneel upon the ground, and rub it with both their hands, singing an Erse song all the time. He was asking questions while they were performing this operation, and, amidst their loud and wild howl, his voice was heard even in the room above.

They dance here every night. The queen of our ball was the eldest Miss Macleod, of Rasay, an elegant well-bred woman, and celebrated for her beauty over all those regions, by the name of Miss Flora Rasay.\* There seemed to be no jealousy, no discontent among them, and the gaiety of the scene was such, that I for a moment doubted whether unhappiness had any place in Rasay. But my delusion was soon dispelled, by recollecting the following lines of my fellow traveller :

“ Yet hope not life from pain or danger free,  
Or think the doom of man revers'd for thee !”

*Sunday, 12th September.*

It was a beautiful day, and although we did not approve of travelling on Sunday, we resolved to set out, as we were in an island, from whence one must take occasion as it serves. Macleod and Talisker sailed in a boat of Rasay's for Sconser, to take the shortest way to Dunvegan. M'Cruslick went with them to Sconser, from whence he was to go to Slate, and so to the main land. We were resolved to pay a visit at Kingsburgh, and see the celebrated Miss Flora Macdonald, who is married to the present Mr. Macdonald of Kingsburgh, so took that road, though not so near. All the family, but Lady Rasay, walked down to the shore to see us depart. Rasay himself went with us in a large boat, with eight oars, built in his island; as did Mr. Malcolm M'Cleod, Mr. Donald M'Queen, Dr. Macleod, and some others. We had a most pleasant sail between Rasay and Sky; and passed by a cave, where Martin says fowls were caught by lighting fire in the mouth of it. Malcolm remembers this. But it is not now practised, as few fowls come into it.

We spoke of death. Dr. Johnson on this subject observed, that the boastings of some men, as to dying easily, were idle talk, proceeding from partial views. I mentioned Hawthornden's "Cypress-grove," where it is said that the world is a mere show, and that it is unreasonable for a man to wish to continue in the show-room, after he has seen it. Let him go cheerfully out, and give place to other spectators. JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir, if he is sure he is to be well, after he goes out of it. But if he is to grow blind after he goes

\* She had been some time at Edinburgh, to which she again went, and was married to my worthy neighbour, Colonel Mure Campbell, now Earl of Loudoun; but she died soon afterwards, leaving one daughter.

*Second Edition.*—Line 26: "caught" altered to "caught."

out of the show-room, and never to see any thing again ; or if he does now know whither he is to go next, a man will not go cheerfully out of a show-room. No wise man will be contented to die, if he thinks he is to go into a state of punishment. Nay, no wise man will be contented to die, if he thinks he is to fall into annihilation : for however unhappy any man's existence may be, he yet would rather have it, than not exist at all. No ; there is no rational principle by which a man can die contented, but a trust in the mercy of GOD, through the merits of JESUS CHRIST." This short sermon, delivered with an earnest tone, in a boat upon the sea, which was perfectly calm, on a day appropriated to religious worship, while every one listened with an air of satisfaction, had a most pleasing effect upon my mind.

Pursuing the same train of serious reflection, he added, that it seemed certain that happiness could not be found in this life, because so many had tried to find it, in such a variety of ways, and had not found it.

We reached the harbour of Portree, in Sky, which is a large and good one. There was lying in it a vessel to carry off the emigrants, called the *Nestor*. It made a short settlement of the differences between a chief and his clan :

"————— *Nestor* componere lites  
Inter Pelciden festinat & inter Atriden."

We approached her, and she hoisted her colours. Dr. Johnson and Mr. M'Queen remained in the boat. Rasay and I, and the rest, went on board of her. She was a very pretty vessel, and, as we were told, the largest in Clyde. Mr. Harrison, the captain, shewed her to us. The cabin was commodious, and even elegant. There was a little library, finely bound. *Portree* has its name from King James V. having landed there in his tour through the Western Isles, *Ree* in Erse being King, as *Re* is in Italian ; so it is *Portroyal*. There was here a tolerable inn. On our landing, I had the pleasure of finding a letter from home ; and there were also letters to Dr. Johnson and me from Lord Elibank, which had been sent after us from Edinburgh. His lordship's letter to me was as follows :

"DEAR BOSWELL,—I flew to Edinburgh the moment I heard of Mr. Johnson's arrival ; but so defective was my intelligence, that I came too late.

"It is but justice to believe, that I could never forgive myself, nor deserve to be forgiven by others, if I was to fail in any mark

of respect to that very great genius. I hold him in the highest veneration; for that very reason I was resolved to take no share in the merit, perhaps guilt, of enticing him to honour this country with a visit. I could not persuade myself there was any thing in Scotland worthy to have a summer of Samuel Johnson bestowed on it; but since he has done us that compliment, for heaven's sake inform me of your motions. I will attend them most religiously; and though I should regret to let Mr. Johnson go a mile out of his way on my account, old as I am, I shall be glad to go five hundred miles to enjoy a day of his company. Have the charity to send a council-post\* with intelligence; the post does not suit us in the country. At any rate write to me. I will attend you in the north, when I shall know where to find you.

"I am,

"My dear Boswell,

"Your sincerely

"Obedient humble servant,

"ELIBANK.

"August 21st, 1773."

The letter to Dr. Johnson was in these words:

"DEAR SIR,—I was to have kissed your hands at Edinburgh, the moment I heard of you; but you was gone.

"I hope my friend Boswell will inform me of your motions. It will be cruel to deprive me an instant of the honour of attending you. As I value you more than any King in Christendom, I will perform that duty with infinitely greater alacuity than any courtier. I can contribute but little to your entertainment; but, my sincere esteem for you gives me some title to the opportunity of expressing it.

"I dare say you are by this time sensible that things are pretty much the same, as when Buchanan complained of being born *solo et seculo inerudito*. Let me hear of you; and be persuaded that none of your admirers is more sincerely devoted to you, than,

"Dear sir,

"Your most obedient,

"And most humble servant,

"ELIBANK."

Dr. Johnson, on the following Tuesday, answered for both of us, thus:

\* A term in Scotland for a special messenger, such as was formerly sent with dispatches by the lords of the council.

"MY LORD,—On the rugged shore of Skie, I had the honour of your lordship's letter, and can with great truth declare, that no place is so gloomy but that it would be cheered by such a testimony of regard, from a mind so well qualified to estimate characters, and to deal out approbation in its true proportions. If I have more than my share, it is your lordship's fault; for I have always revered your judgement too much, to exalt myself in your presence by any false pretensions.

"Mr. Boswell and I are at present at the disposal of the winds, and therefore cannot fix the time at which we shall have the honour of seeing your lordship. But we should either of us think ourselves injured by the supposition that we would miss your lordship's conversation, when we could enjoy it; for I have often declared, that I never met you without going away a wiser man.

"I am, my Lord,

'Your Lordship's most obedient

"And most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"Skie, Sept. 14, 1773."

At Portree, Mr. Donald M'Queen went to church and officiated in Erse, and then came to dinner. Dr. Johnson and I resolved that we should treat the company; so I played the landlord, or master of the feast, having previously ordered Joseph to pay the bill.

Sir James Macdonald intended to have built a village here, which would have done great good. A village is like a heart to a country. It produces a perpetual circulation, and gives the people an opportunity to make profit of many little articles, which would otherwise be in a good measure lost. We had here a dinner, *et præterea nihil*. Dr. Johnson talked none. When we were about to depart, we found that Rasay had been before-hand with us, and that all was paid; I would fain have contested this matter with him; but seeing him resolved, I declined it. We parted with cordial embraces from him and worthy Malcolm. In the evening Dr. Johnson and I remounted our horses, accompanied by Mr. M'Queen and Dr. Macleod. It rained very hard. We rode what they called six miles, upon Rasay's lands in Sky, to Dr. Macleod's house. On the road Dr. Johnson appeared to be somewhat out of spirits. When I talked of our meeting Lord Elibank, he said, "I cannot be with him much. I long to be again in civilized life; but can stay but a short while" (he meant at Edinburgh). He said, "let us go to Dunvegan to-morrow."

“Yes, (said I,) if it is not a deluge.” “At any rate,” he replied. This shewed a kind of fretful impatience; nor was it to be wondered at, considering our disagreeable ride. I feared he would give up Mull and Icolmkill, for he said something of his apprehensions of being detained by bad weather in going to Mull and Iona. However I hoped well. We had a dish of tea at Dr. Macleod’s, who had a pretty good house, where was his brother, a half-pay officer. His lady was a polite, agreeable woman. Dr. Johnson said, he was glad to see that he was so well married, for he had an esteem for physicians. The doctor accompanied us to Kingsburgh, which is called a mile farther, but the computation of Sky has no connection whatever with the real distance.

I was highly pleased to see Dr. Johnson safely arrived at Kingsburgh, and received by the hospitable Mr. Macdonald, who, with a most respectful attention, supported him into the house. Kingsburgh was compleatly the figure of a gallant Highlander,—exhibiting “the graceful mien, and manly looks,” which our popular Scots song has justly attributed to that character. He had his Tartan plaid thrown about him, a large blue bonnet with a knot of black ribband like a cockade, a brown short coat of a kind of duffil, a Tartan waistcoat with gold buttons and gold button holes, a bluish philbeg, and Tartan hose. He had jet black hair tied behind, and was a large stately man, with a steady sensible countenance.

There was a comfortable parlour with a good fire, and a dram went round. By and by supper was served, at which there appeared the lady of the house, the celebrated Miss Flora Macdonald. She is a little woman, of a genteel appearance, and uncommonly mild and well-bred. To see Dr. Samuel Johnson, the great champion of the English Tories, salute Miss Flora Macdonald in the isle of Sky, was a striking sight, for though somewhat congenial in their notions, it was very improbable they should meet here.

Miss Flora Macdonald (for so I shall call her) told me, she heard upon the main land, as she was returning to Sky about a fortnight before, that Mr. Boswell was coming to Sky, and one Mr. Johnson, a young English buck, with him. He was highly entertained with this fancy. Giving an account of the afternoon which we past at Anock, he said, “I, being a *buck*, had miss in to make tea.” He was rather quiescent to-night, and went early to bed. I was in a cordial humour, and promoted a cheerful glass. The punch was super-excellent. Honest Mr. M’Queen observed that I was in high glee, “my *gouverneur* being gone to bed.” Yet in reality my heart was



grieved, when I recollected that Kingsburgh was embarrassed in his affairs, and intended to go to America. However, nothing but what was good was present, and I pleased myself in thinking that so spirited a man would be well every where. I slept in the same room with Dr. Johnson. Each had a neat bed, with Tartan curtains, in an upper chamber.<sup>1</sup>

*Monday, 13th September.*

The room where we lay was a celebrated one. Dr. Johnson's bed was the very bed in which the grandson of the unfortunate King James the Second<sup>a</sup> lay, on one of the nights after the failure of his rash attempt in 1745-6, while he was eluding the pursuit of the emissaries of government, which had offered thirty thousand pounds as a reward for apprehending him. To see Dr. Samuel Johnson lying in that bed, in the isle of Sky, in the House of Miss Flora Macdonald, struck me with such a groupe of ideas as it is not easy for words to describe, as they passed through the mind. He smiled, and said, "I have had no ambitious thoughts in it."<sup>b</sup> The room was decorated with a great variety of maps and prints. Among others, was Hogarth's print of Wilkes grinning, with the cap of

<sup>a</sup> I do not call him *the Prince of Wales*, or *the Prince*, because I am quite satisfied that the right which the House of Stuart had to the throne is extinguished. I do not call him *the Pretender*, because it appears to me as an insult to one who is still alive, and, I suppose, thinks very differently. It may be a parliamentary expression; but it is not a gentlemanly expression. I *know*, and I exult in having it in my power to tell, that THE ONLY PERSON in the world who is entitled to be offended at this delicacy, "thinks and feels as I do," and has liberality of mind and generosity of sentiment enough, to approve of my tenderness for what even *has been* Blood-Royal.<sup>2</sup> That he is a *prince* by *courtesy*, cannot be denied; because his mother was the daughter of Sobieski, king of Poland. I shall, therefore, *on that account alone*, distinguish him by the name of *Prince Charles Edward*.

<sup>b</sup> This, perhaps, was said in allusion to some lines ascribed to Pope, on his lying, at John Duke of Argyll's, at Adderbury, in the same bed in which Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, had slept:

"With no poetic ardour fir'd,  
I press the bed where Wilmot lay;  
That here he liv'd, or here expir'd,  
Begets no numbers, grave or gay."

<sup>1</sup> "The Kingsburgh family," says Mr. Carruthers, "emigrated in the year after Johnson's visit. They returned to their old home Flora, during the voyage, aided in repelling the attack of a privateer by animating the men. In the fray she was thrown down, and had her arm broken. She died in 1790."

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Boswell, no doubt, laid this question before the king, when he waited on him to ask permission to publish the report of the conversation between Johnson and his Majesty. His behaviour on this occasion is amusingly described by Madame d'Ablay — See *Memoir of Dr. Burney*, vol. iii. p. 114.

liberty on a pole by him. That too was a curious circumstance in the scene this morning; such a contrast was Wilkes to the above groupe. It reminded me of Sir William Chambers's "Account of Oriental Gardening," in which we are told all odd, strange, ugly, and even terrible objects, are introduced, for the sake of variety: a wild extravagance of taste which is so well ridiculed in the celebrated Epistle to him. The following lines of that poem immediately occurred to me:

"Here, too, O king of vengeance ' in thy fane,  
Tremendous Wilkes shall rattle his gold chain."

Upon the table in our room I found in the morning a slip of paper, on which Dr. Johnson had written with his pencil these words:

"Quantum cedit virtutibus aurum."

What he meant by writing them I could not tell. He had caught cold a day or two ago, and the rain yesterday having made it worse, he was become very deaf. At breakfast he said, he would have given a good deal, rather than not have lain in that bed. I owned he was the lucky man; and observed, that without doubt it had been contrived between Mrs. Macdonald and him. She seemed to acquiesce; adding, "You know young *bucks* are always favourites of the ladies." He spoke of Prince Charles being here, and asked Mrs. Macdonald "*Who* was with him? We were told, madam, in England, there was one Miss Flora Macdonald with him." She said, "they were very right;" and perceiving Dr. Johnson's curiosity, though he had delicacy enough not to question her, very obligingly entertained him with a recital of the particulars which she herself knew of that escape, which does so much honour to the humanity, fidelity, and generosity, of the Highlanders. Dr. Johnson listened to her with placid attention, and said, "All this should be written down."

From what she told us, and from what I was told by others personally concerned, and from a paper of information which Rasay was so good as to send me, at my desire, I have compiled the fol-

*Second Edition.*--On line 14 a note: "With virtue weigh'd, what worthless trash is gold!"

*Ibid.*--On line 15 a note: "Since the first edition of this book, an ingenious friend has observed to me, that Dr. Johnson had probably been thinking on the reward which was offered by government for the apprehension of the grandson of King James II and that he meant by these words to express his admiration of the Highlanders, whose fidelity and attachment had resisted the golden temptation that had been held out to them."

lowing abstract, which, as it contains some curious anecdotes, will, I imagine, not be uninteresting to my readers, and even, perhaps, be of some use to future historians.

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Prince Charles Edward, after the battle of Culloden, was conveyed to what is called the Long Island, where he lay for some time concealed. But intelligence having been obtained where he was, and a number of troops having come in quest of him, it became absolutely necessary for him to quit that country without delay. Miss Flora Macdonald, then a young lady, animated by what she thought the sacred principle of loyalty, offered, with the magnanimity of a Heroine, to accompany him in an open boat to Sky, though the coast they were to quit was guarded by ships. He dressed himself in women's clothes, and passed as her supposed maid by the name of Betty Bourke, an Irish girl. They got off undiscovered, though several shots were fired to bring them to, and landed at Mugstot, the seat of Sir Alexander Macdonald. Sir Alexander was then at Fort Augustus, with the Duke of Cumberland, but his lady was at home. Prince Charles took his post upon a hill near the house. Flora Macdonald waited on Lady Margaret, and acquainted her of the enterprise in which she was engaged. Her ladyship, whose active benevolence was ever seconded by superior talents, shewed a perfect presence of mind, and readiness of invention, and at once settled that Prince Charles should be conducted to old Rasay, who was himself concealed with some select friends. The plan was instantly communicated to Kingsburgh, who was dispatched to the hill to inform the Wanderer, and carry him refreshments. When Kingsburgh approached, he started up, and advanced, holding a large knotted stick, and in appearance ready to knock him down, till he said, "I am Macdonald of Kingsburgh, come to serve your highness." The Wanderer answered, "It is well," and was satisfied with the plan.

Flora Macdonald dined with Lady Margaret, at whose table there sat an officer of the army, stationed here with a party of soldiers, to watch for Prince Charles in case of his flying to the isle of Sky. She afterwards often laughed in good humour with this gentleman, on her having so well deceived him.

After dinner, Flora Macdonald on horseback, and her supposed maid and Kingsburgh, with a servant carrying some linnen, all on foot, proceeded towards that gentleman's house. Upon the road was a small rivulet which they were obliged to cross. The Wan-

derer, forgetting his assumed sex, that his clothes might not be wet, held them up a great deal too high. Kingsburgh mentioned this to him, observing, it might make a discovery. He said, he would be more careful for the future. He was as good as his word; for the next brook they crossed, he did not hold up his clothes at all, but let them float upon the water. He was very awkward in his female dress. His size was so large, and his strides so great, that some women whom they met reported that they had seen a very big woman, who looked like a man in women's clothes, and that perhaps it was (as they expressed themselves) the Prince, after whom so much search was making.

At Kingsburgh he met with a most cordial reception; seemed gay at supper, and after it indulged himself in a cheerful glass with his worthy host. As he had not had his clothes off for a long time, the comfort of a good bed was highly relished by him, and he slept soundly till next day at one o'clock.

The mistress of Corrichatachin told me that in the forenoon she went into her father's room, who was also in bed, and suggested to him her apprehensions that a party of the military might come up, and that his guest and he had better not remain here too long. Her father said, "Let the poor man repose himself after his fatigues; and as for me, I care not, though they take off this old grey head ten or eleven years sooner than I should die in the course of nature." He then wrapped himself in the bed-clothes, and again fell fast asleep.

On the afternoon of that day, the Wanderer, still in the same dress, set out for Portree, with Flora Macdonald and a man servant. His shoes being very bad, Kingsburgh provided him with a new pair, and taking up the old ones, said, "I will faithfully keep them till you are safely settled at St. James's. I will then introduce myself, by shaking them at you, to put you in mind of your night's entertainment and protection under my roof." He smiled, and said, "Be as good as your word!" Kingsburgh kept the shoes as long as he lived. After his death, a zealous Jacobite gentleman gave twenty guineas for them.

Old Mrs. Macdonald, after her guest had left the house, took the sheets in which he had lain, folded them carefully, and charged her daughter that they should be kept unwashed, and that, when she died, her body should be wrapped in them as a winding sheet. Her will was religiously observed.

Upon the road to Portree, Prince Charles changed his dress, and put on man's clothes again; a taitan short coat and waistcoat, with philbeg and short hose, a plaid, and a wig and bonnet.

Mr. Donald M'Donald, called Donald Roy, had been sent express to the present Rasay, then the young laird, who was at that time at his sister's house, about three miles from Portree, attending his brother, Dr. Macleod, who was recovering of a wound he had received at the battle of Culloden. Mr. M'Donald communicated to young Rasay the plan of conveying the Wanderer to where old Rasay was; but was told that old Rasay had fled to Knoidart, a part of Glengarry's estate. There was then a dilemma what should be done. Donald Roy proposed that he should conduct the Wanderer to the main land; but young Rasay thought it too dangerous at that time, and said it would be better to conceal him in the island of Rasay, till old Rasay could be informed where he was, and give his advice what was best. But the difficulty was, how to get him to Rasay. They could not trust a Portree crew, and all the Rasay boats had been destroyed, or carried off by the military, except two belonging to Malcolm M'Leod, which he had concealed somewhere.

Dr. M'Leod being informed of this difficulty, said he would risk his life once more for Prince Charles; and it having occurred, that there was a little boat upon a fresh-water lake in the neighbourhood, the two brothers, with the help of some women, brought it to the sea, by extraordinary exertion, across a Highland mile of land, one half of which was bog, and the other a steep precipice.

These gallant brothers, with the assistance of one little boy, rowed the small boat to Rasay, where they were to endeavour to find Captain Macleod, as Malcolm was then called, and get one of his good boats, with which they might return to Portree, and receive the Wanderer; or, in case of not finding him, they were to make the small boat serve, though the danger was considerable.

Fortunately, on their first landing, they found their cousin Malcolm, who, with the utmost alacrity, got ready one of his boats, with two sturdy men, John M'Kenzie, and Donald M'Friar. Malcolm, being the oldest man, and most cautious, said, that as young Rasay had not hitherto appeared in the unfortunate business, he ought not to run any risk; but that Dr. M'Leod and himself, who were already publicly engaged, should go on this expedition. Young Rasay answered, with an oath, that he would go, at the risk of his life and fortune. "In God's name then (said Malcolm) let us proceed." The two boatmen, however, now stopped short, till they should be informed of their destination; and M'Kenzie declared he would not move an oar till he knew where they were

going. Upon which they were both sworn to secrecy; and the business being imparted to them, they were keen for putting off to sea without loss of time. The boat soon landed about half a mile from the inn at Portree.

All this was negotiated before the Wanderer got forward to Portree. Malcolm M'Leod, and M'Friar, were dispatched to look for him. In a short time he appeared, and went into the publick house. There Donald Roy, whom he had seen at Mugstot, received him, and informed him of what had been concerted. Here he wanted silver for a guinea. The landlord had but thirteen shillings. He was going to accept of this for his guinea: but Donald Roy very judiciously observed, that it would discover him to be some great man; so he desisted. He slipped out of the house, leaving his fair protectress, whom he never again saw; and Malcolm M'Leod was presented to him by Donald Roy, as a captun in his army. Young Rasay and Dr. M'Leod had waited, in impatient anxiety, in the boat. When he came, their names were announced to him. He would not permit the usual ceremonies of respect, but saluted them as his equals.

Donald Roy stayed in Sky, to be in readiness to get intelligence, and give an alarm in case the troops should discover the retreat to Rasay; and Prince Charles was then conveyed in a boat to that island in the night. He slept a little upon the passage, and they landed about day-break. There was some difficulty in accommodating him with a lodging, as almost all the houses in the island had been burnt by the soldiery. They repaired to a little hut, which some shepherds had lately built, and having prepared it as well as they could, and made a bed of heath for the stranger, they kindled a fire, and partook of some provisions which had been sent with him from Kingsburgh. It was observed, that he would not taste wheat-bread, or brandy, while oat-bread and whisky lasted, "for these, said he, are my own country bread and drink." This was very engaging to the Highlanders.

Young Rasay being the only person of the company that durst appear with safety, he went in quest of something fresh for them to eat, but though he was amidst his own cows, sheep, and goats, he could not venture to take any of them for fear of a discovery, but was obliged to supply himself by stealth. He therefore caught a kid, and brought it to the hut in his plaid, and it was killed and drest, and furnished them a meal which they relished much. The distressed Wanderer, whose health was now a good deal impaired

*Second Edition* —Line 2: *Read* "they were eager to put off" &c.  
*Ibid.*—Lines 38, 39: "caught a kid" altered to "caught a kid."

by hunger, fatigue, and watching, slept a long time, but seemed to be frequently disturbed. Malcolm told me he would start from broken slumbers, and speak to himself in different languages, French, Italian, and English. I must however acknowledge, that it is highly probable that my worthy friend Malcolm did not know precisely the difference between French and Italian. One of his expressions in English was, "O God! poor Scotland!"

While they were in the hut, M'Kenzie and M'Friar, the two boatmen, were placed as sentinels upon different eminences; and one day an incident happened, which must not be omitted. There was a man wandering about the island, selling tobacco. Nobody knew him, and he was suspected to be a spy. Mackenzie came running to the hut, and told that this suspected person was approaching. Upon which the three gentlemen, young Rasay, Dr. M'Leod, and Malcolm, held a council of war upon him, and were unanimously of opinion that he should be instantly put to death. Prince Charles, at once assuming a grave and even serene countenance, said, "God forbid that we should take away a man's life, who may be innocent, while we can preserve our own." The gentlemen however persisted in their resolution, while he as strenuously continued to take the merciful side. John M'Kenzie, who sat watching at the door of the hut, and overheard the debate, said in Erse, "Well, well; he must be shot. You are the king, but we are the parliament, and will do what we choose." Prince Charles, seeing the gentlemen smile, asked what the man had said, and being told it in English, he observed that he was a clever fellow, and, notwithstanding the perilous situation in which he was, laughed loud and heartily. Luckily the unknown person did not perceive that there were people in the hut, at least did not come to it, but walked on past it, unknowing of his risk. It was afterwards found out that he was one of the Highland army, who was himself in danger. Had he come to them, they were resolved to dispatch him; for, as Malcolm said to me, "We could not keep him with us, and we durst not let him go. In such a situation, I would have shot my brother, if I had not been sure of him." John M'Kenzie is alive. I saw him at Rasay's house. About eighteen years ago, he hurt one of his legs when dancing, and being obliged to have it cut off, he now was going about with a wooden leg. The story of his being a *member of Parliament* is not yet forgotten. I took him out a little

*Second Edition.*—Line 35: *Read* "John M'Kenzie was at Rasay's house when we were there."

*Ibid.*—Line 36: "ago" changed to "before;" and on there a note—"This old Scottish member of Parliament, I am informed, is still living (1765)."

way from the house, gave him a shilling to drink Rasay's health, and led him into a detail of the particulars which I have just related. With less foundation, some writers have traced the idea of a parliament, and of the British constitution, in rude and early times. I was curious to know if he had really heard, or understood, any thing of that subject, which, had he been a greater man, would probably have been eagerly maintained. "Why, John, said I, did you think the king should be controuled by a parliament?" He answered, "I thought, Sir, there were many voices against one."

The conversation then turning on the times, the Wanderer said, that, to be sure, the life he had led of late was a very hard one; but he would rather live in the way he now did, for ten years, than fall into the hands of his enemies. The gentlemen asked him, what he thought his enemies would do with him, should he have the misfortune to fall into their hands. He said, he did not believe they would dare to take his life publicly, but he dreaded being privately destroyed by poison or assassination. He was very particular in his inquiries about the wound which Dr. M'Leod had received at the battle of Culloden, from a ball, which entered at one shoulder, and went cross to the other. The doctor happened still to have on the coat which he wore on that occasion. He mentioned, that he himself had his horse shot under him at Culloden; that the ball hit the horse about two inches from his knee, and made him so unruly that he was obliged to change him for another. He threw out some reflections on the conduct of the disastrous affair at Culloden, saying, however, that perhaps it was rash in him to do so. I am now convinced that his suspicions were groundless; for I have had a good deal of conversation upon the subject with my very worthy and ingenious friend, Mr. Andrew Lumisden, who was under-secretary to Prince Charles, and afterwards principal secretary to his father at Rome, who, he assured me, was perfectly satisfied both of the abilities and honour of the generals who commanded the Highland army on that occasion. Mr. Lumisden has written an account of the three battles in 1745-6, at once accurate and classical. Talking of the different Highland corps, the gentlemen who were present wished to have his opinion which were the best soldiers. He said, he did not like comparisons among those corps: they were all best.

He told his conductors, he did not think it advisable to remain long in any one place; and that he expected a French ship to come



for him to Lochbroom, among the Mackenzies. It then was proposed to carry him in one of Malcolm's boats to Lochbroom, though the distance was fifteen leagues coastwise. But he thought this would be too dangerous, and desired that at any rate they might first endeavour to obtain intelligence. Upon which young Rasay wrote to his friend, Mr. M'Kenzie of Applecross, but received an answer, that there was no appearance of any French ship.

It was therefore resolved that they should return to Sky, which they did, and landed in Strath, where they reposed in a cow-house belonging to Mr. Niccolson of Scorbreck. The sea was very rough, and the boat took in a good deal of water. The Wanderer asked if there was danger, as he was not used to such a vessel. Upon being told there was not, he sung an Erse song with much vivacity. He had by this time acquired a good deal of the Erse language.

Young Rasay was now dispatched to where Donald Roy was, that they might get all the intelligence they could, and the Wanderer, with much earnestness, charged Dr. M'Leod to have a boat ready, at a certain place about seven miles off, as he said he intended it should carry him upon a matter of great consequence; and gave the doctor a case, containing a silver spoon, knife, and fork, saying, "keep you that till I see you," which the doctor understood to be two days from that time. But all these orders were only bluffs; for he had another plan in his head, but wisely thought it safest to trust his secrets to no more persons than was absolutely necessary. Having then desired Malcolm to walk with him a little way from the house, he soon opened his mind, saying, "I deliver myself to you. Conduct me to the Laird of M'Kinnon's country." Malcolm objected that it was very dangerous, as so many parties of soldiers were in motion. He answered, "There is nothing now to be done without danger." He then said, that Malcolm must be the master, and he the servant; so he took the bag, in which his linen was put up, and carried it on his shoulder; and observing that his waistcoat, which was of scarlet tartan, with a gold twist button, was finer than Malcolm's, which was of a plain ordinary tartan, he put on Malcolm's waistcoat, and gave him his; remarking at the same time, that it did not look well that the servant should be better dressed than the master.

Malcolm, though an excellent walker, found himself excelled by Prince Charles, who told him, he should not much mind the parties that were looking for him, were he once but a musket-shot from them; but that he was somewhat afraid of the Highlanders who were against him. He was well used to walking in Italy in pursuit

of game; and he was even now so keen a sportsman, that, having observed some partridges, he was going to take a shot; but Malcolm cautioned him against it, observing that the firing might be heard by the tenders who were hovering upon the coast.

As they proceeded through the mountains, taking many a circuit to avoid any houses, Malcolm, to try his resolution, asked him what they should do, should they fall in with a party of soldiers? He answered, "Fight, to be sure!" Having asked Malcolm if he should be known in his present dress, and Malcolm having replied he would, he said, "Then I'll blacken my face with powder." "That," said Malcolm, "would discover you at once." "Then," said he, "I must be put in the greatest deshabelle possible." So he pulled off his wig, tied a handkerchief round his head, and put his night cap over it, tore the ruffles from his shirt, took the buckles out of his shoes, and made Malcolm fasten them with strings, but still Malcolm thought he would be known. "I have so odd a face," said he, "that no man ever saw me but he would know me again."

He seemed unwilling to give credit to the horrid narrative of men being massacred in cold blood, after victory had declared for the army commanded by the Duke of Cumberland. He could not allow himself to think that a general could be so barbarous.

When they came within two miles of M'Kinnon's house, Malcolm asked if he chose to see the laird. "No," said he, "by no means. I know M'Kinnon to be as good and as honest a man as any in the world, but he is not fit for my purpose at present. You must conduct me to some other house, but let it be a gentleman's house." Malcolm then determined that they should go to the house of his brother-in-law, Mr. John M'Kinnon, and from thence be conveyed to the main land of Scotland, and claim the assistance of Macdonald of Scothouse. The Wanderer at first objected to this, because Scothouse was cousin to a person of whom he had suspicions. But he acquiesced in Malcolm's opinion.

When they were near Mr. John M'Kinnon's house, they met a man of the name of Ross, who had been a private soldier in the Highland army. He fixed his eyes steadily on the Wanderer in his disguise, and having at once recognized him, he clapped his hands, and exclaimed, "Alas! is this the case?" Finding that there was now a discovery, Malcolm asked, "What's to be done?" "Swear him to secrecy," answered Prince Charles. Upon which Malcolm drew his durk, and on the naked blade made him take a solemn oath, that he would say nothing of his having seen the Wanderer, till his escape should be made publick.

*Second Edition.*—Line 40: "durk" altered to "dirk."

Malcolm's sister, whose house they reached pretty early in the morning, asked him who the person was that was along with him. He said, it was one Lewis Caw, from Crieff, who being a fugitive like himself for the same reason, he had engaged him as his servant, but that he had fallen sick. "Poor man! said she, I pity him. At the same time my heart warms to a man of his appearance." Her husband was gone a little way from home; but was expected every minute to return. She set down to her brother a plentiful Highland breakfast. Prince Charles acted the servant very well, sitting at a respectable distance, with his bonnet off. Malcolm then said to him, "Mr. Caw, you have as much need of this as I have; there is enough for us both: you had better draw nearer and share with me." Upon which he rose, made a profound bow, sat down at table with his supposed master, and eat very heartily. After this there came in an old woman, who, after the mode of ancient hospitality, brought warm water, and washed Malcolm's feet. He desired her to wash the feet of the poor man who attended him. She at first seemed averse to this, from pride, as thinking him beneath her, and in the periphrastick language of the Highlanders and the Irish, said warmly, "Though I wash your father's son's feet, why should I wash his father's son's feet?" She was however persuaded to do it.

They then went to bed, and slept for some time; and when Malcolm awaked, he was told that Mr. John M'Kinnon, his brother-in-law, was in sight. He sprang out to talk to him before he should see Prince Charles. After saluting him, Malcolm, pointing to the sea, said, "What, John, if the Prince should be prisoner on board one of those tenders?" "God forbid!" replied John. "What if we had him here?" said Malcolm. "I wish we had, answered John; we should take care of him." "Well, John, said Malcolm, he is in your house." John, in a transport of joy, wanted to run directly in, and pay his obeisance; but Malcolm stopped him, saying, "Now is your time to behave well, and do nothing that can discover him." John composed himself, and having sent away all his servants upon different errands, he was introduced into the presence of his guest, and was then desired to go and get ready a boat lying near his house, which, though but a small leaky one, they resolved to take, rather than go to the Laird of M'Kinnon. John M'Kinnon however thought otherwise; and upon his return told them, that his Chief and Lady M'Kinnon were coming in the laird's boat. Prince Charles said to his trusty Malcolm, "I am sorry for this, but must make the best of it." M'Kinnon then walked up from the shore, and did homage to the

Wanderer. His lady waited in a cave, to which they all repaired, and were entertained with cold meat and wine. Mr. Malcolm M'Leod being now superseded by the Laird of M'Kinnon, desired leave to return, which was granted him, and Prince Charles wrote a short note, which he subscribed James Thompson, informing his friends that he had got away from Sky, and thanking them for their kindness; and he desired this might be speedily conveyed to young Rasay and Dr M'Leod, that they might not wait longer in expectation of seeing him again. He bid a cordial adieu to Malcolm, and insisted on his accepting of a silver stock-buckle, and ten guineas from his purse, though, as Malcolm told me, it did not appear to contain above forty. Malcolm at first begged to be excused, saying, that he had a few guineas at his service; but Prince Charles answered, "You will have need of money. I shall get enough when I come upon the main land."

The Laird of M'Kinnon then conveyed him to the opposite coast of Knoidart. Old Rasay, to whom intelligence had been sent, was crossing at the same time to Sky, but as they did not know of each other, and each had apprehensions, the two boats kept aloof.

These are the particulars which I have collected concerning the extraordinary concealment and escapes of Prince Charles, in the Hebrides. He was often in imminent danger. The troops traced him from the Long Island, across Sky, to Portree, but there lost him.

Here I stop,—having received no farther authentick information of his fatigues and perils before he escaped to France. Kings and subjects may both take a lesson of moderation from the melancholy fate of the House of Stuart, that the former may not suffer degradation and exile, and the latter may not be harrassed by the evils of a disputed succession.

Let me close the scene on that unfortunate House with the elegant and pathetick reflections of Voltaire, in his "*Histoire Generale.*" — "Que les hommes privés (says that brilliant writer, speaking of Prince Charles) qui se croyent malheureux jettent les yeux sur ce prince et ses ancêtres."

In another place he thus sums up the sad story of the family in general:—"Il n'y a aucun exemple dans l'histoire d'une maison si longtems infortunée. Le premier des Rois d'Ecosse, qui eut le nom de Jacques, apres avoir été dix-huit ans prisonnier en Angleterre, mourut assassiné, avec sa femme, par la main de ses sujets. Jacques II. son fils, fut tué à vingt-neuf ans en combattant contre les Anglois. Jacques III. mis en prison par son peuple, fut tué ensuite

par les revoltés, dans une bataille. Jacques IV. perit dans un combat qu'il perdit. Marie Stuart, sa petite fille, chassée, de son trone, fugitivè en Angleterre, ayant languì dix-huit ans en prison, se vit condamnée à mort par des juges Anglais, et eut la tête tranchée. Charles I. petit fils de Marie, Roi d'Ecosse et d'Angleterre, vendu par les Ecossois, et jugé à mort par les Anglais, mourut sur un échaffaut dans la place publique. Jacques, son fils, septième du nom, et deuxième en Angleterre, fut chassé de ses trois royaumes; et pour comble de malheur on contesta à son fils sa naissance; le fils ne tenta de remonter sur le trone de ses peres, que pour faire périr ses amis par des bourreaux; et nous avons vu le Prince Charles Edouard, réunissant en vain les vertus de ses peres, et le courage du Roi Jean Sobieski, son ayeul maternel, executer les exploits et essayer les malheurs les plus incroyables. Si quelque chose justifie ceux qui croient une fatalité à laquelle rien ne peut se soustraire, c'est cette suite continuelle de malheurs qui a persecuté la maison de Stuart, pendant plus de trois-cent années."

The gallant Malcolm was apprehended in about ten days after they separated, put aboard a ship, and carried prisoner to London. He said, the prisoners in general were very ill treated in their passage; but there were soldiers on board who lived well, and sometimes invited him to share with them: that he had the good fortune not to be thrown into jail, but was confined in the house of a messenger, of the name of Dick. To his astonishment, only one witness could be found against him, though he had been so openly engaged; and therefore, for want of sufficient evidence, he was set at liberty. He added, that he thought himself in such danger, that he would gladly have compounded for banishment. Yet, he said, "he should never be so ready for death as he then was." There is philosophical truth in this. A man will meet death much more firmly at one time than another. The enthusiasm even of a mistaken principle warms the mind, and sets it above the fear of death, which in our cooler moments, if we really think of it, cannot but be terrible, or at least very awful.

Miss Flora Macdonald being then also in London, under the protection of Lady Primrose, that lady provided a post-chaise to convey her to Scotland, and desired she might choose any friend she pleased to accompany her. She chose Malcolm. "So (said he, with a triumphant air) I went to London to be hanged, and returned in a post-chaise with Miss Flora Macdonald."

Mr M'Leod of Muiravenside, whom we saw at Rasay, assured us that Prince Charles was in London in 1759, and that there was then a plan in agitation for restoring his family. Dr. Johnson could

scarcely credit this story, and said, "There could be no probable plan at that time. Such an attempt could not have succeeded, unless the King of Prussia had stopped the army in Germany; for both the army and the Fleet would, even without orders, have fought for the King, to whom they had engaged themselves."<sup>1</sup>

Having related so many particulars concerning the grandson of the unfortunate King James the Second; having given due praise to fidelity and generous attachment, which, however erroneous the judgement may be, are honourable for the heart; I must do the Highlanders the justice to attest, that I found everywhere amongst them a high opinion of the virtues of the King now upon the throne, and an honest disposition to be faithful subjects to his majesty, whose family has possessed the sovereignty of this country so long, that a change, even for the abdicated family, would now hurt the best feelings of all his subjects.

The abstract point of *right* would involve us in a discussion of remote and perplexed questions, and after all, we should have no clear principle of decision. That establishment, which, from political necessity, took place in 1688, by a breach in the succession of our kings; and which, whatever benefits may have accrued from it, certainly gave a shock to our monarchy,—the able and constitutional Blackstone wisely rests on the solid footing of authority. "Our ancestors having most indisputably a competent jurisdiction to decide this great and important question, and having, in fact, decided it, it is now become our duty, at this distance of time, to acquiesce in their determination."<sup>a</sup>

Mr. Paley, the present Archdeacon of Carlisle, in his "Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy," having, with much clearness of argument, shewn the duty of submission to civil government to be

<sup>a</sup> COMMENTARIES on the Laws of England, Book I chap. 3

<sup>1</sup> There has been an interesting controversy as to these visits of the Prince, and the years in which they occurred.—

"Dr. King states," says Mr Croker, "the visit at which he saw the Pretender at Lady Primrose's to have been in 1750, while other authorities (if there were not two visits) place it in 1753. Of this last there can be no doubt.—Hume so stated it (see his letter to Sir John Pringle in the *Gent Mag* for 1788) on the separate, but concurring authority of Lord Marechal, who saw him at Lady Primrose's, and of Lord Holderness, Secretary of State from 1751 to 1754, who had official knowledge of the fact. I think it un-

likely that there were two visits so near together, and I therefore still think that the date 1750 in King's Memoirs is an error for 1753."

Lord Stanhope, however, had seen a despatch of Sir Horace Mann's, dated December 6, 1783, which confirms Dr. King's accuracy as to the date. It describes a supper which the King of Sweden gave the young Prince, during which the latter described the adventures circumstantially. He came with Colonel Brett to a house in Pall Mall, where he met some fifty friends. He was in London a fortnight some time in September, 1750.

tounded neither on an indefeasible *jus divinum*, nor on *compact*, but on *expediency*, lays down this rational position:—"Irregularity in the first foundation of a state, or subsequent violence, fraud, or injustice, in getting possession of the supreme power, are not sufficient reasons for resistance, after the government is once peaceably settled. No subject of the British empire conceives himself engaged to vindicate the justice of the Norman claim or conquest, or apprehends that his duty in any manner depends upon that controversy. So likewise, if the house of Lancaster, or even the posterity of Cromwell, had been at this day seated upon the throne of England, we should have been as little concerned to enquire how the founder of the family came there."—Book VI. chap. 3.

In conformity with this doctrine, I myself, though fully persuaded that the House of Stuart had originally no right to the crown of Scotland; for that Baliol, and not Bruce, was the lawful heir; should yet have thought it very culpable to have rebelled, on that account, against Charles I. or even a prince of that house much nearer the time, in order to assert the claim of the posterity of Baliol.

However convinced I am of the justice of that principle which holds allegiance and protection to be reciprocal, I do however

\* Since I have quoted Mr. Archdeacon Paley upon one subject, I cannot but transcribe, from his excellent work, a distinguished passage in support of the Christian Revelation. After shewing, in decent but strong terms, the unfairness of the *indirect* attempts of modern infidels to unsettle and perplex religious principles, and particularly the irony, banter, and sneer, of one whom he politely calls "an eloquent historian," the archdeacon thus expresses himself:

"Seriousness is not constraint of thought; nor levity, freedom. Every mind which wishes the advancement of truth and knowledge, in the most important of all human researches, must abhor this licentiousness, as violating no less the laws of reasoning than the rights of decency. There is but one description of men to whose principles it ought to be tolerable. I mean that class of reasoners who can see *little* in christianity, even supposing it to be true. To such adversaries we address this reflection. Had JESUS CHRIST delivered no other declaration than the following, 'The hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth,—they that have done well unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation,' he had pronounced a message of inestimable importance, and well worthy of that splendid apparatus of prophecy and miracles with which his mission was introduced and attested—a message in which the wisest of mankind would rejoice to find an answer to their doubts, and rest to their inquiries. It is idle to say that a future state had been discovered already. It had been discovered as the Copernican System was,—it was one guess amongst many. He alone discovers who *proves*; and no man can prove this point but the teacher who testifies by miracles that his doctrine comes from GOD."—Book V. chap. 9.

If indignity be disingenuously dispersed in every shape that is likely to allure, surprise, or beguile the imagination,—in a fable, a tale, a novel, a poem,—in books of travels, of philosophy, of natural history,—as Mr. Paley has well observed,—I hope it is fair in me thus to meet such poison with an unexpected antidote, which I cannot doubt will be found "powerful."

*Second Edition.*—Line 12: "Book VI. chap. 3" transferred to line 1 of note.

acknowledge, that I am not satisfied with the cold sentiment which would confine the exertions of the subject within the strict line of duty. I would have every breast animated with the *feravour* of loyalty; with that generous attachment which delights in doing somewhat more than is required, and makes "service perfect freedom." And, therefore, as our most gracious Sovereign, on his accession to the throne, gloried in being *born a Briton*, so, in my more private sphere, *Ego me nunc* demique natum, *gratulator*. I am happy that a disputed succession no longer distracts our minds; and that a monarchy, established by law, is now so sanctioned by time, that we can fully indulge those feelings of loyalty which I am ambitious to excite. They are feelings which have ever actuated the inhabitants of the Highlands and the Hebrides. The plant of loyalty is there in full vigour, and the Brunswick graft now flourishes like a native shoot. To that spirited race of people I may with propriety apply the elegant lines of a modern poet, on the "facile temper of the beauteous sex."

"Like birds new-caught, who flutter for a time,  
And struggle with captivity in vain;  
But by-and-by they rest, they smooth their plumes,  
And to *new masters* sing their former notes."\*

Surely such notes are much better than the querulous growlings of suspicious Whigs and discontented Republicans.

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Kingsburgh conducted us in his boat, across one of the lochs, as they call them, or arms of the sea, which flow in upon all the coasts of Sky,—to a mile beyond a place called Grishinish. Our horses had been sent round by land to meet us. By this sail we saved eight miles of bad riding. Dr. Johnson said, "When we take into the computation what we have saved, and what we have gained, by this agreeable sail, it is a great deal." He observed, "it is very disagreeable riding in Sky. The way is so narrow, one only at a time can travel, so it is quite unsocial; and you cannot indulge in meditation by yourself, because you must be always attending to the steps which your horse takes." This was a just and clear description of its inconveniences.

The topick of emigration being again introduced, Dr. Johnson said, that "a rapacious Chief would make a wilderness of his estate." Mr. Donald M'Queen told us, that the oppression, which

\* "Agis," a tragedy, by John Home.



then made so much noise, was owing to landlords listening to bad advice in the letting of their lands; that interested and designing people flattered them with golden dreams of much higher rents than could reasonably be paid; and that some of the gentlemen *tacksmen*, or upper tenants, were themselves in part the occasion of the mischief, by over-rating the farms of others. That many of the *tacksmen*, rather than comply with exorbitant demands, had gone off to America, and impoverished the country, by draining it of its wealth; and that their places were filled by a number of poor people, who had lived under them, properly speaking, as servants, paid by a certain proportion of the produce of the lands, though called sub-tenants. I observed, that if the men of substance were once banished from a Highland estate, it might probably be greatly reduced in its value; for one bad year might ruin a set of poor tenants, and men of any property would not settle in such a country, unless from the temptation of getting land extremely cheap; for an inhabitant of any good county in Britain had better go to America than to the Highlands or the Hebrides. Here therefore was a consideration that ought to induce a Chief to act a more liberal part, from a mere motive of interest, independent of the lofty and honourable principle of keeping a clan together, to be in readiness to serve his king. I added, that I could not help thinking a little arbitrary power in the sovereign to controul the bad policy and greediness of the Chiefs, might sometimes be of service. In France a Chief would not be permitted to force a number of the king's subjects out of the country. Dr. Johnson concurred with me, observing, that "were an oppressive chieftain a subject of the French king, he would probably be admonished by a *letter*."

During our sail, Dr. Johnson asked about the use of the *durk*, with which he imagined the Highlanders cut their meat. He was told, they had a knife and fork besides, to eat with. He asked, how did the women do? and was answered, some of them had a knife and fork too; but in general the men, when they had cut their meat, handed their knives and forks to the women, and they themselves eat with their fingers. The old tutor of Macdonald always eat fish with his fingers, alledging that a knife and fork gave it a bad taste. I took the liberty to observe to Dr. Johnson, that he did so. "Yes, said he; but it is, because I am short-sighted, and afraid of bones, for which reason I am not fond of eating many kinds of fish, because I must use my fingers."

Dr. Pherson's "Dissertations on Scottish Antiquities," which he

had looked at when at Corrichatachin, being mentioned, he remarked, that "you might read half an hour, and ask yourself what you had been reading: there were so many words to so little matter, that there was no getting through the book."

As soon as we reached the shore, we took leave of Kingsburgh, and mounted our horses. We passed through a wild moor, in many places so wet that we were obliged to walk, which was very fatiguing to Dr. Johnson. Once he had advanced on horseback to a very bad step. There was a steep declivity on his left, to which he was so near, that there was not room for him to dismount in the usual way. He tried to alight on the other side, as if he had been a *young buck* indeed, but in the attempt he fell at his length upon the ground, from which, however, he got up immediately without being hurt. During this dreary ride, we were sometimes relieved by a view of branches of the sea, that universal medium of connection amongst mankind. A guide, who had been sent with us from Kingsburgh, explored the way (much in the same manner as, I suppose, is pursued in the wilds of America) by observing certain marks known only to the inhabitants. We arrived at Dunvegan late in the afternoon. The great size of the castle, which is partly old and partly new, and is built upon a rock close to the sea, while the land around it presents nothing but wild, moorish, hilly and craggy appearances, gave a rude magnificence to the scene. Having dismounted, we ascended a flight of steps which was made by the late M'Leod, for the accommodation of persons coming to him by land, there formerly being, for security, no other access to the castle but from the sea, so that visitors who came by the land were under the necessity of getting into a boat, and sailed round to the only place where it could be approached. We were introduced into a stately dining-room, and received by Lady M'Leod, mother of the laird, who, with his friend Talisker, having been detained on the road, did not arrive till some time after us.

We found the lady of the house a very polite and sensible woman, who had lived for some time in London, and had there been in Dr. Johnson's company.<sup>1</sup> After we had dined, we repaired to the drawing-room, where some of the young ladies of the family, with their mother, were at tea. This room had formerly been the bed-chamber of Sir Roderick M'Leod, one of the old lairds; and he

*Second Edition.*—Line 7: "wet" altered to "soft."

<sup>1</sup> Her maiden-name was Brodie. The acquaintance was, no doubt, through Molly Aston, who had married Captain

Brodie. "She died at Bath," says Mr. Carruthers, "in 1802."

chose it, because, behind it, there was a considerable cascade, the sound of which disposed him to sleep. Above his bed was this inscription: "Sir Rorie M'Leod of Dunvegan, Knight. God send good rest!" Rorie is the contraction of Roderick. He was called Rorie *More*, that is, great Rorie, not from his size, but from his spirit. Our entertainment here was in so elegant a style, and reminded my fellow-traveller so much of England, that he became quite joyous. He laughed, and said, "Boswell, we came in at the wrong end of this island." "Sir, said I, it was best to keep this for the last." He answered, "I would have it both first and last."

*Tuesday, 14th September.*

Dr. Johnson said in the morning, "Is not this a fine lady?" There was not a word now of his "impatience to be in civilized life,"—though indeed I should beg pardon,—he found it here. We had slept well, and lain long. After breakfast we surveyed the castle, and the garden. Mr Bethune, the parish minister,—Magnus M'Leod of Claggan, brother to Talisker, and M'Leod of Bay, two substantial gentlemen of the clan, dined with us. We had admirable venison, generous wine; in a word, all that a good table has. This was really the hall of a chief. Lady M'Leod had been much obliged to my father, who had settled by arbitration a variety of perplexed claims between her and her relation, the Laird of Brodie, which she now repaid by particular attention to me. M'Leod started the subject of making women do penance in the church for fornication. JOHNSON. "It is right, sir. Infamy is attached to the crime, by universal opinion, as soon as it is known. I would not be the man who would discover it, if I alone knew it, for a woman may reform; nor would I commend a parson<sup>1</sup> who divulges a woman's first offence; but being once divulged, it ought to be infamous. Consider, of what importance to society the chastity of women is. Upon that all the property in the world depends. We hang a thief for stealing a sheep, but the unchastity of a woman transfers sheep, and farm and all, from the right owner. I have much more reverence for a common prostitute than for a woman who conceals her guilt. The prostitute is known. She cannot deceive. She cannot bring a strumpet into the arms of an honest man, without his knowledge." BOSWELL. "There is, how-

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<sup>1</sup> "Parson" is what Mr. Boswell altered it to "person." wrote, yet all later editors have strangely

ever, a great difference between the licentiousness of a single woman, and that of a married woman." JOHNSON. "Yes, sir; there is a great difference between stealing a shilling, and stealing a thousand pounds, between simply taking a man's purse, and murdering him first, and then taking it. But when one begins to be vicious, it is easy to go on. Where single women are licentious, you rarely find faithful married women." BOSWELL. "And yet we are told that in some nations in India, the distinction is strictly observed." JOHNSON. "Nay, don't give us India. That puts me in mind of Montesquieu, who is really a fellow of genius too in many respects, whenever he wants to support a strange opinion, he quotes you the practice of Japan or of some other distant country, of which he knows nothing. To support polygamy, he tells you of the island of Formosa, where there are ten women born for one man. He had but to suppose another island, where there are ten men born for one woman, and so make a marriage between them."\*

At supper, Lady M'Leod mentioned Dr. Cadogan's book on the gout. JOHNSON. "It is a good book in general, but a foolish one in particulars. It is good in general, as recommending temperance and exercise, and cheerfulness. In that respect it is only Dr. Cheyne's book told in a new way; and there should come out such a book every thirty years, dressed in the mode of the times. It is foolish, in maintaining that the gout is not hereditary, and that one fit of it, when gone, is like a fever when gone." Lady M'Leod objected that the authour does not practice what he teaches.<sup>b</sup> JOHNSON. "I cannot help that, madam. That does not make his book the worse. People are influenced more by what a man says, if his practice is suitable to it,—because they are blockheads. The more intellectual people are, the readier will they attend to what a man tells them. If it is just, they will follow it, be his practice what it will. No man practises so well as he writes. I have, all my life long, being lying till noon; yet I tell all young men, and tell them with great sincerity, that nobody who does not rise early will ever do any good. Only consider! You read a book; you are convinced by it; you do not know the authour. Suppose you after-

\* What my friend treated as so wild a supposition, has actually happened in the Western Islands of Scotland, if we may believe Martin, who tells it of the islands of Col and Tyr-yi, and that it is proved by the parish registers.

<sup>b</sup> This was a general reflection against Dr. Cadogan, when his very popular book was first published. It was said, that, whatever precepts he might give to others, he himself indulged freely in the bottle. But I have since had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with him, and, if his own testimony may be believed, (and I have never heard it impeached,) his course of life has been conformable to his doctrine.

wards know him, and find that he does not practice what he teaches ; are you to give up your former conviction ? At this rate you would be kept in a state of equilibrium, when reading every book, till you knew how the authour practised." "But, said Lady M'Leod, you would think better of Dr. Cadogan, if he acted according to his principles." JOHNSON. "Why, madam, to be sure, a man who acts in the face of light, is worse than a man who does not know so much ; yet I think no man should be the worse thought of for publishing good principles. There is something noble in publishing truth, though it condemns one's self." I expressed some surprize at Cadogan's recommending good humour, as if it were quite in our own power to attain it. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, a man grows better humoured as he grows older. He improves by experience. When young, he thinks himself of great consequence, and every thing of importance. As he advances in life, he learns to think himself of no consequence, and little things of little importance ; and so he becomes more patient, and better pleased. All good-humour and complaisance are acquired. Naturally a child seizes directly what it sees, and thinks of pleasing itself only. By degrees it is taught to please others, and to prefer others, and that this will ultimately produce the greatest happiness. If a man is not convinced of that, he never will practice it. Common language speaks the truth as to this : we say, a person is well-bred. As it is said, that all material motion is primarily in a right line, and is never *per circuitum*, never in another form, unless by some particular cause ; so it may be said intellectual motion is." Lady M'Leod asked, if no man was naturally good ? JOHNSON. "No, madam, no more than a wolf." BOSWELL. "Nor no woman, sir." JOHNSON. "No, sir." Lady M'Leod started at this, saying, low, "This is worse than Swift."

M'Leod of Ulinish had come in the afternoon. We were a jovial company at supper. The laird, surrounded by so many of his clan, was to me a pleasing sight. They listened with wonder and pleasure, while Dr. Johnson harangued. I am vexed that I cannot take down his full strain of eloquence.

*Wednesday, 15th September.*

The gentlemen of the clan went away early in the morning to the harbour of Lochbradale, to take leave of some of their friends who were going to America. It was a very wet day. We looked

at Rorie More's horn, which is a large cow's horn, with the mouth of it ornamented with silver curiously carved. It holds rather more than a bottle and a half. Every Laird of M'Leod, it is said, must, as a proof of his manhood, drink it off full of claret, without laying it down. From Rorie More many of the branches of the family are descended; in particular, the Talisker branch; so that his name is much talked of. We also saw his bow, which hardly any man now can bend, and his *Glaimore*, which was wielded with both hands, and is of a prodigious size. We saw here some old pieces of iron armour, immensely heavy. The broad-sword now used, though called the *Glaimore*, (*i.e.* the *great sword*) is much smaller than that used in Rorie More's time. There is hardly a target now to be found in the Highlands. After the disarming act, they made them serve as covers to their butter-milk barrels; a kind of change, like beating spears into pruning-hooks.

Sir George Mackenzie's Works (the folio edition) happened to lie in a window in the dining-room. I asked Dr. Johnson to look at the "*Characteres Advocatorum*" He allowed him power of mind, and that he understood very well what he tells; but said, that there was too much declamation, and that the Latin was not correct. He found fault with *appropinquabant*, in the character of Gilmour. I tried him with the opposition between *gloria* and *palma*, in the comparison between Gilmour and Nisbet, which Lord Hailes, in his "Catalogue of the Lords of Session," thinks difficult to be understood. The words are, "*penes illum gloria, penes hunc palma.*" In a short "Account of the Kirk of Scotland," which I published some years ago, I applied these words to the two contending parties, and explained them thus: "The popular party has most eloquence; Dr. Robertson's party most influence." I was very desirous to hear Dr. Johnson's explication. JOHNSON. "I see no difficulty. Gilmour was admired for his parts. Nisbet carried his cause by his skill in law. *Palma* is victory." I observed, that the character of Nicholson, in this book, resembled that of Burke: for it is said, in one place, "*In omnes lusos & jocos se sæpe resolvebat;*" and, in another, "*sed accipitris more e conspectu aliquando astantium sublimi se protrahens volatu, in prædam miro impetu descendebat.*" JOHNSON. "No, sir, I never heard Burke make a good joke in my life." BOSWELL. "But, sir, you will allow he is a hawk." Dr. Johnson, thinking that

*Second Edition.*—On line 34, a note: "He often indulged himself in every species of pleasantry and wit."

*Ibid.*—On line 36, a note: "But like the hawk, having soared with a lofty flight to a height which the eye could not reach, he was wont to swoop upon his quarry with wonderful rapidity."

I meant this of his joking, said, "No, sir, he is not the hawk there. He is the beetle in the mire." I still adhered to my metaphor,— "But he *soars* as the hawk." JOHNSON. "Yes, sir; but he catches nothing." M'Leod asked, what is the particular excellence of Burke's eloquence? JOHNSON "Copiousness, and fertility of allusion; a power of diversifying his matter, by placing it in various relations. Burke has great knowledge, and great command of language; though, in my opinion, it has not in every respect the highest elegance." BOSWELL. "Do you think, sir, that Burke has read Cicero much?" JOHNSON. "I don't believe it, sir. Burke has great knowledge, great fluency of words, and great promptness of ideas, so that he can speak with great illustration on any subject that comes before him. He is neither like Cicero, nor like Demosthenes, nor like any one else, but speaks as well as he can."

In the 65th page of the first volume of Sir George Mackenzie, Dr. Johnson pointed out a paragraph beginning with Aristotle, and told me there was an error in the text, which he bade me try to discover. I was lucky enough to hit it at once. As the passage is printed, it is said that the devil answers *even* in *engines*. I corrected it to—*ever* in *ænigmas*. "Sir, said he, you are a good critick. This would have been a great thing to do in the text of an ancient author."

*Thursday, 16th September.*

Last night much care was taken of Dr. Johnson, who was still distressed by his cold. He had hitherto most strangely slept without a night-cap. Miss M'Leod made him a large flannel one, and he was prevailed with to drink a little brandy when he was going to bed. He has great virtue, in not drinking wine or any fermented liquor, because, as he acknowledged to us, he could not do it in moderation. Lady M'Leod would hardly believe him, and said, "I am sure, sir, you would not carry it too far." JOHNSON. "Nay, madam, it carried me. I took the opportunity of a long illness to leave it off. It was then prescribed to me not to drink wine; and having broken off the habit, I have never returned to it."

In the argument on Tuesday night, about natural goodness, Dr. Johnson denied that any child was better than another, but by difference of instruction; though, in consequence of greater attention being paid to instruction by one child than another, and of a variety of imperceptible causes, such as instruction being counteracted by servants, a notion was conceived, that of two children,

equally well educated, one was naturally much worse than another. He owned, this morning, that one might have a greater aptitude to learn than another, and that we inherit dispositions from our parents. "I inherited, said he, a vile melancholy from my father, which has made me mad all my life, at least not sober." Lady M'Leod wondered he should tell this. "Madam, said I, he knows that with that madness he is superior to other men."

I have often been astonished with what exactness and perspicuity he will explain the process of any art. He this morning explained to us all the operation of coining, and, at night, all the operation of brewing, so very clearly, that Mr. M'Queen said, when he heard the first, he thought he had been bred in the Mint; when he heard the second, that he had been bred a brewer.

I was elated by the thought of having been able to entice such a man to this remote part of the world. A ludicrous, yet just, image presented itself to my mind, which I expressed to the company. I compared myself to a dog who has got hold of a large piece of meat, and runs away with it to a corner, where he may devour it in peace, without any fear of others taking it from him. "In London, Reynolds, Beauclerk, and all of them, are contending who shall enjoy Dr. Johnson's conversation. We are feasting upon it, undisturbed, at Dunvegan."

It was still a storm of wind and rain. Dr. Johnson however walked out with M'Leod, and saw Rorie More's cascade in full perfection. Colonel M'Leod, instead of being all life and gaiety, as I have seen him, was at present grave, and somewhat depressed by his anxious concern about M'Leod's affairs, and finding some gentlemen of the clan by no means disposed to act a generous or affectionate part to their Chief in his distress, but bargaining with him as with a stranger. However, he was agreeable and polite, and Dr. Johnson said, he was a very pleasing man. My fellow traveller and I talked of going to Sweden, and, while we were settling our plan, I expressed a pleasure in the prospect of seeing the king." JOHNSON. "I doubt, sir, if he would speak to us." Colonel M'Leod said, "I am sure Mr. Boswell would speak to *him*." But, seeing me a little disconcerted by his remark, he politely added, "and with great propriety." Here let me offer a short defence of that propensity in my disposition to which this gentleman alluded. It has procured me much happiness. I hope it does not deserve so hard a name as either forwardness or impudence. If I know myself, it is nothing more than an eagerness to share the society of men distinguished either by their rank or their talents, and a diligence to attain what I desire. If a man is praised for seeking knowledge, though



mountains and seas are in his way, may he not be pardoned, whose ardour, in the pursuit of the same object, leads him to encounter difficulties as great, though of a different kind?

After the ladies were gone from table, we talked of the Highlanders not having sheets; and this led us to consider the advantage of wearing linen. JOHNSON. "All animal substances are less cleanly than vegetables. Wool, of which flannel is made, is an animal substance; flannel therefore is not so cleanly as linen. I remember I used to think tar duty; but when I knew it to be only a preparation of the juice of the pine, I thought so no longer. It is not disagreeable to have the gum that oozes from a plumb tree upon your fingers, because it is vegetable; but if you have any candle-grease, any tallow upon your fingers, you are uneasy till you rub it off. I have often thought, that, if I kept a seraglio, the ladies should all wear linen gowns,—or cotton;—I mean stuffs made of vegetable substances. I would have no silk; you cannot tell when it is clean: It will be very nasty before it is perceived to be so. Linen detects its own dirtiness."

To hear the grave Dr. Samuel Johnson, "that majestick teacher of moral and religious wisdom," while sitting solemn in an arm-chair in the isle of Sky, talk, *ex cathedra*, of his keeping a seraglio, and acknowledge that the supposition had *often* been in his thoughts, struck me so forcibly with ludicrous contrast, that I could not but laugh immoderately. He was too proud to submit, even for a moment, to be the object of ridicule, and instantly retaliated with such keen sarcastick wit, and such a variety of degrading images, of every one of which I was the object, that, though I can bear such attacks as well as most men, I yet found myself so much the sport of all the company, that I would gladly expunge from my mind every trace of this severe retort.

Talking of our friend Langton's house in Lincolnshire, he said, "the old house of the family was burnt. A temporary building was erected in its room; and to this they have been always adding as the family increased. It is like a shirt made for a man when he was a child, and enlarged always as he grows older."

We talked to-night of Luther's allowing the Landgrave of Hesse two wives, and that it was with the consent of the wife to whom he was first married. JOHNSON. "There was no harm in this, so far as she was only concerned, because *volenti non fit injuria*. But it was an offence against the general order of society, and against the law of the Gospel, by which one man and one woman are to be united. No man can have two wives, but by preventing somebody else from having one."

Friday, 17th September.

After dinner yesterday, we had a conversation upon cunning. M'Leod said that he was not afraid of cunning people; but would let them play their tricks about him like monkeys. "But, said I, they'll scratch;" and Mr. M'Queen added, "they'll invent new tricks, as soon as you find out what they do." JOHNSON. "Cunning has effect from the credulity of others, rather than from the abilities of those who are cunning. It requires no extraordinary talents to lye and deceive." This led us to consider whether it did not require great abilities to be very wicked. JOHNSON. "It requires great abilities to have the *power* of being very wicked; but not to *be* very wicked. A man who has the *power*, which great abilities procure him, may use it well or ill; and it requires more abilities to use it well, than to use it ill. Wickedness is always easier than virtue; for it takes the short cut to every thing. It is much easier to steal a hundred pounds, than to get it by labour, or any other way. Consider only what act of wickedness requires great abilities to commit it, when once the person who is to do it has the power; for *there* is the distinction. It requires great abilities to conquer an army, but none to massacre it after it is conquered."

The weather this day was rather better than any that we had since we came to Dunvegan. Mr M'Queen had often talked to me of a curious piece of antiquity near this, which he called the temple of the Goddess Anantis. Having often talked of going to see it, he and I set out after breakfast, attended by his man, a fellow quite like a savage. I must observe here, that in Sky there seems to be much idleness; for men and boys follow you, as colts follow passengers upon a road. The usual figure of a Sky-boy, is a *loun*<sup>1</sup> with bare legs and feet, a dirty *kilt*, ragged coat and waistcoat, a bare head, and a stick in his hand, which I suppose is partly to help the lazy rogue to walk, partly to serve as a kind of a defensive weapon. We walked what is called two miles, but is probably four, from the castle, till we came to the sacred place. The country around is a black dreary moor on all sides, except to the sea-coast, towards which there is a view through a valley; and the farm of Bay shews some good land. The place itself is green ground, being well drained, by means of a deep glen on each side, in both of which there runs a rivulet with a good quantity of water, forming several

*Second Edition.*—Line 26: "his man" altered to "his servant."

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<sup>1</sup> "A careless, half-grown lad."—*Car-ruthers.*

cascades, which make a considerable appearance and sound. The first thing we came to was an earthen mound, or dyke, extending from the one precipice to the other. A little farther on, was a strong stone wall, not high, but very thick, extending in the same manner. On the outside of it were the ruins of two houses, one on each side of the entry or gate to it. The wall is built all along of uncemented stones, but of so large a size as to make a very firm and durable rampart. It has been built all about the consecrated ground, except where the precipice is steep enough to form an enclosure of itself. The sacred spot contains more than two acres. There are within it the ruins of many houses, none of them large, - a *cairn*,—and many graves marked by clusters of stones. Mr. M'Queen insisted that the ruin of a small building, standing east and west, was actually the temple of the Goddess Anaitis, where her statue was kept, and from whence processions were made to wash it in one of the brooks. There is, it must be owned, a hollow road visible for a good way from the entrance, but Mr. M'Queen, with the keen eye of an antiquary, traced it much farther than I could perceive it. There is not above a foot and a half in height of the walls now remaining; and the whole extent of the building was never, I imagine, greater than an ordinary Highland house. Mr. M'Queen has collected a great deal of learning on the subject of the temple of Anaitis; and I had endeavoured, in my Journal, to state such particulars as might give some idea of it, and of the surrounding scenery, but, from the great difficulty of describing visible objects, I found my account so unsatisfactory, that my readers would probably have exclaimed

“ And write about it, *Goddess*, and about it;”

and therefore I have omitted it.

When we got home, and were again at table with Dr. Johnson, we first talked of portraits. He agreed in thinking them valuable in families. I wished to know which he preferred, fine portraits, or those of which the merit was resemblance. JOHNSON. “Sir, their chief excellence is in being like.” BOSWELL. “Are you of that opinion, as to the portraits of ancestors whom one has never seen?” JOHNSON. “It then becomes of more consequence that they should be like; and I would have them in the dress of the times, which makes a piece of history. One should like to see how Rorie More looked. Truth, sir, is of the greatest value in these things.” Mr. M'Queen observed, that if you think it of no consequence whether portraits are like, if they are but well painted, you may be indifferent whether a piece of history is true or not, if well told.

Dr. Johnson said at breakfast to-day, "that it was but of late that historians bestowed pains and attention in consulting records, to attain to accuracy. Bacon, in writing his History of Henry VII. does not seem to have consulted any, but to have just taken what he found in other histories, and blended it with what he learnt by tradition." He agreed with me that there should be a chronicle kept in every considerable family, to preserve the characters and transactions of successive generations.

After dinner I started the subject of the temple of Anaitis. Mr. M'Queen had laid stress on the name given to the place by the country people, Annit, and added, "I knew not what to make of this piece of antiquity, till I met with the *Anaitidis delubrum* in Lydia, mentioned by Pausanias and the elder Pliny." Dr. Johnson, with his usual acuteness, examined Mr. M'Queen as to the meaning of the word Annit, in Erse; and it proved to be a *water-place*, or a place near water, "which, said Mr. M'Queen, agrees with all the descriptions of the temples of that goddess, which were situated near rivers, that there might be water to wash the statue" JOHNSON. "Nay, sir, the argument from the name is gone. The name is exhausted by what we see. We have no occasion to go to a distance, for what we can pick up under our feet. Had it been an accidental name, the similarity between it and Anaitis might have had something in it; but it turns out to be a mere physiological name." Macleod said, Mr. M'Queen's knowledge of etymology had destroyed his conjecture. JOHNSON. "Yes, sir; Mr. M'Queen is like the eagle mentioned by Waller, who was shot with an arrow feathered from his own wing."<sup>1</sup> Mr. M'Queen would not, however, give up his conjecture. JOHNSON. "You have one possibility for you, and all possibilities against you. It is possible it may be the temple of Anaitis. But it is also possible that it may be a fortification;—or it may be a place of christian worship, as the first Christians often chose remote and wild places, to make an impression on the mind;—or, if it was a heathen temple, it may have been built near a river, for the purpose of lustration; and there is such a multitude of divinities, to whom it may have been dedicated, that the chance of its being a temple of Anaitis is hardly any thing. It is like throwing a grain of sand upon the sea-shore to-day, and thinking you may find it to-morrow. No, sir, this temple, like many an ill-built edifice, tumbles down before it is roofed in." In his triumph

<sup>1</sup> "That eagle's fate and mine are one,  
Which in the shaft that made him  
die

Espied a feather of his own,  
Wherewith he went to soar so  
high."

over the reverend antiquarian, he indulged himself in a *conceit*; for, some vestige of the *altar* of the goddess being much insisted on in support of the hypothesis, he said, "Mr. M'Queen is fighting *pro aris et focis*."

It was wonderful how well time passed in a remote castle, and in dreary weather. After supper, we talked of Pennant. It was objected that he was superficial. Dr. Johnson defended him warmly. He said, "Pennant has greater variety of inquiry than almost any man, and has told us more than perhaps one in ten thousand could have done, in the time that he took. He has not said what he was to tell; so you cannot find fault with him, for what he has not told. If a man comes to look for fishes, you cannot blame him if he does not attend to fowls." "But, said Colonel M'Leod, he mentions the unreasonable rise of rents in the Highlands, and says, 'the gentlemen are for emptying the bag, without filling it;' for that is the phrase he uses. Why does he not tell how to fill it?" JOHNSON. "Sir, there is no end of negative criticism. He tells what he observes, and as much as he chooses. If he tells what is not true you may find fault with him; but though he tells that the land is not well cultivated, he is not obliged to tell how it may be well cultivated. If I tell that many of the Highlanders go bare-footed, I am not obliged to tell how they may get shoes. Pennant tells a fact. He need go no farther, except he pleases. He exhausts nothing; and no subject whatever has yet been exhausted. But Pennant has surely told a great deal. Here is a man six feet high, and you are angry because he is not seven." Notwithstanding this eloquent *Oration pro Pennantio*, which they who have read this gentleman's "Tours," and recollect the *Savage* and the *Shopkeeper* at Monboddo, will probably impute to the spirit of contradiction, I still think that he had better have given more attention to fewer things, than have thrown together such a number of imperfect accounts.

*Saturday, 18th September.*

Before breakfast, Dr. Johnson came up to my room, to forbid me to mention that this was his birth-day; but I told him I had done it already; at which he was displeased;<sup>1</sup> I supposed from wishing to have nothing particular done on his account. Lady M'Leod and I got into a warm dispute. She wanted to build a house upon a farm

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<sup>1</sup> Johnson complained to Mrs. Thrale of "Boswell's troublesome kindness."

which she has taken, about five miles from the castle, and to make gardens and other ornaments there, all of which I approved of; but insisted that the seat of the family should always be upon the rock of Dunvegan. JOHNSON. "Aye, in time we'll build all round this rock. You may make a very good house at the farm, but it must not be such as to tempt the Laird of M'Leod to go thither to reside. Most of the great families of England have a secondary residence, which is called a jointure-house: let this be of that kind." The lady insisted that the rock was very inconvenient, that there was no place near it where a good garden could be made; that it must always be a rude place; that it was a Herculean labour to make a dinner here. I was vexed to find the alloy of modern refinement in a lady who had so much old family spirit. "Madam, said I, if once you quit this rock, there is no knowing where you may settle. You move five miles first,—then to St. Andrew's, as the late Laird did;—then to Edinburgh,—and so on, till you end at Hampstead, or in France. No, no, keep to the rock. it is the very jewel of the estate. It looks as if it had been let down from heaven by the four corners, to be the residence of a Chief. Have all the comforts and conveniencies of life upon it, but never leave Rorie More's cascade." "But, said she, is it not enough if we keep it? Must we never have more convenience than Rorie More had? He had his beef brought to dinner in one basket, and his bread in another. Why not as well be Rorie More all over, as live upon his rock? And should not we tire, in looking perpetually on this rock? It is very well for you, who have a fine place, and every thing easy, to talk thus, and think of chaining honest folks to a rock. You would not live upon it yourself." "Yes, madam, said I; I would live upon it, were I Laird of M'Leod, and should be unhappy if I were not upon it." JOHNSON. (with a strong voice, and most determined manner,) "Madam, rather than quit the old rock, Boswell would live in the pit, he would make his bed in the dungeon." I felt a degree of elation, at finding my resolute feudal enthusiasm thus confirmed by such a sanction. The lady was puzzled a little. She still returned to her pretty farm,—rich ground,—fine garden. "Madam, said Dr. Johnson, were they in Asia, I would not leave the rock." My opinion on this subject is still the same. An ancient family residence ought to be a primary object; and though the situation of Dunvegan be such that little can be done here in gardening, or pleasure-ground, yet, in addition to the veneration acquired by the lapse of time, it has many circumstances of natural

grandeur suited to the seat of a Highland Chief: it has the sea,—islands,—rocks,—hills,—a noble cascade; and when the family is again in opulence, something may be done by art.

Mr. Donald M'Queen went away to-day, in order to preach at Bracadale next day. We were so comfortably situated at Dunvegan, that Dr. Johnson could hardly be moved from it. I proposed to him that we should leave it on Monday. "No, sir, said he; I will not go before Wednesday. I will have some more of this good." However, as the weather was at this season so bad, and so very uncertain, and we had a great deal to do yet, Mr. M'Queen and I prevailed with him to agree to set out on Monday, if the day should be good. Mr. M'Queen, though it was inconvenient for him to be absent from his harvest, engaged to wait on Monday at Ullinish for us. When he was going away, Dr. Johnson said, "I shall ever retain a great regard for you." Then asked him if he had the "Rambler." Mr. M'Queen said, "No; but my brother has it." JOHNSTON. "Have you the 'Idler?'" M'QUEEN. "No, sir." JOHNSTON. "Then I will order one for you at Edinburgh, which you will keep in remembrance of me." Mr. M'Queen was much pleased with this. He expressed to me, in the strongest terms, his admiration of Dr. Johnson's wonderful knowledge, and every other quality for which he is distinguished. I asked Mr. M'Queen, if he was satisfied with being a minister in Sky. He said he was; but he owned that his forefathers having been so long there, and his having been born there, made a chief ingredient in forming his contentment. I should have mentioned, that, on our left hand, between Portree and Dr. M'Leod's house, Mr. M'Queen told me there had been a college of the Knights Templars; that tradition said so; and that there was a ruin remaining of their church which had been burnt: but I confess Dr. Johnson has weakened my belief in remote tradition. In the dispute about Anaitis, Mr. M'Queen said, Asia Minor was peopled by Scythians, and, as they were the ancestors of the Celts, the same religion might be in Asia Minor and Sky. JOHNSTON. "Alas! sir, what can a nation that has not letters tell of its original. I have always difficulty to be patient when I hear authours gravely quoted, as giving accounts of savage nations, which accounts they had from the savages themselves. What can the M'Craas tell about themselves a thousand years ago?"<sup>1</sup> There

<sup>1</sup> Sir Walter Scott answered this question in his pleasant style. "More than the doctor would suppose. I have a copy of their family history written in 1702. In this history they are averred to

have come over with the Fitzgeralds, now holding the name of Mackenzie, at the period of the battle of Largs in 1263."

is no tracing the connection of ancient nations, but by language; and therefore I am always sorry when any language is lost, because languages are the pedigree of nations. If you find the same language in distant countries, you may be sure that the inhabitants of each have been the same people; that is to say, if you find the languages a good deal the same; for a word here and there being the same, will not do. Thus Butler, in his "Hudibras," remembering that Penguin, in the Straits of Magellan, signifies a bird with a white head, and that the same word has, in Wales, the signification of a white-headed wench, (*pen* head, and *gwyn* white,) by way of ridicule, concludes that the people of those Straits are Welch.

A young gentleman of the name of M'Lean, nephew to the Laird of the isle of Muck, came this morning, and, just as we sat down to dinner, came the Laird of the isle of Muck himself, his lady, sister to Talisker, two other ladies their relations, and a daughter of the late M'Leod of Hamer, who wrote a treatise on the second sight, under the designation of "*Theophilus Insulanus*." It was somewhat droll to hear this Laird called by his title. Muck would have sounded ill; so he was called Isle of Muck, which went off with great readiness. The name, as now written, is unseemly, but is not so bad in the original Erse, which is Mouach, signifying the Sow's Island. Buchanan calls it *Insula Porcorum*. It is so called from its form. Some call it Isle of Monk. The Laird insists that this is the proper name. It was formerly church-land belonging to Icolnkill, and a hermit lived in it. It is two miles long, and about three quarters of a mile broad. The Laird said he had seven score of souls upon it. Last year he had eighty persons inoculated, mostly children, but some of them eighteen years of age. He agreed with a surgeon to come and do it, at half a crown a head. It is very fertile in corn, of which they export some, and its coasts abound in fish. A taylor comes there six times in a year. They get a good blacksmith from the isle of Egg.

*Sunday, 19th September.*

It was rather worse weather than any that we had yet. At break fast Dr. Johnson said, "Some cunning men choose foos for their wives, thinking to manage them, but they always fail. There is a spaniel fool and a mule fool. The spaniel fool may be made to do by beating. The mule fool will neither do by words nor blows; and the spaniel fool often turns mule at last; and suppose a fool to



be made do pretty well, you must have the continual trouble of making her do. Depend upon it, no woman is the worse for sense and knowledge." Whether afterwards he meant merely to say a polite thing, or to give his opinion, I could not be sure; but he added, "Men know that women are an over-match for them, and therefore they choose the weakest or most ignorant. If they did not think so, they never could be afraid of women knowing as much as themselves." In justice to the sex, I think it but candid to acknowledge, that, in a subsequent conversation, he told me that he was serious in what he had said.

He came to my room this morning before breakfast, to read my Journal, which he has done all along. He often before said, "I take great delight in reading it." To-day he said, "You improve: it grows better and better." I observed, there was a danger of my getting a habit of writing in a slovenly manner. "Sir, said he, it is not written in a slovenly manner. It might be printed,<sup>1</sup> were the subject fit for printing." While Mr. Beaton preached to us in the dining-room, Dr. Johnson sat in his own room, where I saw lying before him, a volume of Lord Bacon's works, the "Decay of Christian Piety," Monboddo's "Origin of Language," and Sterne's Sermons. He asked me to-day, how we were so little together? I told him, my Journal took up much time. Yet, on reflection, it appeared strange to me, that although I will run from one end of London to another, to pass an hour with him, I should omit to seize any spare time to be in his company, when I am settled in the same house with him. But my Journal is really a task of much time and labour, and he forbids me to contract it.

I omitted to mention, in its place, that Dr. Johnson told Mr. M'Queen that he had found the belief of the second sight universal in Sky, except among the clergy, who seemed determined against it. I took the liberty to observe to Mr. M'Queen, that the clergy were actuated by a kind of vanity. "The world (say they) takes us to be credulous men in a remote corner. We'll shew them that we are more enlightened than they think." The worthy man said, that his disbelief of it was from his not finding sufficient evidence; but I could perceive that he was prejudiced against it.

\* As I have faithfully recorded so many minute particulars, I hope I shall be pardoned for indulging my vanity in inserting so flattering an encomium on what is now offered to the publick.

*Second Edition.*—Line 2 of note: The words "indulging my vanity in" omitted.

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<sup>1</sup> "My Journal is ready: it is in the larder, only to be sent to the kitchen, perhaps trussed, and larded a little."—*Bornwellthana.*

After dinner to-day, we talked of the extraordinary fact of Lady Grange's being sent to St. Kilda, and confined there for several years, without any means of relief.\* Dr. Johnson said, if M'Leod would let it be known that he had such a place for naughty ladies, he might make it a very profitable island. We had, in the course of our tour, heard of St. Kilda poetry. Dr. Johnson observed, "it must be very poor, because they have very few images" BOSWELL. "There may be a poetical genius shewn in combining these, and in making poetry of them." JOHNSON. "Sir, a man cannot make fire but in proportion as he has fuel. He cannot coin guineas but in proportion as he has gold." At tea, he talked of his intending to go to Italy in 1775. M'Leod said, he would like Paris better. JOHNSON. "No, sir; there is none of the French literati now alive, to visit whom I would cross a sea. I can find in Buffon's book all that he can say."<sup>b</sup>

After supper he said, "I am sorry that prize-fighting is gone out; every art should be preserved, and the art of defence is surely important. It is absurd that our soldiers should have swords, and not be taught the use of them. Prize-fighting made people accustomed not to be alarmed at seeing their own blood, or feeling a little pain

\* The true story of this lady, which happened in this century, is as frightfully romantick as if it had been the fiction of a gloomy fancy. She was the wife of one of the Lords of Session in Scotland, a man of the very first blood of his country. For some mysterious reasons, which have never been discovered, she was seized and carried off in the dark, she knew not by whom, and by nightly jounies was conveyed to the Highland shores, from whence she was transported by sea to the remote rock of St. Kilda, where she remained, amongst its few wild inhabitants, a forlorn prisoner, but had a constant supply of provisions, and a woman to wait on her. No inquiry was made after her, till she at last found means to convey a letter to a confidential friend, by the daughter of a Catechist, who concealed it in a clue of yarn. Information being thus obtained at Edinburgh, a ship was sent to bring her off, but intelligence of this being received, she was conveyed to M'Leod's island of Herries, where she died.

In Carstares's "State Papers," we find an authentick narrative of Connor, a catholick priest, who turned protestant, being seized by some of Lord Scaforth's people, and detained prisoner in the island of Herries several years; he was fed with bread and water, and lodged in a house where he was exposed to the rains and cold. Sir James Ogilvy writes, (June 18, 1667,) that the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Advocate, and himself, were to meet next day, to take effectual methods to have this redressed. Connor was then still detained. P. 310.—This shews what private oppression might in the last century be practised in the Hebrides.

In the same collection, the Earl of Argyll gives a picturesque account of an embassy from the great M'Neil of Barra, as that insular Chief used to be denominated—"I received a letter yesterday from M'Neil of Barra, who lives very far off, sent by a gentleman in all formality, offering his service, which had made you laugh to see his entry. His stile of his letter runs as if he were of another kingdom."—P. 643.

*Second Edition.*—Line 13. "there is none" altered to "there are none"

<sup>b</sup> I doubt the justice of my fellow-traveller's remark concerning the French literati, many of whom, I am told, have considerable merit in conversation, as well as in their writings. That of Monsieur de Buffon, in particular, I am well assured is highly instructive and entertaining

from a wound. I think the heavy glaymore was an ill-contrived weapon. A man could only strike once with it. It employed both his hands, and he must of course be soon fatigued with wielding it; so that if his antagonist could only keep playing a while, he was sure of him. I would fight with a dirk against Rorie More's sword. I could ward off a blow with a dirk, and then run in upon my enemy. When within that heavy sword, I have him; he is quite helpless, and I could stab him at my leisure, like a calf. It is thought by sensible military men, that the English do not enough avail themselves of their superior strength of body against the French; for that must always have a great advantage in pushing with bayonets. I have heard an officer say, that if women could be made to stand, they would do as well as men in a mere interchange of bullets from a distance; but if a body of men should come close up to them, then to be sure they must be overcome; now, said he, in the same manner the weaker-bodied French must be overcome by our strong soldiers."

The subject of duelling was introduced. JOHNSON. "There is no case in England where one or other of the combatants *must* die; if you have overcome your adversary by disarming him, that is sufficient, though you should not kill him; your honour, or the honour of your family, is restored, as much as it can be by a duel. It is cowardly to force your antagonist to renew the combat, when you know that you have the advantage of him by superior skill. You might just as well go and cut his throat while he is asleep in his bed. When a duel begins, it is supposed there may be an equality, because it is not always skill that prevails. It depends much on presence of mind; nay on accidents. The wind may be in a man's face. He may fall. Many such things may decide the superiority. A man is sufficiently punished, by being called out, and subjected to the risk that is in a duel." But on my suggesting that the injured person is equally subjected to risk, he fairly owned he could not explain the rationality of duelling.

*Monday, 20th September.*

When I awaked, the storm was higher still. It abated about nine, and the sun shone; but it rained again very soon, and it was not a day for travelling. At breakfast, Dr Johnson told us, that there was once a pretty good tavern in Catherine-street in the Strand, where very good company met in an evening, and each man

called for his own half-pint of wine, or gill, if he pleased, they were frugal men, and nobody paid but for what he himself drank. The house furnished no supper; but a woman attended with mutton-pies, which any body might purchase. He was introduced to this company by Cumming the Quaker, and used to go there sometimes when he drank wine. He said, that in the last age, when his mother lived in London, there were two sets of people, those who gave the wall, and those who took it; the peaceable and the quarrelsome. When he returned to Lichfield, after having been in London, his mother asked him, whether he was one of those who gave the wall, or those who took it? "Now, said he, it is fixed that every man keeps to the right; or, if one is taking the wall, another yields it, and it is never a dispute." He was very severe on a lady, whose name was mentioned. He said, he would have her sent to St. Kilda. That she was as bad as negative badness could be, and stood in the way of what was good: that insipid beauty would not go a great way; and that such a woman might be cut out of a cabbage, if there was a skilful artificeer.

M'Leod was too late in coming to breakfast. Dr. Johnson said, laziness was worse than the tooth-ach. BOSWELL. "I cannot agree with you, sir, a bason of cold water, or a horse-whip, will cure laziness." JOHNSON. "No, sir; it will only put off the fit; it will not cure the disease. I have been trying to cure my laziness all my life, and could not do it." BOSWELL. "But if a man does in a shorter time what might be the labour of a life, there is nothing to be said against him." JOHNSON (perceiving at once that I alluded to him and his Dictionary). "Suppose that flattery to be true, the consequence would be, that the world would have no right to censure a man, but that will not justify him to himself."

After breakfast, he said to me, "A Highland Chief should now endeavour to do every thing to raise his rents, by means of the industry of his people. Formerly, it was right for him to have his house full of idle fellows; they were his defenders, his servants, his dependants, his friends. Now they may be better employed. The system of things is now so much altered, that the family cannot have influence but by riches, because it has no longer the power of ancient feudal times. An individual of a family may have it; but it cannot now belong to a family, unless you could have a perpetuity of men with the same views. M'Leod has four times the land that the Duke of Bedford has. I think, with his spirit, he may in time

*Second Edition* — Lines 4, 6, 9: "He," "his," "him," &c., altered to "I," "my," "me."

*Ibid.* — Line 11: "said he" omitted.

make himself the greatest man in the king's dominions; for land may always be improved to a certain degree. I would never have any man sell land, to throw money into the funds, as is often done, or to try any other species of trade. Depend upon it, this rage of trade will destroy itself. You and I shall not see it; but the time will come when there will be an end of it. Trade is like gaming. If a whole company are gamblers, play must cease; for there is nothing to be won. When all nations are traders, there is nothing to be gained by trade, and it will stop first where it is brought to the greatest perfection. Then the proprietors of land only will be the great men." I observed, it was hard that M'Leod should find ingratitude in so many of his people. JOHNSON. "Sir, gratitude is a fruit of great cultivation; you do not find it among gross people." I doubt of this. Nature seems to have implanted gratitude in all living creatures. The lion, mentioned by Valerius Maximus, had it. It appears to me that culture, which brings luxury and selfishness with it, has a tendency rather to weaken than promote this affection.

Dr. Johnson said this morning, when talking of our setting out, that he was in the state in which Lord Bacon represents kings. He desired the end, but did not like the means. He wished much to get home, but was unwilling to travel in Sky. "You are like kings too in this, sir, said I, that you must act under the direction of others."

*Tuesday, 21st September.*

The uncertainty of our present situation having prevented me from receiving any letters from home for some time, I could not help being uneasy. Dr. Johnson had an advantage over me, in this respect, he having no wife or child to occasion anxious apprehensions in his mind. It was a good morning; so we resolved to set out. But, before quitting this castle, where we have been so well entertained, let me give a short description of it.

Along the edge of the rock, there are the remains of a wall, which is now covered with ivy. A square court is formed by buildings of different ages, particularly some towers, said to be of great antiquity; and at one place there is a row of false cannon, of stone. There is a very large unfinished pile, four stories high, which we were told was here when Leod, the first of this family, came from

*Third Edition.*—Line 15: "Valerius Maximus" changed to "Aulus Gellius, lib. v. c. xiv."

the Isle of Man, married the heiress of the M'Crails, the ancient possessors of Dunvegan, and afterwards acquired by conquest as much land as he had got by marriage. He surpassed the house of Austria; for he was *felix* both *bella gerere et nubere*. John Breck M'Leod, the grandfather of the late laird, began to repair the castle, or rather to compleat it; but he did not live to finish his undertaking. Not doubting, however, that he should do it, he, like those who have had their epitaphs written before they died, ordered the following inscription, composed by the minister of the parish, to be cut upon a broad stone above one of the lower windows, where it still remains to celebrate what was not done, and to serve as a memento of the uncertainty of life, and the presumption of man:

“Joannes Macleod Beganoduni Dominus gentis suæ Philarchus Durinesæ Hararæ Vaternesæ, &c Baro D Floræ Macdonald matrimoniali vinculo conjugatus turrem hanc Begadonunensem proavorum habitaculum longe vetustissimum diu penitus lafctatam Anno æræ vulgaris MDCLXXXVI instauravit.

“Quem stabilis juvat proavorum tecta vetusta,  
Omne scelus fugiat, justitiamque colat.  
Vertit in aerias turres magalia virtus,  
Inque casas humiles tecta superba nefas.”

M'Leod and Talisker accompanied us. We passed by the parish church of Durinish. The church-yard is not enclosed, but a pretty murmuring brook runs along one side of it. In it is a pyramid erected to the memory of Thomas Lord Lovat, by his son Lord Simon, who suffered on Tower-hill. It is of free-stone, and, I suppose, about thirty feet high. There is an inscription on a piece of white marble inserted in it, which I suspect to have been the composition of Lord Lovat himself, being much in his pompous style:

“This pyramid was erected by SIMON LORD FRASER of LOVAT, in honour of Lord THOMAS his Father, a Peer of Scotland, and Chief of the great and ancient Clan of the FRASERS. Being attacked for his birthright by the family of ARHOLL, then in power and favour with KING WILLIAM, yet, by the valour and fidelity of his clan, and the assistance of the CAMPBELLS, the old friends and allies of his family, he defended his birthright with such greatness and firmety of soul, and such valour and activity, that he was an honour to his

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<sup>1</sup> A mistake for *Phylarchus*, the head of a tribe.

name, and a good pattern to all brave Chiefs of clans. He died in the month of May, 1699, in the 63d year of his age, in Dunvegan, the house of the LAIRD of MAC LEOD, whose sister he had married; by whom he had the above SIMON LORD FRASER, and several other children. And, for the great love he bore to the family of MAC LEOD, he desired to be buried near his wife's relations, in the place where two of her uncles lay. And his son, LORD SIMON, to shew to posterity his great affection for his Mother's kindred, the brave MAC LEODS, chooses rather to leave his father's bones with them, than carry them to his own burial-place, near Lovat."

I have preserved this inscription, though of no great value, thinking it characteristic of a man who has made some noise in the world. Dr. Johnson said, it was poor stuff, such as Lord Lovat's butler might have written.

I observed, in this church-yard, a parcel of people assembled at a funeral, before the grave was dug. The coffin, with the corpse in it, was placed on the ground, while the people alternately assisted in making a grave. One man, at a little distance, was busy cutting a long turf for it, with the crooked spade which is used in Sky, a very awkward instrument. The iron part of it is like a plow-coulter. It has a rude tree for a handle, in which a wooden pin is placed for the foot to press upon. A traveller might, without farther inquiry, have set this down as the mode of burying in Sky. I was told, however, that the usual way is to have a grave previously dug.

I observed to-day, that the common way of carrying home their grain here is in loads on horseback. They have also a few sleds, or *cars*, as we call them in Ayrshire, clumsily made, and rarely used.

We got to Ulinish about six o'clock, and found a very good farmhouse of two stories. Mr. M'Leod of Ulinish, the sheriff-substitute of the island, was a plain honest gentleman, a good deal like an English justice of peace; not much given to talk, but sufficiently sagacious, and somewhat droll. His daughter, though she was never out of Sky, was a very well-bred woman. Our reverend friend, Mr. Donald M'Queen, kept his appointment, and met us here.

Talking of Phipps's voyage to the North Pole, Dr. Johnson observed, that it "was conjectured that our former navigators have kept too near land, and so have found the sea frozen far north, because the land hinders the free motion of the tide; but, in the wide ocean, where the waves tumble at their full convenience, it is imagined that the frost does not take effect."

Wednesday, 22d September.

In the morning I walked out, and saw a ship, the *Margaret of Clyde*, pass by with a number of emigrants on board. It was a melancholy sight. After breakfast, we went to see what was called a subterraneous house, about a short mile off. It was upon the side of a rising ground. It was discovered by a fox's having taken up his abode in it, and in chasing him, they dug into it. It was very narrow and low, and seemed about forty feet in length. Near it, we found the foundations of several small huts, built of stone. Mr. M'Queen, who is always for making every thing as ancient as possible, boasted that it was the dwelling of some of the first inhabitants of the island, and observed, what a curiosity it was to find here a specimen of the houses of the Aborigines, which he believed could be found no where else, and it was plain that they lived without fire. Dr. Johnson remarked, that they who made this were not in the rudest state; for that it was more difficult to make *it* than to build a house; therefore certainly those who made it were in possession of houses, and had this only as a hiding place. It appeared to me, that the vestiges of houses, just by it, confirmed Dr. Johnson's opinion.

From an old tower, near this place, is an extensive view of Loch Biaccadil, and, at a distance, of the isles of Barra and South Uist, and on the land-side, the Cullin, a prodigious range of mountains, capped with rocky pinnacles in a strange variety of shapes. They resemble the mountains near Corte in Corsica, of which there is a very good print. They make part of a great range for deer, which, though entirely devoid of trees, is in these countries called a *forest*.

In the afternoon, Ulinish carried us in his boat to an island possessed by him, where we saw an immense cave, much more deserving the title of *antrum immane* than that of the Sybil described by Virgil, which I likewise have visited. It is one hundred and eighty feet long, about thirty feet broad, and at least thirty feet high. This cave, we were told, had a remarkable echo, but we found none. They said it was owing to the great rains having made it damp. Such are the excuses by which the exaggeration of Highland narratives is palliated. There is a plentiful garden at Ulinish, (a great rarity in Sky) and several trees, and near the house is a hill, which has an Erse name, signifying "*the hill of strife*," where, Mr. M'Queen informed us, justice was of old administered. It is like the *mons placiti* of Scone, or those hills which are called *laws*, such as Kelly *law*, North-Berwick *law*, and several others. It is singular that this spot should happen now to be the sheriff's residence.



We had a very cheerful evening, and Dr. Johnson talked a good deal on the subject of literature. Speaking of the noble family of Boyle, he said, that all the Lord Orrerys, till the present, had been writers. The first wrote several plays; the second was Bentley's antagonist; the third wrote the *Life of Swift*, and several other things; his son Hamilton wrote some papers in the *Adventurer* and *World*. He told us, he was well acquainted with Swift's Lord Orrery. He said, he was a feeble-minded man; that, on the publication of Dr. Delany's "Remarks" on his book, he was so much alarmed that he was afraid to read them. Dr. Johnson comforted him, by telling him they were both in the right; that Delany had seen most of the good side of Swift,—Lord Orrery most of the bad. M'Leod asked, if it was not wrong in Orrery to expose the defects of a man with whom he lived in intimacy. JOHNSON. "Why no, sir, after the man is dead; for then it is done historically." He added, "If Lord Orrery had been rich, he would have been a very liberal patron. His conversation was like his writings, neat and elegant, but without strength. He grasped at more than his abilities could reach; tried to pass for a better talker, a better writer, and a better thinker, than he was. There was a quarrel between him and his father, in which his father was to blame; because it arose from the son's not allowing his wife to keep company with his father's mistress. The old lord shewed his resentment in his will,—leaving his library from his son, and assigning, as his reason, that he could not make use of it."

I mentioned the affectation of Orrery, in ending all his letters on the *Life of Swift* in studied varieties of phrase, and never in the common mode of "*I am, &c.*" an observation which I remember to have been made several years ago by old Mr. Sheridan. This species of affectation in writing, as a foreign lady of distinguished talents once remarked to me, is almost peculiar to the English. I took up a volume of Dryden, containing the "*Conquest of Granada*," and several other plays, of which all the dedications had such studied conclusions. Dr. Johnson said, such conclusions were more elegant, and, in addressing persons of high rank, (as when Dryden dedicated to the Duke of York,) they were likewise more respectful. I agreed that *there* it was much better: it was making his escape from the Royal presence with a genteel sudden timidity, in place of having the resolution to stand still, and make a formal bow.

Lord Orrery's unkind treatment of his son in his will, led us to talk of the dispositions a man should have when dying. I said, I did not see why a man should act differently with respect to those of whom he thought ill when in health, merely because he was

dying. JOHNSON. "I should not scruple to speak against a party, when dying; but should not do it against an individual. It is told of Sixtus Quintus, that on his death-bed, in the intervals of his last pangs, he signed death-warrants." Mr. M'Queen said, he should not do so: he would have more tenderness of heart. JOHNSON. "I believe I should not either; but Mr. M'Queen and I are cowards. It would not be from tenderness of heart; for the heart is as tender when a man is in health as when sick, though his resolution may be stronger. Sixtus Quintus was a sovereign as well as a priest, and, if the criminals deserved death, he was doing his duty to the last. You would not think a judge died ill, who should be carried off by an apoplectick fit while pronouncing sentence of death. Consider a class of men whose business it is to distribute death:—soldiers, who die scattering bullets. Nobody thinks they die ill on that account."

Talking of Biography, he said, he did not think that the life of any literary man in England had been well written. Beside the common incidents of life, it should tell us his studies, his mode of living, the means by which he attained to excellence, and his opinion of his own works. He told us, he had sent Derrick to Dryden's relations, to gather materials for his Life, and he believed Derrick had got all that he himself should have got; but it was nothing. He added, he had a kindness for Derrick, and was sorry he was dead.

His notion as to the poems published by Mr. M'Pherson, as the works of Ossian, was not shaken here. Mr. M'Queen always evaded the point of authenticity, saying only that Mr. M'Pherson's pieces fell far short of those he knew in Erse, which were said to be Ossian's. JOHNSON. "I hope they do. I am not disputing that you may have poetry of great merit, but that M'Pherson's is not a translation from ancient poetry. You do not believe it. I say before you, you do not believe it, though you are very willing that the world should believe it." Mr. M'Queen made no answer to this. Dr. Johnson proceeded "I look upon M'Pherson's 'Fingal' to be as gross an imposition as ever the world was troubled with. Had it been really an ancient work, a true specimen how men thought at that time, it would have been a curiosity of the first rate. As a modern production, it is nothing." He said, he could never get the meaning of an Erse song explained to him. They told him, the chorus was generally unmeaning. "I take it, said he, they are like a song which I remember: it was composed in Queen Elizabeth's time, on the Earl of Essex; and the burthen was

'Radaratoo, radarate, radara tadara tandore.'

"But surely, said Mr. M'Queen, there were words to it, which had

meaning." JOHNSON. "Why yes, sir; I recollect a stanza, and you shall have it:

"O! then bespoke the prentices all,  
Living in London, both proper and tall,  
For Essex's sake they would fight all.  
Radaratoo, radarate, radara, tadara, tandore."\*

When Mr. M'Queen began again to expatiate on the beauty of Ossian's poetry, Dr. Johnson entered into no further controversy, but, with a pleasant smile, only cried, "Aye, aye; *Radaratoo radarate.*"

*Thursday, 23d September.*

I took Fingal down to the parlour in the morning, and tried a test proposed by Mr. Roderick M'Leod, son to Ulmish. Mr. M'Queen had said he had some of the poem in the original. I desired him to mention any passage in the printed book, of which he could repeat the original. He pointed out one in page 50 of the quarto edition, and read the Erse, while Mr Roderick M'Leod and I looked on the English;—and Mr. M'Leod said, that it was pretty like what Mr M'Queen had recited. But when Mr. M'Queen read a description of Cuchullin's sword in Erse, together with a translation of it in English verse, by Sir James Foulis, Mr. M'Leod said, that was much liker than Mr. M'Pherson's translation of the former passage. Mr. M'Queen then repeated in Erse a description of one of the horses in Cuchullin's car. Mr. M'Leod said, Mr. M'Pherson's English was nothing like it.

When Dr. Johnson came down, I told him that I had now obtained some evidence concerning Fingal; for that Mr. M'Queen had repeated a passage in the original Erse, which Mr. M'Pherson's

\* This droll quotation, I have since found, was from a song in honour of the Earl of Essex, called "Queen Elizabeth's Champion," which is preserved in a collection of Old Ballads, in three volumes, published in London in different years, between 1720 and 1730. The full verse is as follows:

"Oh! then bespoke the prentices all,  
Living in London, both proper and tall,  
In a kind letter sent strait to the Queen,  
For Essex's sake they would fight all  
Raderer two, tandaro te,  
Raderer, tandorer, tan do re."

*Second Edition.*—Line 22: "much liker" altered to "much more like."

translation was pretty like; and reminded him, that he himself had once said, he did not require Mr. M'Pherson's *Ossian* to be liker the original than Pope's *Homer* JOHNSON. "Well, sir, this is just what I always maintained. He has found names, and stories, and phrases, nay passages in old songs, and with them has blended his own compositions, and so made what he gives to the world as the translation of an ancient poem." If this was the case, I observed, it was wrong to publish it as a poem in six books. JOHNSON. "Yes, sir; and to ascribe it to a time too when the Highlanders knew nothing of *books*, and nothing of *six*,—or perhaps were got the length of counting six We have been told, by Condamine, of a nation that could count no more than four. This should be told to Monboddo, it would help him. There is as much charity in helping a man down-hill as in helping him up-hill." BOSWELL. "I don't think there is as much charity." JOHNSON. "Yes, sir, if his *tendency* be downwards. 'Till he is at the bottom, he flounders; get him once there, and he is quiet. Swift tells, that Stella had a trick, which she learnt from Addison, of encouraging a man in absurdity, instead of endeavouring to extricate him."

Mr. M'Queen's answers to the inquiries concerning *Ossian* were so unsatisfactory, that I could not help observing, that, were he examined in a court of justice, he would find himself under a necessity of being more explicit JOHNSON. "Sir, he has told Blair a little too much, which is published, and he sticks to it. He is so much at the head of things here, that he has never been accustomed to be closely examined, and so he goes on quite smoothly." BOSWELL. "He has never had any body to work him" JOHNSON. "No, sir; and a man is seldom disposed to work himself, though he ought to work himself, to be sure." Mr. M'Queen made no reply.\*

Having talked of the strictness with which witnesses are examined in courts of justice, Dr. Johnson told us, that Garrick, though accustomed to face multitudes, when produced as a witness in Westminster-hall, was so disconcerted by a new mode of publick appearance, that he could not understand what was asked. It was a cause where an actor claimed a *free benefit*, that is to say, a benefit without paying the expence of the house, but the meaning of the term was disputed Garrick was asked, "Sir, have you a free benefit?" "Yes." "Upon what terms have you it?" "Upon—the terms—of—a free benefit" He was dismissed as one from

\* I think it but justice to say, that I believe Dr. Johnson meant to ascribe Mr. M'Queen's conduct to inaccuracy and enthusiasm, and did not mean any severe imputation against him.

whom no information could be obtained. Dr. Johnson is often too hard on our friend Mr. Garrick. When I asked him, why he did not mention him in the Preface to his Shakspeare, he said, "Garrick has been liberally paid for any thing he has done for Shakspeare. If I should praise him, I should much more praise the nation who paid him. He has not made Shakspeare better known. He cannot illustrate Shakspeare. So I have reasons enough against mentioning him, were reasons necessary. There should be reasons for it." I spoke of Mrs. Montague's very high praises of Garrick. JOHNSON. "Sir, it is fit she should say so much, and I should say nothing. Reynolds is fond of her book, and I wonder at it; for neither I, nor Beauclerk, nor Mrs. Thrale, could get through it."

*Third Edition.*—On line 7, a note: "It has been triumphantly asked, 'Had not the plays of Shakspeare lain dormant for many years before the appearance of Mr. Garrick? Did he not exhibit the most excellent of them frequently for thirty years together, and render them extremely popular by his own immutable performance?' He undoubtedly did. But Dr. Johnson's assertion has been misunderstood. Knowing as well as the objectors what has been just stated, he must necessarily have meant, that 'Mr. Garrick did not as a *critick* make Shakspeare better known, he did not *illustrate* any one *passage* in any of his plays by acuteness of disquisition, or sagacity of conjecture;' and what had been done with any degree of excellence in *that* way was the proper and immediate subject of his preface. I may add in support of this explanation the following anecdote, related to me by one of the ablest commentators on Shakspeare, who knew much of Dr. Johnson: 'Now I have quitted the theatre, cries Garrick, I will sit down and read Shakspeare' 'Tis time you should, exclaimed Johnson, for I much doubt if you ever examined one of his plays from the first scene to the last.'"

*Ibid.*—On line 12, this note—

"No man has less inclination to controversy than I have, particularly with a lady. But as I have claimed, and am conscious of being entitled to credit for the strictest fidelity, my respect for the publick obliges me to take notice of an insinuation which tends to impeach it.

"Mrs. Prozzi (late Mrs. Thrale,) to her 'Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson,' added the following postscript:

"Naples, Feb. 10, 1786

"Since the foregoing went to the press, having seen a passage from Mr. Boswell's 'Tour to the Hebrides,' in which it is said, that *I could not get through Mrs. Montague's "Essay on Shakspeare,"* I do not delay a moment to declare, that, on the contrary, I have always commended it myself, and heard it commended by every one else; and few things would give me more concern than to be thought incapable of tasting, or unwilling to testify my opinion of its excellence."

"It is remarkable that this postscript is so expressed, as not to point out the person who said that Mrs. Thrale could not get through Mrs. Montague's book; and therefore I think it necessary to remind Mrs. Prozzi, that the assertion concerning her was Dr. Johnson's, and not mine. The second observation that I shall make on this postscript is, that it does not deny the fact asserted, though I must acknowledge from the praise it bestows on Mrs. Montague's book, it may have been designed to convey that meaning.

"What Mrs. Thrale's opinion is or was, or what she may or may not have said to Dr. Johnson concerning Mrs. Montague's book, it is not necessary for me to enquire. It is only incumbent on me to ascertain what Dr. Johnson said to me. I shall therefore confine myself to a very short state of the fact.

"The unfavourable opinion of Mrs. Montague's book, which Dr. Johnson is here reported to have given, is known to have been that which he uniformly expressed, as many of his friends well remember. So much for the authenticity of the paragraph,

Last night Dr. Johnson gave us an account of the whole process of tanning,—and of the nature of milk, and the various operations upon it, as making whey, &c. His variety of information is surprising; and it gives one much satisfaction to find such a man bestowing his attention on the useful arts of life. Ulnish was much struck with his knowledge, and, said, “He is a great orator, Sir: it is musick to hear this man speak.” A strange thought struck me, to try if he knew any thing of an art, or whatever it should be called, which is no doubt very useful in life, but which lies far out of the way of a philosopher and poet, I mean the trade of a butcher. I enticed him into the subject, by connecting it with the various researches into the manners and customs of uncivilized nations, that have been made by our late navigators to the South Seas. I began with observing, that Mr. (now Sir Joseph) Banks tells us, that the art of slaughtering animals was not known in Otaheite, for, instead of bleeding to death their dogs, (a common food with them,) they strangle them. This he told me himself, and I supposed that their hogs were killed in the same way. Dr. Johnson said, “This must be owing to their not having knives,—though they have sharp stones with which they can cut a carcase in pieces tolerably.” By degrees, he shewed that he knew something even of butchery. “Different animals (said he) are killed differently. An ox is knocked down, and a calf stunned, but a sheep has its throat

as far as it relates to his own sentiments. The words containing the assertion, to which Mrs. Piozzi objects are printed from my manuscript Journal, and were taken down at the time. The Journal was read by Dr. Johnson, who pointed out some inaccuracies, which I corrected, but did not mention any inaccuracy in the paragraph in question—and what is still more material, and very flattering to me, a considerable part of my Journal, containing this paragraph, *was read several years ago by Mrs. Thrale herself*, who had it for some time in her possession, and returned it to me, without intimating that Dr. Johnson had mistaken her sentiments.

“When the first edition of my Journal was passing through the press, it occurred to me, that a peculiar delicacy was necessary to be observed in reporting the opinion of one literary lady concerning the performance of another, and I had such scruples on that head, that in the proof sheet I struck out the name of Mrs. Thrale from the above paragraph, and two or three hundred copies of my book were actually printed and published without it, of these Sir Joshua Reynolds’s copy happened to be one. But while the sheet was working off, a friend, for whose opinion I have great respect, suggested that I had no right to deprive Mrs. Thrale of the high honour which Dr. Johnson had done her, by stating her opinion along with that of Mr. Beauclerk, as coinciding with, and, as it were, sanctioning his own. The observation appeared to me so weighty and conclusive, that I hastened to the printing-house, and, as a piece of justice, restored Mrs. Thrale to that place from which a too scrupulous delicacy had excluded her.

“On this simple state of facts I shall make no observations whatever.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This lively note originally appeared in the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, in the form of a letter to the editor. Mr. Bos-

well is at his best when engaged in controversy with Miss Seward.

cut, without any thing being done to stupify it. The butchers have no view to the ease of the animals, but only to make them quiet, for their own safety and convenience. A sheep can give them little trouble. Hales is of opinion, that every animal should be blooded, without having any blow given to it, because it bleeds better." BOSWELL. "That would be cruel." JOHNSON. "No, sir; there is not much pain, if the jugular vein be properly cut." Pursuing the subject, he said, the kennels of Southwark ran with blood two or three days in the week; that he was afraid there were slaughter-houses in more streets in London than one supposes; (speaking with a kind of horreur of butchering;) and, yet he added, "Any of us would kill a cow, rather than not have beef." I said, *we could* not. "Yes, said he, any one may. The business of a butcher is a trade indeed, that is to say, there is an apprenticeship served to it; but it may be learnt in a month."

I mentioned a club in London, at the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, the very tavern<sup>1</sup> where Falstaff and his joyous companions met; the members of which all assume Shakspeare's characters. One is Falstaff, another Prince Henry, another Bardolph, and so on. JOHNSON. "Don't be of it, sir. Now that you have a name, you must be careful to avoid many things, not bad in themselves, but which will lessen you character.\* This every man who has a name must observe. A man who is not publickly known may live in London as he pleases, without any notice being taken of him; but it is wonderful how a person of any consequence is watched. There was a member of parliament, who wanted to prepare himself to speak on a question that was to come on in the House, and he and I were to talk it over together. He did not wish it should be known that he talked with me;<sup>2</sup> so he would not let me come to his house, but came to mine. Some time after he had made his speech in the house, Mrs. Cholmondeley, a very airy lady, told me, 'Well, you could make nothing of him!' naming the gentleman; which was a proof that he was watched. I had once some business to do for government, and I went to Lord North's. Precaution was taken that it should not be known. It was dark before I went; yet a few days after I was told, 'Well, you have been with Lord North.'

\* I do not see why I might not have been of this club without lessening my character. But Dr. Johnson's caution against supposing one's self concealed in London, may be very useful to prevent some people from doing many things, not only foolish, but criminal.

<sup>1</sup> A mistake, as the original tavern was burned down in the great fire

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Croker thinks that Gerard Hamilton is alluded to. It seems probable

enough, when his almost morbid caution in reference to Boswell's mention of him in the *Life* is considered.

That the door of the prime minister should be watched, is not strange; but that a member of parliament should be watched, or that my door should be watched, is wonderful."

We set out this morning, on our way to Talisker, in Ulinish's boat, having taken leave of him and his family. Mr. Donald M'Queen still favoured us with his company, for which we were much obliged to him. As we sailed along, Dr. Johnson got into one of his fits of railing at the Scots. He owned, that they had been a very learned nation for a hundred years, from about 1550 to about 1650; but that they afforded the only instance of a people among whom the arts of civil life did not advance in proportion with learning; that they had hardly any trade, any money, or any elegance, before the Union; that it was strange that, with all the advantages possessed by other nations, they had not any of those conveniencies and embellishments which are the fruit of industry, till they came in contact with a civilized people. "We have taught you, said he; and we'll do the same in time to all barbarous nations,—to the Cherokees,—and at last to the Ouran-Outangs;" laughing with as much glee as if Monboddoo had been present. BOSWELL. "We had wine before the Union." JOHNSON. "No, sir; you had some weak stuff, the refuse of France, which would not make you drunk." BOSWELL. "I assure you, sir, there was a great deal of drunkenness." JOHNSON. "No, sir; there were people who died of dropsies, which they contracted in trying to get drunk."

I must here glean some of his conversation at Ulinish, which I have omitted. He repeated his remark, that a man in a ship was worse than a man in a jail. "The man in a jail, said he, has more room, better food, and commonly better company, and is in safety." "Aye; but, said Mr. M'Queen, the man in the ship has the pleasing hope of getting to shore." JOHNSON. "Sir, I am not talking of a man's getting to shore; but of a man while he is in a ship: and then, I say, he is worse than a man while he is in a jail. A man in a jail *may* have the '*pleasing hope*' of getting out. A man confined for only a limited time, actually *has* it." M'Leod mentioned his schemes for carrying on fisheries with spirit, and that he would wish to understand the construction of boats. I suggested that he might go to a dock-yard and work, as Peter the Great did. JOHNSON. "Nay, sir, he need not work. Peter the Great had not the sense to see that the mere mechanical work may be done by any body, and that there is the same art in constructing a vessel, whether the boards are well or ill wrought. Sir Christopher Wren might as well have served his time to a bricklayer, and first, indeed, to a brick-maker."



There is a beautiful little island in the Loch of Dunvegan, called *Isa*. M'Leod said, he would give it to Dr. Johnson, on condition of his residing on it three months in the year; nay one month. Dr. Johnson was highly amused with the fancy. I have seen him please himself with little things, even with mere ideas like the present. He talked a great deal of this island;—how he would build a house there,—how he would fortify it,—how he would have cannon,—how he would plant,—how he would sally out, and *take* the isle of Muck;—and then he laughed with uncommon glee, and could hardly leave off. I have seen him do so at a small matter that struck him, and was a sport to no one else. Mr. Langton told me, that one night he did so while the company were all grave about him:—only Garrick, in his significant smart manner, darting his eyes around, exclaimed, "*Very* jocose, to be sure!" M'Leod encouraged the fancy of Dr. Johnson's becoming owner of an island; told him, that it was the practice in this country to name every man by his lands; and begged leave to drink to him in that mode: "*Island Isa*, your health!" Ulinish, Talisker, Mr. M'Queen, and I, all joined in our different manners, while Dr. Johnson bowed to each, with much good humour.

We had good weather, and a fine sail this day. The shore was varied with hills, and rocks, and corn fields, and bushes, which are here dignified with the name of natural *wood*. We landed near the house of Ferneley, a farm possessed by another gentleman of the name of M'Leod, who, expecting our arrival, was waiting on the shore, with a horse for Dr. Johnson. The rest of us walked. At dinner, I expressed to M'Leod the joy which I had in seeing him on such cordial terms with his clan. "Government, said he, has deprived us of our ancient power; but it cannot deprive us of our domestick satisfactions. I would rather drink punch in one of their houses, (meaning the houses of his people,) than be enabled, by their hardships, to have claret in my own." This should be the sentiment of every Chieftain. All that he can get by raising his rents, is more luxury in his own house. Is it not better to share the profits of his estate, to a certain degree, with his kinsmen, and thus have both social intercourse and patriarchal influence?

We had a very good ride, for about three miles, to Talisker where Colonel M'Leod introduced us to his lady. We found here Mr. Donald M'Lean, the young Laird of Col, (nephew to Talisker,) to whom I delivered the letter with which I had been favoured by his uncle, Professor M'Leod, at Aberdeen. He was a little lively young man. We found he had been a good deal in England, study-

ing farming, and was resolved to improve the value of his father's lands, without oppressing his tenants, or losing the ancient Highland fashions.

Talsker is a better place than one commonly finds in Sky. It is situated in a rich bottom. Before it is a wide expanse of sea, on each hand of which are immense rocks; and, at some distance in the sea, there are three columnal rocks rising to sharp points. The billows break with prodigious force and noise on the coast of Talsker. There are here a good many well-grown trees. Talsker is an extensive farm. The possessor of it has, for several generations, been the next heir to M'Leod, as there has been but one son always in that family. The court before the house is most injudiciously paved with the round blueish-grey pebbles which are found upon the sea-shore; so that you walk as if upon cannon-balls driven into the ground.

After supper, I talked of the assiduity of the Scottish clergy, in visiting and privately instructing their parishioners, and observed how much in this they excelled the English clergy. Dr. Johnson would not let this pass. He tried to turn it off, by saying, "there are different ways of instructing. Our clergy pray and preach." M'Leod and I pressed the subject, upon which he grew warm, and broke forth: "I do not believe your people are better instructed. If they are, it is the blind leading the blind; for your clergy are not instructed themselves." Thinking he had gone a little too far, he checked himself, and added, "When I talk of the ignorance of your clergy, I talk of them as a body: I do not mean that there are not individuals who are learned (looking at Mr. M'Queen). I suppose there are such among the clergy in Muscovy. The clergy of England have produced the most valuable books in support of religion, both in theory and practice. What have your clergy done, since you sunk into presbyterianism? Can you name one book of any value, on a religious subject, written by them?" We were silent. "I'll help you. Forbes wrote very well; but I believe he wrote before episcopacy was quite extinguished." And then pausing a little, he said, "Yes, you have Wishart AGAINST Repentance."\* BOSWELL. "But sir, we are not contending for the superior learning of our clergy, but for their superior assiduity." He bore us down again, with thundering against their ignorance, and said to

\* This was a dexterous mode of description, for the purpose of his argument; for what he alluded to was, a Sermon published by the learned Dr. William Wishart, formerly principal of the college at Edinburgh, to warn men *against* confiding in a death-bed *repentance*, of the inefficacy of which he entertained notions very different from those of Dr. Johnson.

me, "I see you have not been well taught; for, you have not charity." He had been in some measure forced into this warmth, by the exulting air which I assumed; for, when he began, he said, "Since you *will* drive the nail!" He again thought of good Mr. M'Queen, and, taking him by the hand, said, "Sir, I did not mean any disrespect to you."

Here I must observe, that he conquered by deserting his ground, and not meeting the argument as I had put it. The assiduity of the Scottish clergy is certainly greater than that of the English. His taking up the topick of their not having so much learning, was, though ingenious, yet a fallacy in logick. It was as if there should be a dispute whether a man's hair is well dressed, and Dr. Johnson should say, "Sir, his hair cannot be well dressed; for he has a dirty shirt. No man who has not clean linen, has his hair well dressed." When some days afterwards he read this passage, he said, "No, sir; I did not say that a man's hair could not be well dressed because he has not clean linen, but because he is bald."

He used one argument against the Scottish clergy being learned, which I doubt was not good: "As we believe a man dead till we know that he is alive; so we believe men ignorant till we know that they are learned." Now our maxim in law is, to presume a man alive, till we know he is dead. However, indeed, it may be answered, that we must first know he has lived; and that we have never known the leaning of the Scottish clergy. Mr. M'Queen, though he was of opinion that Dr. Johnson had deserted the point really in dispute, was much pleased with what he said, and owned to me, he thought it very just; and Mrs. M'Leod was so much captivated by his eloquence, that she told me "I was a good advocate for a bad cause."

*Friday, 24th September.*

This was a good day. Dr. Johnson told us, at breakfast, that he rode harder at a fox-chace than any body.<sup>1</sup> "The English, said he, are the only nation who ride hard a-hunting. A Frenchman goes out upon a managed horse, and capers in the field, and no more thinks of leaping a hedge than of mounting a breach. Lord Powis-court laid a wager, in France, that he would ride a great many

*Second Edition.*—Line 35: "Lord Powis-court" changed to "Powerscourt."

<sup>1</sup> "All this seems very strange," writes Mr. Croker on this passage. There is, however, abundant testimony as

to Johnson's horsemanship — that of Hawkins, Mrs. Piozzi, and others.

miles in a certain short time. The French academicians set to work, and calculated that, from the resistance of the air, it was impossible. His lordship however performed it."

Our money being nearly exhausted, we sent a bill for thirty pounds, drawn on Sir William Forbes and Co. to Lochbraccadale, but our messenger found it very difficult to procure cash for it; at length, however, he got us value from the master of a vessel which was to carry away some emigrants. There is a great scarcity of specie in Sky. Mr. M'Queen said, he had the utmost difficulty to pay his servants wages, or to pay for any little thing which he has to buy. The rents are paid in bills, which the drovers give. The people consume a vast deal of snuff and tobacco, for which they must pay ready money, and pedlars, who come about selling goods, as there is not a shop in the island, carry away the cash. If there were encouragement given to fisheries and manufactures, there might be a circulation of money introduced. I got one-and-twenty shillings in silver at Portree, which was thought a wonderful store.

Talisker, Mr. M'Queen, and I, walked out, and looked at no less than fifteen different water-falls near the house, in the space of about a quarter of a mile. We also saw Cuchullin's well, said to have been the favourite spring of that ancient hero. I drank of it. The water is admirable. On the shore are many stones full of chrySTALLIZATIONS in the heart.

Though our obliging friend, Mr. M'Lean, was but the young laird, he had the title of Col constantly given him. After dinner, he and I walked to the top of Prieswell, a very high rocky hill, from whence there is a view of Barra,—the Long Island,—Bernera,—the Loch of Dunvegan,—part of Rum,—part of Rasay, and a vast deal of the Isle of Sky. Col, though he had come into Sky with intention to be at Dunvegan, and pass a considerable time in the island, most politely resolved first to conduct us to Mull, and then to return to Sky. This was a very fortunate circumstance; for he planned an expedition for us of more variety than merely going to Mull. He proposed we should see the islands of Egg, Muck, Col, and Tyr-yi. In all of these islands he could shew us every thing worth seeing; and in Mull he said he should be as if at home, his father having lands there, and he a farm.

Dr. Johnson did not talk much to-day, but seemed intent in listening to the schemes of future excursion, planned by Col. Dr. Birch, however, being mentioned, he said, he had more anecdotes than any man. I said, Percy had a great many; that he flowed with them, like one of the brooks here. JOHNSON. "If Percy is like one of the

brooks here, Birch was like the river Thames. Birch excelled Percy in that, as much as Percy excels Goldsmith." I mentioned Lord Hailes as a man of anecdote. He was not pleased with him, for publishing only such memorials and letters as were unfavourable for the Stuart family. "If, said he, a man fairly warns you, 'I am to give all the ill; do you find the good;' he may: but if the object which he professes be to give a view of a reign, let him tell all the truth. I would tell truth of the two Georges, or of that scoundrel, King William. Granger's "Biographical History" is full of curious anecdote, but might have been better done. The dog is a Whig. I do not like much to see a Whig in any dress; but I hate to see a Whig in a parson's gown."

*Saturday, 25th September.*

It was resolved that we should set out, in order to return to Slate, to be in readiness to take boat whenever there should be a fair wind. Dr. Johnson remained in his chamber writing a letter, and it was long before we could get him into motion. He did not come to breakfast, but had it sent to him. When he had finished his letter, it was twelve o'clock, and we should have set out at ten. When I went up to him, he said to me, "Do you remember a song which begins

'Ev'ry island is a prison  
Strongly guarded by the sea;  
Kings and princes, for that reason,  
Pris'ners are, as well as we.'

I suppose he had been thinking of our confined situation. He would fain have gone in a boat from hence, instead of riding back to Slate. A scheme for it was proposed. He said, "We'll not be driven tamely from it:"—but it proved impracticable.

We took leave of M'Leod and Talisker, from whom we parted with regret. Talisker, having been bred to physick, had a tincture of scholarship in his conversation, which pleased Dr. Johnson, and he had some very good books; and being a colonel in the Dutch service, he and his lady, in consequence of having lived abroad, had introduced the ease and politeness of the continent into this rude region.

Young Col was now our leader. Mr. M'Queen was to accompany us half a day more. We stopped at a little hut, where we saw an old woman grinding with the *quern*, the ancient Highland instru-

ment, which it is said was used by the Romans, but which, being very slow in its operation, is almost entirely gone into disuse.

The walls of the cottages in Sky, instead of being one compacted mass of stones, are often formed by two exterior surfaces of stone, filled up with earth in the middle, which makes them very warm. The roof is generally bad. They are thatched, sometimes with straw, sometimes with heath, sometimes with ferns. The thatch is secured by ropes of straw, or of heath; and, to fix the ropes, there is a stone tied to the end of each. These stones hang round the bottom of the roof, and make it look like a lady's hair in papers, but I should think that, when there is wind, they would come down, and knock people on the head.

We dined at the inn at Sconser, where I had the pleasure to find a letter from my wife. Here we parted from our learned companion, Mr. Donald M'Queen. Dr. Johnson took leave of him very affectionately, saying, "Dear sir, do not forget me!" We settled, that he should write an account of the Isle of Sky, which Dr. Johnson promised to revise. He said, Mr. M'Queen should tell all that he could, distinguishing what he himself knew, what was traditional, and what conjectural.

We sent our horses round a point of land, that we might shun some very bad road, and resolved to go forward by sea. It was seven o'clock when we got into our boat. We had many showers, and it soon grew pretty dark. Dr. Johnson sat silent and patient. Once he said, as he looked on the black coast of Sky,—black, as being composed of rocks seen in the dusk,—"This is very solemn." Our boatmen were rude singers, and seemed so like wild Indians, that a very little imagination was necessary to give one an impression of being upon an American river. We landed at Strolimus, from whence we got a guide to walk before us, for two miles, to Corrichatachin. Not being able to procure a horse for our baggage, I took one portmanteau before me, and Joseph another. We had but a single star to light us on our way. It was about eleven when we arrived. We were most hospitably received by the master and mistress, who were just going to bed, but, with unaffected ready kindness, made a good fire, and at twelve o'clock at night had supper on the table.

James Macdonald, of Knockow, Kingsburgh's brother, whom we had seen at Kingsburgh, was there. He shewed me a bond granted by the late Sir James Macdonald, to old Kingsburgh, the preamble of which does so much honour to the feelings of that much-lamented gentleman, that I thought it worth transcribing. It was as follows :

“I, Sir James Macdonald, of Macdonald, Baronet, now, after arriving at my perfect age, from the friendship I bear to Alexander Macdonald of Kingsburgh, and in return for the long and faithful services done and performed by him to my deceased father, and to myself during my minority, when he was one of my Tutors and Curators; being resolved, now that the said Alexander Macdonald is advanced in years, to contribute my endeavours for making his old age placid and comfortable”—therefore he grants him an annuity of fifty pounds sterling.

Dr. Johnson went to bed soon. When one bowl of punch was finished, I rose, and was near the door, in my way up stairs to bed; but Corrichatachin said, it was the first time Col had been in his house, and he should have his bowl;—and would not I join in drinking it? The heartiness of my honest landlord, and the desire of doing social honour to our very obliging conductor, induced me to sit down again. Col's bowl was finished; and by that time we were well warmed. A third bowl was soon made, and that too was finished. We were cordial, and merry to a high degree; but of what passed I have no recollection, with any accuracy. I remember calling Corrichatachin by the familiar appellation of Corri, which his friends do. A fourth bowl was made, by which time Col, and young M'Kinnon, Corrichatachin's son, slipped away to bed. I continued a little with Corri and Knockow; but at last I left them. It was near five in the morning when I got to bed.

*Sunday, 26th September.*

I awaked at noon, with a severe head-ach. I was much vexed that I should have been guilty of such a riot, and afraid of a reproof from Dr. Johnson. I thought it very inconsistent with that conduct which I ought to maintain, while the companion of the “Rambler.” About one he came into my room, and accosted me, “What, drunk yet!” His tone of voice was not that of severe upbraiding, so I was relieved a little. “Sir, said I, they kept me up.” He answered, “No, you kept them up, you drunken dog.” This he said with good-humoured English pleasantry. Soon afterwards, Corrichatachin, Col, and other friends, assembled round my bed. Corri had a brandy-bottle and glass with him, and insisted I should take a dram. “Aye, said Dr. Johnson, fill him drunk again. Do it in the morning that we may laugh at him all day. It is a poor thing for a fellow to get drunk at night, and skulk to bed, and let his friends

have no sport." Finding him thus jocular, I became quite easy; and when I offered to get up, he very good-naturedly said, "You need be in no such hurry now." I took my host's advice, and drank some brandy, which I found an effectual cure for my head-ach. When I rose, I went into Dr. Johnson's room, and taking up Mrs. M'Kinnon's Prayer-book, I opened it at the twentieth Sunday after Trinity, in the epistle for which I read, "And be not drunk with wine, wherein there is excess." Some would have taken this as a divine interposition.

Mrs. M'Kinnon told us at dinner, that old Kingsburgh, her father, was examined at Mugstot, by General Campbell, as to the particulars of the dress of the person who had come to his house in woman's clothes, along with Miss Flora M'Donald; as by this time the General had intelligence of that disguise. The particulars were taken down in writing, that it might be seen how far they agreed with the dress of the *Irish girl* who went with Miss Flora from the Long Island. Kingsburgh, she said, had but one song, which he always sung when he was merry over a glass. She dictated the words to me, which are foolish enough:

"Green sleeves and pudding pies,  
Tell me where my mistress lies,  
And I'll be with her before she rise,  
Fiddle and aw' together.

"May our affairs abroad succeed,  
And may our king come home with speed,  
And all pretenders shake for dread,  
And let *his* health go round.

*Third Edition*—On line 3 this note.—"My ingenuously relating this occasion d instance of intemperance has I find been made the subject both of serious criticism and ludicrous banter<sup>1</sup>. With the banterers I shall not trouble myself, but I wonder that those who pretend to the appellation of serious critics should not have had sagacity enough to perceive that here, as in every other part of the present work, my principal object was to delineate Dr. Johnson's manners and character. In justice to him I would not omit an anecdote, which, though in some degree to my own disadvantage, exhibits in so strong a light the indulgence and good humour with which he could treat those excesses in his friends, of which he highly disapproved.

"In some other instances, the critics have been equally wrong as to the true motive of my recording particulars, the objections to which I saw as clearly as they. But it would be an endless task for an author to point out upon every occasion the precise object he has in view. Contenting himself with the approbation of readers of discernment and taste, he ought not to complain that some are found who cannot or will not understand him."

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<sup>1</sup> "Corrichatachin, the Lord knows how, I see thee, Bozzy, drunk as David's sow."—*Peter Pindar*.



“To all our injured friends in need,  
 This side, and beyond the Tweed !  
 Let all pretenders shake for dread,  
 And let *his* health go round.  
 “Green sleeves,” &c.

While the examination was going on, this Talisker, who was there as one of M'Leod's militia, could not resist the pleasantry of asking Kingsburgh in allusion to his only song, “Had she *green sleeves* ?” Kingsburgh gave him no answer. Lady Margaret M'Donald was very angry at Talisker for joking on such a serious occasion, as Kingsburgh was really in danger of his life. Mrs. M'Kinnon added that Lady Margaret was quite adored in Sky. That when she rode through the island, the people ran in crowds before her, and took the stones off the road, lest her horse should stumble and she be hurt. Her husband, Sir Alexander, is also remembered with great regard. We were told that every week a hogshead of claret was drunk at his table.

This was another day of wind and rain ; but good cheer and good society helped to beguile the time. I felt myself comfortable enough in the afternoon. I then thought that my last night's riot was no more than such a social excess as may happen without much moral blame ; and recollected that some physicians maintained, that a fever produced by it was, upon the whole, good for health : so different are our reflections on the same subject, at different periods ; and such the excuses with which we palliate what we know to be wrong.

*Monday, 27th September.*

Mr. Donald M'Leod, our original guide, who had parted from us at Dunvegan, joined us again to-day. The weather was still so bad that we could not travel. I found a closet here, with a good many books, beside those that were lying about. Dr. Johnson told me, he found a library in his room at Talisker ; and observed, that it was one of the remarkable things of Sky, that there were so many books in it.

Though we had here great abundance of provisions, it is remarkable that Corrichatachin has literally no garden : not even a turnip, a carrot or a cabbage. After dinner, we talked of the crooked spade used in Sky, already described, and they maintained that it was better than the usual garden-spade, and that there was an art in tossing it, by which those who were accustomed to it could work

very easily with it. "Nay, said Dr. Johnson, it may be useful in land where there are many stones to raise; but it certainly is not a good instrument for digging good land. A man may toss it, to be sure; but he will toss a light spade much better: its weight makes it an incumbrance. A man *may* dig any land with it; but he has no occasion for such a weight in digging good land. You may take a field-piece to shoot sparrows, but all the sparrows you can bring home will not be worth the charge." He was quite social and easy amongst them, and, though he drank no fermented liquor, toasted Highland beauties with great readiness. His conviviality engaged them so much, that they seemed eager to shew their attention to him, and vied with each other in crying out, with a strong Celtick pronunciation, "Toctor Shonson, Toctor Shonson, your health!"

This evening one of our married ladies, a lively pretty little woman, good-humouredly sat down upon Dr. Johnson's knee, and, being encouraged by some of the company, put her hands round his neck, and kissed him. "Do it again, said he; and let us see who will tire first." He kept her on his knee some time, while he and she drank tea.<sup>1</sup> He was now like a *buck* indeed. All the company were much entertained to find him so easy and pleasant. 'To me it was highly comick, to see the grave philosopher, —the "Rambler," —toying with a Highland beauty.' But what could he do? He must have been surly, and weak too, had he not behaved as he did. He would have been laughed at, and not more respected, though less loved.

He read to-night, to himself, as he sat in company, a great deal of my Journal and said to me, "The more I read of this, I think the more highly of you." The gentlemen sat a long time at their punch, after he and I had retired to our chambers. The manner in which they were attended struck me as singular:—The bell being broken, a smart lad lay on a table in the corner of the room, ready to spring up and bring the kettle, whenever it was wanted. They continued drinking, and singing Erse songs, till near five in the morning, when they all came into my room, where some of them had beds. Unluckily for me, they found a bottle of punch in a corner, which they drank; and Corrichatachin went for another, which they also drank. They made many apologies for disturbing me. I told them, that, having been kept awake by their mirth, I had once thoughts of getting up, and joining them again. Honest Corrichatachin said, "To have had you done so, I would have given a cow."

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<sup>1</sup> This spirited young dame, Mr Carruthers tells us, was Miss Macdonald, daughter of Mrs. Mackinnon, and wife of

a doctor. It is pleasant to think that these little traditions of the Doctor's visit have been preserved.

*Tuesday, 28th September.*

The weather was worse than yesterday. I felt as if imprisoned. Dr. Johnson said, it was irksome to be detained thus: yet he seemed to have less uneasiness, or more patience, than I had. What made our situation worse here was, that we had no rooms that we could command; for the good people had no notion that a man could have any occasion but for a mere sleeping-place; so, during the day, the bed-rooms were common to all the house. Servants eat in Dr. Johnson's; and mine was a kind of general rendezvous of all under the roof, children and dogs not excepted. As the gentlemen occupied the parlour, the ladies had no place to sit in, during the day, but Dr. Johnson's room. I had always some quiet time for writing in it, before he was up; and, by degrees, I accustomed the ladies to let me sit in it after breakfast, at my Journal, without minding me.

Dr. Johnson was this morning for going to see as many islands as we could; not recollecting the uncertainty of the season, which might detain us in one place for many weeks. He said to me, "I have more the spirit of adventure than you." For my part, I was anxious to get to Mull, from whence we might almost any day reach the main land.

Dr. Johnson mentioned, that the few ancient Irish gentlemen yet remaining have the highest pride of family; that Mr. Sandford, a friend of his, whose mother was Irish, told him, that O'Hara (who was true Irish, both by father and mother) and he, and Mr. Ponsonby, son to the Earl of Besborough, the greatest man of the three, but of an English family, went to see one of those ancient Irish, and that he distinguished them thus: "O'Hara, you are welcome! Mr. Sandford, your mother's son, is welcome! Mr. Ponsonby, you may sit down."

He talked both of threshing and thatching. He said, it was very difficult to determine how to agree with a thatcher. "If you pay him by the day's wages, he will thresh no more than he pleases; though, to be sure, the negligence of a thresher is more easily detected than that of most labourers, because he must always make a sound while he works. If you pay him by the piece, by the quantity of grain which he produces, he will thresh only while the grain comes freely, and, though he leaves a good deal in the ear, it is not worth while to thresh the straw over again; nor can you fix him to do it sufficiently, because it is so difficult to prove how much less a man threshes than he ought to do. Here then is a dilemma:

but, for my part, I would engage him by the day; I would rather trust his idleness than his fraud." He said, a roof thatched with Lincolnshire reeds would last seventy years, as he was informed when in that county; and that he told this to a great thatcher in London, who said, he believed it might be true. Such are the pains that Dr. Johnson takes to get the best information on every subject.

He proceeded: "It is difficult for a farmer in England to find day-labourers, because the lowest manufacturers can always get more than a day-labourer. It is of no consequence how high the wages of manufacturers are; but it would be of very bad consequence to raise the wages of those who procure the immediate necessaries of life, for that would raise the price of provisions. Here then is a problem for politicians. It is not reasonable that the most useful body of men should be the worst paid, yet it does not appear how it can be ordered otherwise. It were to be wished, that a mode for its being otherwise were found out. In the mean time, it is better to give temporary assistance by charitable contributions to poor labourers, at times when provisions are high, than to raise their wages, because, if wages are once raised, they will never get down again."

Happily the weather cleared up between one and two o'clock, and we got ready to depart; but our kind host and hostess would not let us go without taking a *snatch*, as they called it; which was in truth a very good dinner. While the punch went round, Dr. Johnson kept a close whispering conference with Mrs. M'Kinnon, which, however, was loud enough to let us hear that the subject of it was the particulars of Prince Charles's escape. The company were entertained and pleased to observe it. Upon that subject, there was something congenial between the soul of Dr. Samuel Johnson and that of an Isle of Sky farmer's wife. It is curious to see people, how far so ever removed from each other in the general system of their lives, come close together on a particular point which is common to each. We were merry with Corrichatachin, on Dr. Johnson's whispering with his wife. She, perceiving this, humourously cried, "I am in love with him. What is it to live and not to love?" Upon her saying something, which I did not hear, or cannot recollect, he seized her hand eagerly, and kissed it.

As we were going, the Scottish phrase of "*honest man!*" which is an expression of kindness and regard, was often and often applied by the company to Dr. Johnson. I was also treated with much civility; and I must take some merit from my assiduous

attention to him, and from my contriving that he shall be easy wherever he goes, that he shall not be asked twice to eat or drink any thing, (which always disgusts him,) that he shall be provided with water at his meals, and many such little things, which, if not attended to, would fret him. I also may be allowed to claim some merit in leading the conversation; I do not mean leading, as in an orchestra, by playing the first fiddle; but leading as one does in examining a witness,—starting topicks, and making him pursue them. He appears to me like a great mill, into which a subject is thrown to be ground. It requires, indeed, fertile minds to furnish materials for this mill. I regret whenever I see it unemployed; but sometimes I feel myself quite barren, and have nothing to throw in. I know not if this mill be a good figure; though Pope makes his mind a mill for turning verses.

We set out about four. Young Corrichatachin went with us. We had a fine evening, and arrived in good time at Ostig, the residence of Mr. Martin M'Pherson, minister of Slate. It is a pretty good house, built by his father, upon a farm near the church. We were received here with much kindness by Mr. and Mrs. M'Pherson, and his sister, Miss M'Pherson, who pleased Dr. Johnson much, by singing Erse songs, and playing on the guittar. He afterwards sent her a present of his "Rasselas." In his bed-chamber was a press stored with books, Greek, Latin, French and English, most of which had belonged to the father of our host, the learned Dr. M'Pherson; who, though his "Dissertations" have been mentioned in a former page as unsatisfactory, was a man of distinguished talents. Dr. Johnson looked at a Latin paraphrase of the song of Moses, written by him, and published in the *Scots Magazine* for 1747, and said, 'It does him honour; he has a great deal of Latin, and good Latin.' Dr. M'Pherson published also in the same magazine, June 1739, an original Latin ode, which he wrote from the isle of Barra, where he was minister for some years. It is very poetical, and exhibits a striking proof how much all things depend upon comparison: for Barra, it seems, appeared to him so much worse than Sky, his *natale solum*, that he languished for its "blessed mountains," and thought himself buried alive amongst barbarians where he was. My readers will probably not be displeased to have a specimen of this ode:

"Hei mihi! quantos patior dolores,  
 Dum procul specto juga ter beata;  
 Dum feræ Barriæ steriles arenas  
 Solus obero.

“Ingemo, indignor, crucior, quod inter  
 Barbaros Thulen lateam colentes;  
 Torpeo languens, morior sepultus,  
 Carcere cœco.”

After wishing for wings to fly over to his dear country, which was in his view, from what he calls Thule, as being the most western isle of Scotland, except St. Kilda; after describing the pleasures of society, and the miseries of solitude, he at last, with becoming propriety, has recourse to the only sure relief of thinking men,—*Sursum corda*,—the hope of a better world, and disposes his mind to resignation:

“Interim fiat, tua, rex, voluntas:  
 Erigor sursum quoties subit spes  
 Certa migrandi Solyman supernam,  
 Nummis aulam.”

He concludes in a noble strain of orthodox piety:

“Vita tum demum vocitanda vita est,  
 Tum licet gratos socios habere,  
 Seraphim et sanctos TRIADEM verendam  
 Concelebrantes.”

*Wednesday, 29th September.*

After a very good sleep, I rose more refreshed than I had been for some nights. We were now at but a little distance from the shore, and saw the sea from our windows, which made our voyage seem nearer. Mr M'Pherson's manners and address pleased us much. He appeared to be a man of such intelligence and taste as to be sensible of the extraordinary powers of his illustrious guest. He said to me, “Dr Johnson is an honour to mankind, and, if the expression may be used, is an honour to religion.”

Col, who had gone yesterday to pay a visit at Camuscross, joined us this morning at breakfast. Some other gentlemen also came to enjoy the entertainment of Dr. Johnson's conversation. The day was windy and rainy, so that we had just seized a happy interval for our journey last night. We had good entertainment here better accommodation than at Corrichatachin, and time enough to ourselves. The hours slipped along imperceptibly. We talked of Shenstone. Dr. Johnson said, he was a good layer-out of land, but would not allow him to approach excellence as a poet. He said, he believed he had tried to read all his “Love Pastorals,” but did not get through them. I repeated the stanza,

“She gazed as I slowly withdrew ;  
 My path I could hardly discern ;  
 So sweetly she bade me adieu,  
 I thought that she bade me return.”

He said, “that seems to be pretty.” I observed that Shenstone, from his short maxims in prose, appeared to have some power of thinking ; but Dr. Johnson would not allow him that merit. He agreed, however, with Shenstone, that it was wrong in the brother of one of his correspondents to burn his letters ; “for, said he, Shenstone was a man whose correspondence was an honour.” He was this afternoon full of critical severity, and dealt about his censures on all sides. He said, Hammond’s “Love Elegies” were poor things. He spoke contemptuously of our lively and elegant, though too licentious, Lyrick bard, Hanbury Williams, and said, “he had no fame, but from boys who drank with him.”

While he was in this mood, I was unfortunate enough, simply perhaps, but I could not help thinking, undeservedly, to come within “the whiff and wind of his fell sword.” I asked him, if he had never been accustomed to wear a night-cap. He said, “No.” I asked, if it was best not to wear one. JOHNSON. “Sir, I had this custom by chance ; and perhaps no man shall ever know whether it is best to sleep with or without a night-cap.” Soon afterwards he was laughing at some deficiency in the Highlands, and said, “One might as well go without shoes and stockings.” Thinking to have a little hit at his own deficiency, I ventured to add,—“or without a night cap, sir.” But I had better have been silent ; for he retorted directly. “I do not see the connection there (laughing). Nobody before was ever foolish enough to ask whether it was best to wear a night-cap or not. This comes of being a little wrong-headed.” He carried the company along with him : and yet the truth is, that if he had always worn a night-cap, as is the common practice, and found the Highlanders did not wear one, he would have wondered at their barbarity , so that my hit was fair enough.

*Thursday, 30th September.*

There was as great a storm of wind and rain as I have almost ever seen, which necessarily confined us to the house ; but we were fully compensated by Dr. Johnson’s conversation. He said, he did not grudge Burke’s being the first man in the House of Commons ; for he was the first man every where ; but he grudged that a fellow

who makes no figure in company, and has a mind as narrow as the neck of a vinegar cruet, should make a figure in the House of Commons, merely by having the knowledge of a few forms, and being furnished with a little occasional information.\* He told us, the first time he saw Dr. Young was at the house of Mr. Richardson, the author of "Clarissa." He was sent for, that the doctor might read to him his "Conjectures on Original Composition," which he did, and Dr. Johnson made his remarks; and he was surprised to find Young receive as novelties what he thought very common maxims. He said he believed Young was not a great scholar, nor had studied regularly the art of writing; that there were very fine things in his "Night Thoughts," though you could not find twenty lines together without some extravagance. He repeated two passages from his "Love of Fame,"—the characters of Brunetta and Stella, which he praised highly. He said Young pressed him much to come to Wellwyn. He always intended it; but never went. He was sorry when Young died. The cause of quarrel between Young and his son, he told us, was, that his son insisted Young should turn away a clergyman's widow, who lived with him, and who, having acquired great influence over the father, was saucy to the son. Dr. Johnson said, she could not conceal her resentment at him, for saying to Young, that "an old man should not resign himself to the management of any body." I asked him, if there was any improper connection between them. "No, sir, no more than between two statues. He was past four-score, and she a very coarse woman. She read to him, and, I suppose, made his coffee, and frothed his chocolate, and did such things as an old man wishes to have done for him."

Dr. Dodridge being mentioned, he observed that "he was authour of one of the finest epigrams in the English language. It is in Orton's Life of him. The subject is his family motto,—*Dum vivimus, vivamus*; which, in its primary signification, is, to be sure, not very suitable to a christian divine; but he paraphrased it thus:

'Live, while you live, the *epicure* would say,  
And seize the pleasures of the present day  
Live, while you live, the sacred *preacher* cries,  
And give to GOD each moment as it flies.  
Lord, in my views let both united be;  
I live in *pleasure*, when I live to *thee*.'

He did not mention the name of any particular person; but those who are conversant with the political world will probably recollect more persons than one to whom this observation may be applied.



I asked, if it was not strange that government should permit so many infidel writings to pass without censure. JOHNSON. "Sir, it is mighty foolish. It is for want of knowing their own power. The present family on the throne came to the crown against the will of nine tenths of the people. Whether those nine tenths were right or wrong, it is not our business now to enquire. But such being the situation of the Royal Family, they were glad to encourage all who would be their friends. Now you know every bad man is a Whig; every man who has loose notions. The church was all against this family. They were, as I say, glad to encourage any friends; and therefore, since their accession, there is no instance of any man being kept back on account of his bad principles; and hence this inundation of impiety." I observed that Mr. Hume, some of whose writings were very unfavourable to religion, was however a Tory. JOHNSON. "Sir, Hume is a Tory by chance, as being a Scotchman; but not upon a principle of duty; for he has no principle. If he is any thing, he is a Hobbist."

There was something not quite serene in his humour to-night, after supper; for he spoke of hastening away to London, without stopping much at Edinburgh. I reminded him, that he had General Oughton and many others to see. JOHNSON. "Nay, I shall neither go in jest, nor stay in jest. I shall do what is fit." BOSWELL. "Aye, sir, but all I desire is, that you will let me tell you when it is fit." JOHNSON. "Sir, I shall not consult you." BOSWELL. "If you are to run away from us, as soon as you get loose, we will keep you confined in an island." He was, however, on the whole, very good company. Mr. Donald M'Leod expressed very well the gradual impression made by Dr. Johnson on those who are so fortunate as to obtain his acquaintance. "When you see him first, you are struck with awful reverence;—then you admire him;—and then you love him cordially."

I read this evening some part of Voltaire's "History of the War in 1741," and of Lord Kames against Hereditary Indefeasible Right. This is a very slight circumstance, with which I should not trouble my reader, but for the sake of observing, that every man should keep minutes of whatever he reads. Every circumstance of his studies should be recorded; what books he has consulted; how much of them he has read; at what times; how often the same authors; and what opinions he formed of them, at different periods of his life. Such an account would much illustrate the history of his mind.

Friday, 1st October.

I shewed to Dr. Johnson verses in a magazine, on his Dictionary, composed of uncommon words taken from it :

“Little of *Anthropopathy* has he,” &c.

He read a few of them, and said, “I am not answerable for all the words in my Dictionary.” I told him, that Garrick kept a book of all who had either praised or abused him. On the subject of his own reputation, he said, “Now that I see it has been so current a topick, I wish I had done so too; but it could not well be done now, as so many things are scattered in news-papers” He said, he was angry at a boy of Oxford, who wrote in his defence against Kenrick; because it was doing him hurt to answer Kenrick. He was told afterwards, the boy was to come to him to ask a favour. He first thought to treat him rudely, on account of his meddling in that business, but then he considered, he had meant to do him all the service in his power, and he took another resolution, he told him he would do what he could for him, and did so, and the boy was satisfied. He said, he did not know how his pamphlet was done, as he had read very little of it. The boy made a good figure at Oxford, but died.<sup>1</sup> He remarked, that attacks on authours did them much service. “A man who tells me my play is very bad, is less my enemy than he who lets it die in silence. A man, whose business it is to be talked of, is much helped by being attacked.” Garrick, I observed, had been often so helped. JOHNSON “Yes, sir, though Garrick had more opportunities than almost any man, to keep the publick in mind of him, by exhibiting himself to such numbers, he would not have had so much reputation, had he not been so much attacked. Every attack produces a defence, and so attention is engaged. There is no sport in mere praise, when people are all of a mind.” BOSWELL. “Then Hume is not the worse for Beattie’s attack?” JOHNSON “He is, because Beattie has confuted him. I do not say, but that there may be some attacks which will hurt an authour. Though Hume suffered from Beattie, he was the better for other attacks.” (He certainly could not include in that number those of Dr. Adams, and Mr Tytler.) BOSWELL. “Goldsmith is the better for attacks.” JOHNSON. “Yes, sir, but he does not think so yet. When Goldsmith and I published, each of us something, at the same time, we were given to understand that we might

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<sup>1</sup> The “boy of Oxford”’s name was Barclay.

review each other. Goldsmith was for accepting the offer. I said, No; set Reviewers at defiance. It was said to old Bentley, upon the attacks against him, 'Why, they'll write you down.' 'No, sir, he replied; depend upon it, no man was ever written down but by himself.'" He observed to me afterwards, that the advantages authours derived from attacks, were chiefly in subjects of taste, where you cannot confute, as so much may be said on either side. He told me he did not know who was the authour of the "Adventures of a Guinea,"<sup>1</sup> but that the bookseller had sent the first volume to him in manuscript, to have his opinion if it should be printed; and he thought it should.

The weather being now somewhat better, Mr. James M'Donald, factor to Sir Alexander M'Donald in Slate, insisted that all the company at Ostig should go to the house at Armidale, which Sir Alexander had left, having gone with his lady to Edinburgh, and be his guests, till we had an opportunity of sailing to Mull. We accordingly got there to dinner; and passed our day very cheerfully, being no less than fourteen in number.

*Saturday, 2d October.*

Dr. Johnson said, "that a Chief and his Lady should make their house like a court. They should have a certain number of the gentlemen's daughters to receive their education in the family, to learn pastry and such things from the housekeeper, and manners from my lady. That was the way in the great families in Wales; at Lady Salisbury's, Mrs Thrale's grandmother, and at Lady Philips's. I distinguish the families by the ladies, as I speak of what was properly their province. There were always six young ladies at Sir John Philips's: when one was married, her place was filled up. There was a large school-room, where they learnt needle-work and other things." I observed, that, at some courts in Germany, there were academies for the pages, who are the sons of gentlemen, and receive their education without any expence to their parents. Dr. Johnson said, that manners were best learnt at those courts. "You are admitted with great facility to the prince's company, and yet must treat him with great respect. At a great court, you are at such a distance that you get no good." I said, "Very true: a man sees the court of Versailles, as if he saw it on a theatre." He said, "The best book that ever was written upon good-breeding, 'Z

<sup>1</sup> The author, as is well known, was a lively Irishman, named Charles Johnston.

*Cortegiano*," by Castiglione, grew up at the little court of Urbino, and you should read it." I am glad always to have his opinion of books. At Mr. M'Pherson's, he commended Whitby's "Commentary," and said, he had heard him called rather lax; but he did not perceive it. He had looked at a novel, called "The Man of the World," at Rasay, but thought there was nothing in it. He said to-day, while reading my Journal, "This will be a great treasure to us some years hence."

Talking of a very penurious gentleman of our acquaintance,<sup>1</sup> he observed, that he exceeded L'Avare in the play. I concurred with him, and remarked that he would do well, if introduced in one of Foote's farces; that the best way to get it done, would be to bring Foote to be entertained at his house for a week, and then it would be *facit indignatio* JOHNSON "Sir, I wish he had him. I, who have eat his bread, will not give him to him; but I should be glad he came honestly by him."

He said, he was angry at Thrale, for sitting at General Oglethorpe's without speaking. He censured a man for degrading himself to a non-entity. I observed, that Goldsmith was on the other extreme; for he spoke at all ventures JOHNSON. "Yes, said he; Goldsmith, rather than not speak, will talk of what he knows himself to be ignorant, which can only end in exposing him" "I wonder, said I, if he feels that he exposes himself. If he was with two taylors"—"Or with two founders," said Dr. Johnson, (interrupting me,) "he would fall a talking on the method of making cannon, though both of them would soon see that he did not know what metal a cannon is made of." We were very social and merry in his room this forenoon. In the evening the company danced as usual. We performed, with much activity, a dance which, I suppose, the emigration from Sky has occasioned. They call it America. Each of the couples, after the common *involutions* and *evolutions*, successively whirls round in a circle, till all are in motion; and the dance seems intended to shew how emigration catches, till a whole neighbourhood is set afloat. Mrs M'Kinnon told me, that last year when a ship sailed from Portree for America, the people on shore were almost distracted when they saw their relations go off; they lay down on the ground, tumbled, and tore the grass with their teeth. This year there was not a tear shed. The people on shore seemed to think that they would soon follow. This indifference is a mortal sign for the country.

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<sup>1</sup> A fresh assault on Sir A. Macdonald.

We danced to-night to the music of the bagpipe, which made us beat the ground with prodigious force. I thought it better to endeavour to conciliate the kindness of the people of Sky, by joining heartily in their amusements, than to play the abstract scholar. I looked on this Tour to the Hebrides as a copartnership between Dr. Johnson and me. Each was to do all he could to promote its success, and I have some reason to flatter myself, that my gayer exertions were of service to us. Dr. Johnson's immense fund of knowledge and wit was a wonderful source of admiration and delight to them; but they had it only at times; and they required to have the intervals agreeably filled up, and even little elucidations of his learned text. I was also fortunate enough frequently to draw him forth to talk, when he would otherwise have been silent. The fountain was at times locked up, till I opened the spring. It was curious to hear the Hebridians, when any dispute happened while he was out of the room, saying, "Stay till Dr. Johnson comes: say that to *him!*"

Yesterday Dr. Johnson said, "I cannot but laugh, to think of myself roving among the Hebrides at sixty. I wonder where I shall rove at fourscore!" This evening he disputed the truth of what is said, as to the people of St. Kilda catching cold whenever strangers come. "How can there, said he, be a physical effect without a physical cause?" He added, laughing, "the arrival of a ship full of strangers would kill them; for if one stranger gives them one cold, two strangers must give them two colds, and so in proportion." I wondered to hear him ridicule this, as he had praised M'Aulay for putting it in his book; saying, that it was manly in him to tell a fact, however strange, if he himself believed it. He said, the evidence was not adequate to the improbability of the thing; that if a physician, rather disposed to be incredulous, should go to St Kilda, and report the fact, then he would begin to look about him. They said, it was annually proved by M'Leod's steward, on whose arrival all the inhabitants caught cold. He jocularly remarked, "the steward always comes to demand something from them; and so they fall a coughing. I suppose the people in Sky all take a cold, when<sup>1</sup> —— (naming a certain person) comes." They said, he came only in summer. JOHNSON. "That is out of tenderness to you. Bad weather and he, at the same time, would be too much."

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<sup>1</sup> Agam Sir A. Macdonald.

*Sunday, 3d October.*

Joseph reported that the wind was still against us. Dr. Johnson said, "A wind, or not a wind? that is the question;" for he can amuse himself at times with a little play of words, or rather of sentences. I remember when he turned his cup at Aberbrothick, where we drank tea, he muttered, *Claudite jam rivos, pueri*. I must again and again apologize to fastidious readers, for recording such minute particulars. They prove the scrupulous fidelity of my Journal. Dr. Johnson said it was a very exact picture of a portion of his life.

While we were chatting in the indolent style of men who were to stay here all this day at least, we were suddenly roused by being told that the wind was fair, that a little fleet of herring busses was passing by for Mull, and that Mr Simpson's vessel was about to sail. Hugh M'Donald, the skipper, came to us, and was impatient that we should get ready, which we soon did. Dr. Johnson, with composure and solemnity, repeated the observation of Epictetus, that, "as man has the voyage of death before him,—whatever may be his employment, he should be ready at the master's call, and an old man should never be far from the shore, lest he should not be able to get himself ready." He rode, and I and the other gentlemen walked, about an English mile to the shore, where the vessel lay. Dr. Johnson said, he should never forget Sky, and returned thanks for all civilities. We were carried to the vessel in a small boat which she had, and we set sail very briskly about one o'clock. I was much pleased with the motion for many hours. Dr. Johnson grew sick, and retired under cover, as it rained a good deal. I kept above, that I might have fresh air, and finding myself not affected by the motion of the vessel, I exulted in being a stout seaman, while Dr. Johnson was quite in a state of annihilation. But I was soon humbled, for after imagining that I could go with ease to America or the East Indies, I became very sick, but kept above board, though it rained hard.

As we had been detained so long in Sky by bad weather, we gave up the scheme that Col had planned for us of visiting several islands, and contented ourselves with the prospect of seeing Mull, and Icolmkill, and Inchkenneth, which lie near to it.

Mr. Simpson was sanguine in his hopes for a while, the wind being fair for us. He said he would land us at Icolmkill that night. But when the wind failed, it was resolved we should make for the Sound of Mull, and land in the harbour of Tobermorie. We kept near the five herring vessels for some time; but afterwards four

of them got before us, and one little wherry fell behind us. When we got in full view of the point of Ardnamuchan, the wind changed, and was directly against our getting into the sound. We were then obliged to tack, and get forward in that tedious manner. As we advanced, the storm grew greater, and the sea very rough. Col then began to talk of making for Egg, or Canna, or his own island. Our skipper said, he would get us into the Sound. Having struggled for this a good while in vain, he said, he would push forward till we were near the land of Mull, where we might cast anchor, and lie till the morning; for although, before this, there had been a good moon, and I had pretty distinctly seen not only the land of Mull, but up the Sound, and the country of Morven as at one end of it, the night was now grown very dark. Our crew consisted of one M'Donald, our skipper, and two sailors, one of whom had but one eye: Mr. Simpson himself, Col, and Hugh M'Donald his servant, all helped. Simpson said, he would willingly go for Col, if young Col or his servant would undertake to pilot us to a harbour; but, as the island is low land, it was dangerous to run upon it in the dark. Col and his servant appeared a little dubious. The scheme of running for Canna seemed then to be embraced, but Canna was ten leagues off, all out of our way, and they were afraid to attempt the harbour of Egg. All these different plans were successively in agitation. The old skipper still tried to make for the land of Mull; but then it was considered that there was no place there where we could anchor in safety. Much time was lost in striving against the storm. At last it became so rough, and threatened to be so much worse, that Col and his servant took more courage, and said they would undertake to hit one of the harbours in Col. "Then let us run for it in God's name," said the skipper, and instantly we turned towards it. The little wherry which had fallen behind us, had hard work. The master begged that, if we made for Col, we should put out a light to him. Accordingly one of the sailors waved a glowing peat for some time. The various difficulties that were started, gave me a good deal of apprehension, from which I was relieved, when I found we were to run for a harbour before the wind. But my relief was but of short duration; for I soon heard that our sails were very bad, and were in danger of being torn in pieces, in which case we should be driven upon the rocky shore of Col. It was very dark indeed, and there was a heavy and incessant rain. The sparks of the burning peat flew so much about, that I dreaded the vessel might take fire. Then, as Col was a sportsman, and had powder on board, I figured that we might be blown up. Simpson and he both appeared a little frightened, which

made me more so; and the perpetual talking, or rather shouting, which was carried on in Erse, alarmed me still more. A man is always suspicious of what is saying in an unknown tongue, and if fear be his passion at the time, he grows more afraid. Our vessel often lay so much on one side, that I trembled lest she should be over set, and indeed they told me afterwards, that they had run her sometimes to within an inch of the water, so anxious were they to make what haste they could before the night should be worse. I now saw what I never saw before, a prodigious sea, with immense billows coming upon a vessel, so as that it seemed hardly possible to escape. There was something grandly horrible in the sight. I am glad I have seen it once. Amidst all these terrifying circumstances, I endeavoured to compose my mind. It was not easy to do it, for all the stories that I had heard of the dangerous sailing among the Hebrides, which is proverbial, came full upon my recollection. When I thought of those who were dearest to me, and would suffer severely, should I be lost, I upbraided myself, as not having a sufficient cause for putting myself in such danger. Piety afforded me comfort, yet I was disturbed by the objections that have been made against a particular providence, and by the arguments of those who maintain that it is in vain to hope that the petitions of an individual, or even of congregations, can have any influence with the Deity, objections which have been often made, and which Dr Hawkesworth has lately revived, in his Preface to the "Voyages to the South Seas;" but Dr. Ogden's excellent doctrine on the efficacy of intercession, prevailed.

It was half an hour after eleven before we set ourselves in the course for Col. As I saw them all busy doing something, I asked Col, with much earnestness, what I could do. He, with a happy readiness, put into my hand a rope, which was fixed to the top of one of the masts, and told me to hold it till he bid me pull. If I had considered the matter, I might have seen that this could not be of the least service; but his object was to keep me out of the way of those who were busy working the vessel, and at the same time to divert my fear, by employing me, and making me think that I was of use. Thus did I stand firm to my post, while the wind and rain beat upon me, always expecting a call to pull my rope.

The man with one eye steered; old M'Donald, and Col and his servant, lay upon the fore-castle, looking sharp out for the harbour. It was necessary to carry much *cloth*, as they termed it, that is to say, much sail, in order to keep the vessel off the shore of Col. This made violent plunging in a rough sea. At last they spied the harbour of Lochiern, and Col cried, "Thank God, we are safe!"



We run up till we were opposite to it, and soon afterwards we got into it, and cast anchor.

Dr. Johnson had all this time been quiet and unconcerned. He had lain down on one of the beds, and having got free from sickness, was satisfied. The truth is, he knew nothing all this while of the danger we were in; but, fearless and unconcerned, might have said, in the words which he has chosen for the motto to his "Rambler,"

*"Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes."*

Once, during the doubtful consultations, he asked whither we were going; and upon being told that it was not certain whether to Mull or Col, he cried, "Col for my money!"—I now went down, with Col and Mr. Simpson, to visit him. He was lying in philosophick tranquillity, with a greyhound of Col's at his back, keeping him warm. Col is quite the *Juvenis qui gaudet canibus*. He had, when we left Talisker, two greyhounds, two terriers, a pointer, and a large Newfoundland water-dog. He lost one of his terriers by the road, but had still five dogs with him. I was very ill, and very desirous to get to shore. When I was told that we could not land that night, as the storm had now increased, I looked so miserably, as Col afterwards informed me, that what Shakspeare has made the Frenchman say of the English soldiers, when scantily dieted, "Piteous they will look, like drowned mice!" might, I believe, have been well applied to me. There was in the harbour, before us, a Campbelltown vessel, the *Betty*, Kenneth Morison master, taking in kelp, and bound for Ireland. We sent our boat to beg beds for two gentlemen, and that the master would send his boat, which was larger than ours. He accordingly did so, and Col and I were accommodated in his vessel till the morning.

*Monday, 4th October.*

About eight o'clock we went in the boat to Mr. Simpson's vessel, and took in Dr. Johnson. He was quite well, though he had tasted nothing but a dish of tea since Saturday night. On our expressing some surprize at this, he said, that, "when he lodged in the Temple, and had no regular system of life, he had fasted for two days at a time, during which he had gone about

*Second Edition.*—On line 9 a note—

" 'For as the tempest drives, I shape my way.'—FRANCIS."

visiting, though not at the hours of dinner or supper; that he had drank tea, but eat no bread; that this was no intentional fasting, but happened just in the course of a literary life."

There was a little miserable public-house close upon the shore, to which we should have gone, had we landed last night: but this morning Col resolved to take us directly to the house of Captain Lauchlan M'Lean, a descendant of his family, who had acquired a fortune in the East-Indies, and taken a farm in Col<sup>1</sup>. We had about an English mile to go to it. Col and Joseph, and some others, ran to some little horses, called here *Shelties*, that were running wild on a heath, and caught one of them. We had a saddle with us, which was clapped upon it, and a straw halter was put on its head. Dr. Johnson was then mounted, and Joseph very slowly and gravely led the horse. I said to Dr. Johnson, "I wish, sir, *the club* saw you in this attitude."\*

It was a very heavy rain, and I was wet to the skin. Captain M'Lean had but a poor temporary house, or rather hut; however, it was a very good haven to us. There was a blazing peat-fire, and Mrs. M'Lean, daughter of the minister of the parish, got us tea. I felt still the motion of the sea. Dr. Johnson said, it was

\* This curious exhibition may perhaps remind some of my readers of the ludicrous lines, made during Sir Robert Walpole's administration, on Mr George (afterwards, Lord) Littleton, though the figures of the two personages must be allowed to be very different:

"But who is this astride the pony;  
So long, so lean, so lank, so bony?—  
Dat be de great orator, Littletony."

<sup>1</sup> Of the father of this gentleman, the younger Colman gives the following lively sketch:—

"During my residence in King's College, there was a very worthy old gentleman, living in the Old Town, who wore a gold chain round his neck, and whom I always understood to be the Provost. This was Mr Maclean, the Laird of Col. I met him at dinner, in a mix'd party, soon after my arrival in North Britain, when I had everything to learn which appertains to the manners, and etiquette, of the inhabitants; and, observing that mark'd attention was paid to this ancient chieftain, I was desirous of getting into his good graces. Everybody at table address'd him as '*Col*,' which appear'd to me a familiarity inconsistent with respect; but, concluding that they were all his old friends, while I was a stranger, I said to him, '*Mr. Col*, will you do me the

honour to drink a glass of wine with me?' He stared me full in the face, without speaking, or even deigning to give me a nod of assent. I repeated my proposition:—'*Mr. Col*, do me the honour,' &c &c; '*Mr. Col* maintain'd his silence, and did not move a muscle. 'Is he deaf,' said I, turning to a gentleman on my right hand, 'or what is the matter with him?' '*Gude troth*,' he whisper'd, '*ye've e'en affronted him, by ca'ing him Mister*.' I hasten'd to repair my error, as soon as I was aware of it, and attack'd the Chieftain for a third time, with '*Col*, allow me to hobnob with you' '*With all the pleasure in life, young gentleman*,' roar'd the mighty Col, relaxing his features, and with a Highland accent which struck me as first-cousin to the Irish brogue."—*Random Records* vol. ii. 131.

not imagination, but a continuation of motion in the fluids, like that of the sea itself after the storm is over.

There were some books on the board which served as a chimney-piece. Dr. Johnson took up Burnet's "History of his own Times." He said, "The first part of it is one of the most entertaining books in the English language; it is quite dramattick: while he went about every where, saw every where, and heard every where. By the first part, I mean so far as it appears that Burnet himself was actually engaged in what he has told; and this may be easily distinguished." Captain M'Lean censured Burnet, for his high praise of Lauderdale in a dedication, when he shews him in his history to have been so bad a man. JOHNSON. "I do not myself think that a man should say in a dedication what he could not say in a history. However, allowance should be made; for there is a great difference. The known style of a dedication is flattery: it professes to flatter. There is the same difference between what a man says in a dedication, and what he says in a history, as between a lawyer's pleading a cause and reporting it."

The day passed away pleasantly enough. The wind became fair for Mull in the evening, and Mr. Simpson resolved to sail next morning: but, having been thrown into the island of Col, we were unwilling to leave it unexamined, especially as we considered that the Campbelltown vessel would sail for Mull in a day or two; and therefore we determined to stay.

*Tuesday, 5th October.*

I rose, and wrote my Journal till about nine; and then went to Dr. Johnson, who sat up in bed, and talked and laughed. I said, it was curious to look back ten years, to the time when we first thought of visiting the Hebrides. How distant and improbable the scheme then appeared! Yet here we were actually among them. "Sir, said he, people may come to do anything almost, by talking of it. I really believe, I could talk myself into building a house upon island Isa, though I should probably never come back again to see it. I could easily persuade Reynolds to do it; and there would be no great sin in persuading him to do it. Sir, he would reason thus: 'What will it cost me to be there once in two or three summers?—Why, perhaps, five hundred pounds; and what is that, in comparison of having a fine retreat, to which a man can go, or to which he can send a friend?' He would never find out that he may have this within twenty miles of London. Then

I would tell him, that he may marry one of the Miss M'Leods, a lady of great family. Sir, it is surprising how people will go to a distance for what they may have at home. I knew a lady who came up from Lincolnshire to Knightsbridge with one of her daughters, and gave five guineas a week for a lodging and a warm bath; that is, mere warm water. *That*, you know, could not be had in *Lincolnshire!* She said, it was made either too hot or too cold there."

After breakfast, Dr. Johnson and I, and Joseph, mounted horses and Col and the captain walked with us about a short mile across the island. We paid a visit to the Reverend Mr. Hector M'Lean. His parish consists of the islands of Col and Tyr-yi. He was about seventy-seven years of age, a decent ecclesiastick, dressed in a full suit of black, and a black wig. He appeared like a Dutch pastor, or one of the assembly of divines at Westminster. Dr. Johnson observed to me afterwards, that he was a fine old man, and was as well-dressed, and had as much dignity in his appearance as the dean of a cathedral. We were told, that he had a valuable library, though but poor accommodation for it, being obliged to keep his books in large chests. It was curious to see him and Dr. Johnson together. Neither of them heard very distinctly; so each of them talked in his own way, and at the same time. Mr. M'Lean said, he had a Confutation of Bayle, by Leibnitz. JOHNSON. "A confutation of Bayle, sir! What part of Bayle do you mean? The greatest part of his writings is not confutable: it is historical and critical." Mr. M'Lean said, "the irreligious part;" and proceeded to talk of Leibnitz's controversy with Clarke, calling Leibnitz a great man. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, Leibnitz persisted in affirming that Newton called space *sensorium numinis*, notwithstanding he was corrected, and desired to observe that Newton's words were *QUASI sensorium numinis*. No, sir; Leibnitz was as paltry a fellow as I know. Out of respect to Queen Caroline, who patronised him, Clarke treated him too well."

During the time that Dr. Johnson was thus going on, the old minister was standing with his back to the fire, cresting up erect, pulling down the front of his perriwig, and talking what a great man Leibnitz was. To give an idea of the scene, would require a page with two columns; but it ought rather to be represented by two good players<sup>1</sup> The old gentleman said, "Clarke was very wicked, for going so much into the Arian system." "I will not say

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<sup>1</sup> This passage alone would show that Mr Boswell had the instinct and dis-

crimination of a true humorist.

he was wicked, said Dr. Johnson; he might be mistaken." M'LEAN. "He was wicked, to shut his eyes against the Scriptures; and worthy men in England have since confuted him to all intents and purposes." JOHNSON. "I know not *who* has confuted him to *all intents and purposes*" Here again there was a double talking, each continuing to maintain his own argument, without hearing exactly what the other said.

I regretted that Dr. Johnson did not practice the art of accommodating himself to different sorts of people. Had he been softer with this venerable old man, we might have had more conversation; but his forcible spirit, and impetuosity of manner, may be said to spare neither sex nor age. I have seen even Mrs. Thrale stunned; but I have often maintained, that it is better he should retain his own manner. Pliability of address I conceive to be inconsistent with that majestick power of mind which he possesses, and which produces such noble effects. A lofty oak will not bend like a supple willow.

He told me afterwards, he liked firmness in an old man, and was pleased to see Mr. M'Lean so orthodox. "At his age, it is too late for a man to be asking himself questions as to his belief."

We rode to the northern part of the island, where we saw the ruins of a church or chapel. We then proceeded to a place called Grissipol, or the rough Pool.

At Grissipol we found a good farm-house, belonging to the Laird of Col, and possessed by Mr. M'Sweyn. On the beach here there is a singular variety of curious stones. I picked up one very like a small cucumber. By the bye, Dr. Johnson told me, that Gay's line in the "Beggars Opera," "As men should serve a cucumber, &c." has no waggish meaning,<sup>1</sup> with reference to men flinging away cucumbers as too *cooling*, which some have thought; for it has been a common saying of physicians in England, that a cucumber should be well sliced, and dressed with pepper and vinegar, and then thrown out, as good for nothing. Mr. M'Sweyn's predecessors had been in Sky from a very remote period, upon the estate belonging to M'Leod, probably before M'Leod had it. The name is certainly Norwegian, from *Sucno*, King of Norway. This Mr. M'Sweyn left Sky upon the late M'Leod's raising his rents. He then got this farm from Col.

He appeared to be near fourscore; but looked as fresh, and was as strong, as a man of fifty. His son Hugh looked older; and, as

<sup>1</sup> The lines are:—  
"For when she's dressed with care and  
cost,

All tempting fine and gay,  
As men should serve a cucumber,  
She flings herself away."

Dr. Johnson observed, had more the manners of an old man than he. I had often heard of such instances, but never saw one before. Mrs. M'Sweyn was a decent old gentlewoman. She was dressed in tartan, and could speak nothing but Erse. She said, she had taught Sir James M'Donald Erse, and would teach me soon. I could now sing a verse of the song, "*Hatyin foam'eri*," made in honour of Allan, the famous Captain of Clanranald, who fell at Sherrif-muir, and of whom his servant, who lay on the field watching his dead body, being asked next day who that was, answered, "He was a man yesterday."

We were entertained here with a primitive heartiness. Whisky was served round in a shell, according to the ancient Highland custom. Dr. Johnson would not partake of it; but, being desirous to do honour to the modes "of other times," drank some water out of the shell.

In the forenoon Dr. Johnson said, "it would require great resignation to live in one of these islands." BOSWELL. "I don't know, sir; I have felt myself at times, in a state of almost mere physical existence, satisfied to eat, drink and sleep, and walk about, and enjoy my own thoughts; and I can figure a continuation of this." JOHNSON. "Aye, sir, but if you were shut up here, your own thoughts would torment you: you would think of Edinburgh or London, and that you could not be there."

We set out after dinner for Breacacha, the family seat of the Laird of Col, accompanied by the young laird, who had now got a horse, and by the younger Mr M'Sweyn, whose wife had gone thither before us, to prepare every thing for our reception, the laird and his family being absent at Aberdeen. It is called Breacacha, or the Spotted Field; because in summer it is enamelled with clover and daisies, as young Col told me. We passed by a place where there is a very large stone, I may call it a *rock*,—"a vast weight for Ajax." The tradition is, that a giant threw such another stone at his mistress up to the top of a hill at a small distance, and that she, in return, threw this mass down to him. It was all in sport.

*"Malo me petit lasciva puella."*

As we advanced, we came to a large extent of plain ground. I had not seen such a place for a long time. Col and I took a gallop upon it by way of race. It was very refreshing to me, after having been so long taking short steps in hilly countries. It was like stretching a man's legs after being cramped in a short bed. We

also passed close by a large extent of sand hills, near two miles square. Dr. Johnson said, "he never had the image before. It was horrible, if barrenness and danger could be so." I heard him, after we were in the house of Breacacha, repeating to himself, as he walked about the room,

"And, smother'd in the dusty whirlwind, dies."

Probably he had been thinking of the whole of the simile in Cato, of which that is the concluding line: the sandy desert had struck him so strongly. The sand has of late been blown over a good deal of meadow; and the people of the island say, that their fathers remembered much of the space which is now covered with sand, to have been under tillage. Col's house is situated on a bay called Breacacha Bay. We found here a neat new-built gentleman's house, better than any we had been in since we were at Lord Errol's. Dr. Johnson relished it much at first, but soon remarked to me, that "there was nothing becoming a Chief about it: it was a mere tradesman's box." He seemed quite at home, and no longer found any difficulty in using the Highland address; for as soon as we arrived, he said, with a spirited familiarity, "Now Col, if you could get us a dish of tea." Dr. Johnson and I had each an excellent bed-room. We had a dispute which of us had the best curtains. His were rather the best, being of linen; but I insisted that my bed had the best posts, which was undeniable. "Well, said he; if you *have* the best *posts*, we will have you tied to them, and whipped." I mention this slight circumstance, only to shew how ready he is, even in mere trifles, to get the better of his antagonist, by placing him in a ludicrous view. I have known him sometimes use the same art, when hard pressed, in serious disputation. Goldsmith, I remember, to retaliate for many a severe defeat which he has suffered from him, applied to him a lively saying in one of Cibber's comedies, which puts this part of his character in a strong light. "There is no arguing with Johnson; for *if his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the but-end of it.*"

*Wednesday, 6th October.*

After a sufficiency of sleep, we assembled at breakfast. We were just as if in barracks. Every body was master. We went and viewed the old castle of Col, which is not far from the present house, near the shore, and founded on a rock. It has never been a

large feudal residence, and has nothing about it that requires a particular description. Like other old inconvenient buildings of the same age, it exemplified Gray's picturesque lines,

“Huge windows that exclude the light,  
And passages that lead to nothing.”

It may however be worth mentioning, that on the second story we saw a vault, which was, and still is, the family prison. There was a woman put into it by the laird, for theft, within these ten years; and any offender would be confined there yet; for, from the necessity of the thing, as the island is remote from any power established by law, the laird must exercise his jurisdiction to a certain degree.

We were shewn, in a corner of this vault, a hole, into which Col said greater criminals used to be put. It was now filled up with rubbish of different kinds. He said, it was of a great depth. “Aye, (said Dr Johnson, smiling,) all such places, that *are filled up*, were of a great depth.” He is very quick in shewing that he does not give credit to careless or exaggerated accounts of things. After seeing the castle, we looked at a small hut near it. It is called *Teigh Franchich*, i.e. the Frenchman's House. Col could not tell us the history of it. A poor man with a wife and children now lived in it. We went into it, and Dr. Johnson gave them some charity. There was but one bed for all the family, and the hut was very smoky. When he came out, he said to me, “*Et hoc secundum sententiam philosophorum est esse beatus.*” BOSWELL. “The philosophers, when they placed happiness in a cottage, supposed cleanliness, and no smoke.” JOHNSON. “Sir, they did not think about either.”

We walked a little in the laird's garden, in which endeavours have been used to rear some trees; but, as soon as they got above the surrounding wall, they died. Dr. Johnson recommended sowing the seeds of hardy trees, instead of planting.

Col and I rode out this morning, and viewed a part of the island. In the course of our ride we saw a turnip-field, which he had hoed with his own hands. He first introduced this kind of husbandry into the Western islands. We also looked at an appearance of lead, which seemed very promising. It has been long known; for I found letters to the late laird from Sir John Areskine and Sir Alexander Murray, respecting it.

After dinner, came Mr. M'Lean, of Corneck, brother to Isle of Muck, who is a cadet of the family of Col. He possesses the two ends of Col which belong to the Duke of Argyll. Corneck had lately taken a lease of them at a very advanced rent, rather than



let the Campbells get a footing in the island, one of whom had offered nearly as much as he. Dr. Johnson well observed, that "landlords err much when they calculate merely what their land *may* yield. The rent must be in a proportionate ratio of what the land may yield, and of the power of the tenant to make it yield. A tenant cannot make by his land, but according to the corn and cattle which he has. Suppose you should give him twice as much land as he has, it does him no good, unless he gets also more stock. It is clear then, that the Highland landlords, who let their substantial tenants leave them, are infatuated; for the poor small tenants cannot give them good rents, from the very nature of things. They have not the means of raising more from their farms." Corneck, Dr. Johnson said, was the most distinct man that he had met with in these isles; he did not shut his eyes, or put his fingers in his ears, which he seemed to think was a good deal the mode with most of the people whom we have seen of late.

*Thursday, 7th October.*

Captain M'Lean joined us this morning at breakfast. There came on a dreadful storm of wind and rain, which continued all day and rather increased at night. The wind was directly against out getting to Mull. We were in a strange state of abstraction from the world: we could neither hear from our friends, nor write to them. Col had brought "Daille on the Fathers," "Lucas on Happiness," and More's "Dialogues," from the Reverend Mr. M'Lean's, and "Burnet's History of his own Times" from Captain M'Lean's; and he had of his own some books of farming, and Gregory's "Geometry." Dr. Johnson read a good deal of Burnet, and of Gregory, and I observed he made some geometrical notes in the end of his pocket-book. I read a little of Young's "Six Weeks Tour through the Southern Counties;" and Ovid's "Epistles," which I had bought at Inverness, and which helped to solace many a weary hour.

We were to have gone with Dr. Johnson this morning to see the mine; but were prevented by the storm. While it was raging, he said, "We may be glad we are not *damnati ad metalla*."

*Friday, 8th October.*

Dr. Johnson appeared to-day very weary of our present confined situation. He said, "I want to be on the main land, and go on with existence. This is a waste of life."

I shall here insert, without regard to chronology, some of his conversation at different times.

“There was a man some time ago, who was well received for two years, among the gentlemen of Northamptonshire, by calling himself my brother. At last he grew so impudent as by his influence to get tenants turned out of their farms. Allen the Printer, who is of that county, came to me, asking, with much appearance of doubtfulness, if I had a brother; and upon being assured I had none alive, he told me of the imposition, and immediately wrote to the country, and the fellow was dismissed. It pleased me to hear that so much was got by using my name. It is not every name that can carry double; do both for a man’s self and his brother (laughing.) I should be glad to see the fellow. However, I could have done nothing against him. A man can have no redress for his name being used, or ridiculous stories being told of him in the news-papers, except he can shew that he has suffered damage. Some years ago a foolish piece was published, said to be written ‘*by S. Johnson.*’ Some of my friends wanted me to be very angry about this. I said, it would be in vain; for the answer would be, ‘*S. Johnson* may be Simon Johnson, or Simeon Johnson, or Solomon Johnson;’ and even if the full name, Samuel Johnson, had been used, it might be said, ‘It is not you; it is a much cleverer fellow.’”

“Beauclerk and I, and Langton, and Lady Sydney Beauclerk, mother to our friend, were one day driving in a coach by Cuper’s Gardens, which were then unoccupied. I, in sport, proposed that Beauclerk and Langton, and myself, should take them; and we amused ourselves with scheming how we should all do our parts. Lady Sydney grew angry, and said, ‘an old man should not put such things in young people’s heads’ She had no notion of a joke, sir; had come late into life, and had a mighty unphable understanding.”

“Carte’s ‘*Life of the Duke of Ormond*’ is considered as a book of authority; but it is ill-written. The matter is diffused in too many words; there is no animation, no compression, no vigour. Two good volumes in duodecimo might be made out of the two in folio.”

Talking of our confinement here, I observed, that our discontent and impatience could not be considered as very unreasonable; for that we were just in the state of which Seneca complains so grievously, while in exile in Corsica. “Yes, said Dr. Johnson, and he was not farther from home than we are.” The truth is, he was much nearer.

There was a good deal of rain to-day, and the wind was still contrary. Corneck attended me, while I amused myself in examining a collection of papers belonging to the family of Col. The first laird was a younger son of the Chieftain M'Lean, and got the middle part of Col for his patrimony. Dr. Johnson having given a very particular account of the connection between this family and a branch of the family of Camerons, called M'Lonich, I shall only insert the following document, (which I found in Col's cabinet,) as a proof of its continuance, even to a late period :

*To the Laird of COL.*

“DEAR SIR,—The long-standing tract of firm affectionate friendship 'twixt your worthy predecessors and ours, affords us such assurance, as that we may have full reliance on your favour and undoubted friendship, in recommending the bearer, Ewen Cameron, our cousin, son to the deceast Dugall M'Connill of Innermaillie, sometime in Glenpean, to your favour and conduct, who is a man of undoubted honesty and discretion, only that he has the misfortune of being alledged to have been accessory to the killing of one of M'Martin's family about fourteen years ago, upon which alledgeance the M'Martin's are now so sanguine on revenging, that they are fully resolved for the deprivation of his life ; to the preventing of which you are relyed on by us, as, the only fit instrument, and a most capable person. Therefore your favour and protection is expected and entreated, during his good behaviour ; and failing of which behaviour, you'll please to use him as a most insignificant person deserves.

“Sir, he had, upon the alledgeance foresaid, been transported, at Lochiel's desire, to France, to gratify the Macmartins, and upon his return home, about five years ago, married : But now he is so much threatened by the Macmartins, that he is not secure enough to stay where he is, being Ardmurchan, which occasions this trouble to you. Wishing prosperity and happiness to attend still yourself, worthy Lady, and good family, we are, in the most affectionate manner,

Dear Sir,

“Your most obliged, affectionate,  
and most humble servants,

“DUGALL CAMERON, of Strone,

“DUGALL CAMERON, of Barr,

“DUGALL CAMERON, of Inviriskvouilline,

“DUGALL CAMERON, of Invinvalie.

Ewen Cameron was protected, and his son has now a farm from the Laird of Col, in Mull.

The family of Col was very loyal in the time of the great Montrose, from whom I found two letters, in his own hand-writing. The first is as follows :

*For my very loving friend the Laird of COALL.*

“SIR,—I must heartily thank you for all your willingness and good affection to his Majesty’s service, and particularly the sending alongs of your son, to who I will heave ane particular respect, hoping also that you will still continue ane goode instrument for the advancing ther of the King’s service, for which, and all your former loyal carriages, be confident you shall fynd the effects of his Mās favour, as they can be witnessed you by

“Your very faithfull friende,

“MONTROSE.

“Strethearne, 20 Jañ. 1646.”

The other is,

*For the Laird of COL.*

“SIR,—Having occasion to write to your fields, I cannot be forgetful of your willingness and good affection to his Majesty’s service. I acknowledge to you, and thank you heartily for it; assuring, that in what lyes in my power, you shall find the good. Mean while, I shall expect that you will continue your loyal endeavours, in wishing those slack people that are about you, to appear more obedient than they do, and loyal in their prince’s service; whereby I assure you, you shall find me ever

“Your faithful friend,

“MONTROSE.\*

“Petty, 17 April, 1646.”

I found some uncouth lines on the death of the present laird’s father, intituled “Nature’s Elegy upon the Death of Donald Maclean of Col.” They are not worth insertion. I shall only give what is called his Epitaph, which Dr. Johnson said, “was not so very bad.”

“Nature’s minion, Virtue’s wonder,  
Art’s corrective, here lyes under.”

\* It is observable that men of the first rank spelt very ill in the last century. In the first of these letters I have preserved the original spelling.

I asked, what "Art's corrective" meant. "Why, sir, said he, that the laird was so exquisite, that he set Art right, when she was wrong."

I found several letters to the late Col, from my father's old companion at Paris, Sir Hector M'Lean, one of which was written at the time of settling the colony in Georgia. It dissuades Col from letting people go there, and assures him there will soon be an opportunity of employing them better at home. Hence it appears that emigration from the Highlands, though not in such numbers at a time as of late, has always been practised. Dr. Johnson observed, that, "instead of improving their country, they diminished their people."

There are several districts of sandy desert in Col. There are forty-eight lochs of fresh water; but many of them are very small, —mere pools. About one half of them, however, have trout and eel. There is a great number of horses in the island, mostly of a small size. Being over-stocked, they sell some in Tir-yi, and on the main land. Their black cattle, which are chiefly rough-haired, are reckoned remarkably good. The climate being very mild in winter, they never put their beasts in any house. The lakes are never frozen so as to bear a man; and snow never lies above a few hours. They have a good many sheep, which they eat mostly themselves, and sell but a few. They have goats in several places. There are no foxes; no serpents, toads, or frogs, nor any venomous creature. They have otters and mice here; but had no rats, till lately that an American vessel brought them. There is a rabbit-warren on the north-east of the island, belonging to the Duke of Argyll. Young Col intends to get some hares, of which there are none at present. There are no black-cock, muir-fowl, nor partridges; but there are snipe, wild-duck, wild-geese, and swans, in winter; wild pigeons, plover, and great numbers of starlings, of which I shot some, and found them pretty good eating. Woodcocks come hither, though there is not a tree upon the island. There are no rivers in Col; but only some brooks, in which there is a great variety of fish. In the whole isle there are but three hills, and none of them considerable, for a Highland country. The people are very industrious. Every man can tan. They get oak, and birch-bark, and lime, from the main land. Some have pits; but they commonly use tubs. I saw brogues very well tanned; and every man can make them. They all make candles of the tallow of their beasts, both moulded and dipped; and they all make oil of the livers of fish. The little fish called Cuddies produce a great deal. They sell some oil out of the island, and they use it much

for light in their houses, in little iron lamps, most of which they have from England; but of late their own blacksmith makes them. He is a good workman; but he has no employment in shoeing horses, for they all go unshod here, except some of a better kind belonging to young Col, which were now in Mull. There are two carpenters in Col; but most of the inhabitants can do something as boat-carpenters. They can all dye. Heath is used for yellow, and for red, a moss which grows on stones. They make broad-cloth, and tartan and linen, of their own wool and flax, sufficient for their own use; as also stockings. Their bonnets come from the main land. Hard-ware and several small articles are brought annually from Greenock, and sold in the only shop in the island, which is kept near the house, or rather hut, used for publick worship, there being no church in the island. The inhabitants of Col have increased considerably within these thirty years, as appears from the parish registers. There are but three considerable tacksmen on Col's part of the island: the rest is let to small tenants, some of whom pay so low a rent as four, three, or even two guineas. The highest is seven pounds, paid by a farmer, whose son goes yearly on foot to Aberdeen for education, and in summer returns, and acts as a school-master in Col. Dr. Johnson said, "There is something noble in a young man's walking two hundred miles and back again, every year, for the sake of learning."

This day a number of people came to Col, with complaints of each other's trespasses. Corneck, to prevent their being troublesome, told them, that the lawyer from Edinburgh was here, and, if they did not agree, he would take them to task. They were alarmed at this; said they had never been used to go to law, and hoped Col would settle matters himself. In the evening Corneck left us.

*Saturday, 9th October.*

As, in our present confinement, any thing that had even the name of curious was an object of attention, I proposed that Col should show me the great stone, mentioned in a former page, as having been thrown by a giant to the top of a mountain. Dr. Johnson, who did not like to be left alone, said he would accompany us as far as riding was practicable. We ascended a part of the hill on horseback, and Col and I scrambled up the rest. A servant held our horses, and Dr. Johnson placed himself on the ground, with his back against a large fragment of rock. The wind being high, he let down the cocks of his hat, and tied it with his handkerchief under

his chin. While we were employed in examining the stone, which did not repay our trouble in getting to it, he amused himself with reading "Gataker on Lots and on the Christian Watch," a very learned book, of the last age, which had been found in the garret of Col's house, and which he said was a treasure here. When we descried him from above, he had a most eremitical appearance; and on our return told us, he had been so much engaged by Gataker, that he had never missed us. His avidity for a variety of books, while we were in Col, was frequently expressed; and he often complained that so few were within his reach. Upon which I observed to him, that it was strange he should complain of want of books, when he could at any time make such good ones.

We next proceeded to the lead mine. In our way we came to a strand of some extent, where we were glad to take a gallop, in which my learned friend joined with great alacrity. Dr. Johnson, mounted on a large bay mare without shoes, and followed by a foal, which had some difficulty in keeping up with him, was a singular spectacle.

After examining the mine, we returned through a very uncouth district, full of sand hills; down which, though apparent precipices, our horses carried us with safety, the sand always gently sliding away from their feet. Vestiges of houses were pointed out to us, which Col, and two others who had joined us, asserted had been overwhelmed by sand blown over them. But, on going close to one of them, Dr. Johnson shewed the absurdity of the notion, by remarking, that "it was evidently only a house abandoned, the stones of which had been taken away for other purposes; for the large stones, which form the lower part of the walls, were still standing higher than the sand. If *they* were not blown over, it was clear nothing higher than they could be blown over." This was quite convincing to me; but it made not the least impression on Col and the others, who were not to be argued out of a Highland tradition.

We did not sit down to dinner till between six and seven. We lived plentifully here, and had a true welcome. In such a season, good firing was of no small importance. The peats were excellent, and burnt cheerfully. Those at Dunvegan, which were damp, Dr. Johnson called "a sullen fuel."

Blenheim being occasionally mentioned, he told me he had never

*Second Edition.*—After line 38 is inserted: "Here a Scottish phrase was singularly applied to him. One of the company having remarked that he had gone out on a stormy evening, and brought in a supply of peats from the stack, old Mr. M'Sweyn said, "that was *main honest!*"

seen it: he had not gone formerly; and he would not go now just as a common spectator, for his money: he would not put it in the power of some man about the Duke of Marlborough to say, "Johnson was here; I knew him, but I took no notice of him." He said, he would be very glad to see it, if properly invited, which in all probability would never be the case, as it was not worth his while to seek for it. I observed, that he might be easily introduced there by a common friend of ours, nearly related to the duke. He answered, with an uncommon attention to delicacy of feeling, "I doubt whether our friend be on such a footing with the duke as to carry any body there,<sup>1</sup> and I would not give him the uneasiness of seeing that I knew he was not, or even of being himself reminded of it."

*Sunday, 10th October.*

There was this day the most terrible storm of wind and rain that I ever remember. It made such an awful impression on us all, as to produce, for some time, a kind of dismal quietness in the house. The day was passed without much conversation: only, upon my observing that there must be something bad in a man's mind, who does not like to give leases to his tenants, but wishes to keep them in a perpetual wretched dependence on his will, Dr. Johnson said, "You are right: it is a man's duty to extend comfort and security among as many people as he can. He should not wish to have his tenants mere *Ephemerae*,—mere beings of an hour." BOSWELL. "But, sir, if they have leases, is there not some danger that they may grow insolent? I remember you yourself once told me, an English tenant was so independent, that, if provoked, he would *throw* his rent at his landlord." JOHNSON. "Depend upon it, sir, it is the landlord's own fault, if it is thrown at him. A man may always keep his tenants under dependence enough, though they have leases. He must be a good tenant, indeed, who will not fall behind in his rent, if his landlord will let him; and if he does fall behind, his landlord has him at his mercy. Indeed, the poor man is always much at the mercy of the rich; no matter whether landlord or tenant. If the tenant lets his landlord have a little rent before-hand, or has lent him money, then the landlord is in his

*Second Edition.*—Line 30: *Real* "in dependence."

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<sup>1</sup> The duke's sister was the divorced Lady Bolingbroke.



power. There cannot be a greater man than a tenant who has lent money to his landlord; for he has under subjection the very man to whom he should be subjected."

*Monday, 11th October.*

We had some days ago engaged the Campbeltown vessel to carry us to Mull, from the harbour where she lay. The morning was fine, and the wind fair and moderate; so we hoped at length to get away.

Mrs. M'Sweyn, who officiated as our landlady here, had never been on the main land. On hearing this, Dr. Johnson said to me, before her, "That is rather being behind-hand with life. I would at least go and see Glenelg." BOSWELL. "You yourself, sir, have never seen, till now, any thing but your native island." JOHNSON. "But, sir, by seeing London, I have seen as much of life as the world can shew." BOSWELL. "You have not seen Pekin." JOHNSON. "What is Pekin? Ten thousand Londoners would *drive* all the people of Pekin: they would drive them like deer."

We set out about eleven for the harbour; but, before we reached it, so violent a storm came on, that we were obliged again to take shelter in the house of Captain M'Lean, where we dined, and passed the night.

*Tuesday, 12th October.*

After breakfast, we made a second attempt to get to the harbour; but another storm soon convinced us that it would be in vain. Captain M'Lean's house being in some confusion, on account of Mrs. M'Lean's being expected to lie-in, we resolved to go to Mr. M'Sweyn's, where we arrived very wet, fatigued, and hungry. In this situation, we were somewhat disconcerted by being told that we should have no dinner till late in the evening; but should have tea in the mean time. Dr. Johnson opposed this arrangement; but they persisted, and he took the tea very readily. He said to me afterwards, "You must consider, sir, a dinner here is a matter of great consequence. It is a thing to be first planned, and then executed. I suppose the mutton was bought some miles off, from some place where they knew there was a sheep killed."

Talking of the good people with whom we were, he said, "Life has not got at all forward by a generation in M'Sweyn's family;

for the son is exactly formed upon the father. What the father says, the son says ; and what the father looks, the son looks."

There being little conversation to-night, I must endeavour to recollect what I may have omitted on former occasions. When I boasted, at Rasay, of my independency of spirit, and that I could not be bribed, he said, "Yes, you may be bribed by flattery." At the Reverend Mr. M'Lean's, Dr. Johnson asked him, if the people of Col had any superstitions. He said, "No." The cutting peats at the increase of the moon was mentioned as one ; but he would not allow it, saying, it was not a superstition, but a whim. Dr. Johnson would not admit the distinction. There were many superstitions, he maintained, not connected with religion ; and this was one of them. On Monday we had a dispute at the Captain's, whether sand-hills could be fixed down by art. Dr. Johnson said, "How *the devil* can you do it?" but instantly corrected himself, "How can you do it?" I never before heard him use a phrase of that nature.

He has particularities which it is impossible to explain. He never wears a night-cap, as I have already mentioned ; but he puts a handkerchief on his head in the night. The day that we left Talisker, he bade us ride on. He then turned the head of his horse back towards Talisker, stopped for some time ; then wheeled round to the same direction with ours, and then came briskly after us.<sup>1</sup> He sets open a window in the coldest day or night, and stands before it. It may do with his constitution ; but most people, amongst whom I am one, would say, with the frogs in the fable, "This may be sport to you ; but it is death to us." It is in vain to try to find a meaning in every one of his particularities, which, I suppose, are mere habits, contracted by chance ; of which every man has some that are more or less remarkable. His speaking to himself, or rather repeating, is a common habit with studious men accustomed to deep thinking ; and, in consequence of their being thus rapt, they will even laugh by themselves, if the subject which they are musing on is a merry one. Dr. Johnson is often uttering pious ejaculations, when he appears to be talking to himself ; for sometimes his voice grows stronger, and parts of the Lord's Prayer are heard. I have sat beside him with more than ordinary reverence on such occasions.\*

\* It is remarkable, that Dr. Johnson should have read this account of some of his own peculiar habits, without saying any thing on the subject, which I hoped he would have done.

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<sup>1</sup> He was no doubt offering up a prayer before setting out

In our Tour, I observed that he was disgusted whenever he met with coarse manners. He said to me, "I know not how it is, but I cannot bear low life : and I find others, who have as good a right as I to be fastidious, bear it better, by having mixed more with different sorts of men. You would think that I have mixed pretty well too."

He read this day a good deal of my Journal, written in a small book with which he had supplied me, and was pleased, for he said, "I wish thy books were twice as big." He helped me to fill up blanks which I had left in first writing it, when I was not quite sure of what he had said, and he corrected any mistakes that I had made. "They call me a scholar, said he, and yet how very little literature is there in my conversation." BOSWELL. "That, sir, must be according to your company. You would not give literature to those who cannot taste it. Stay till we meet Lord Elhbank."

We had at last a good dinner, or rather supper, and were very well satisfied with our entertainment.

*Wednesday, 13th October.*

Col called me up, with intelligence that it was a good day for a passage to Mull; and just as we rose, a sailor from the vessel arrived for us. We got all ready with dispatch. Dr. Johnson was displeased at my bustling, and walked quickly up and down. He said, "It does not hasten us a bit. It is getting on horseback in a ship. All boys do it; and you are longer a boy than others." He himself has no alertness, or whatever it may be called; so he may dislike it, as *Oderunt hilarem tristes*.

Before we reached the harbour, the wind grew high again. However, the small boat was waiting, and took us on board. We remained for some time in uncertainty what to do: at last it was determined, that, as a good part of the day was over, and it was dangerous to be at sea at night, in such a vessel, and such weather, we should not sail till the morning tide, when the wind would probably be more gentle. We resolved not to go ashore again, but lie here in readiness. Dr. Johnson and I had each a bed in the cabin. Col sat at the fire in the fore-castle, with the captain, and Joseph, and the rest. I eat some dry oatmeal, of which I found a barrel in the cabin. I had not done this since I was a boy. Dr. Johnson owned that he too was fond of it when a boy; a circumstance which I was highly pleased to hear from him, as it gave me an opportunity of observing that, notwithstanding his joke on the article of OATS, he

was himself a proof that this kind of *food* was not peculiar to the people of Scotland.

*Thursday, 14th October.*

When Dr. Johnson awaked this morning, he called, "*Lanky!*" having, I suppose, been thinking of Langton, but corrected himself instantly, and cried "*Bozzy!*" He has a way of contracting the names of his friends. Goldsmith feels himself so important now, as to be displeased at it. I remember one day, when Tom Davies was telling that Dr. Johnson said, "We are all in labour for a name to *Goldy's* play," Goldsmith cried, "I have often desired him not to call me *Goldy.*"

Between six and seven we hauled our anchor, and set sail with a fair breeze, and, after a pleasant voyage, we got safely and agreeably into the harbour of Tobermorie, before the wind rose, which it always has done, for some days, about noon.

Tobermorie is an excellent harbour. An island lies before it, and it is surrounded by a hilly theatre. The island is too low, otherwise this would be quite a secure port; but, as the island is not high enough, some storms blow very hard here. Not long ago, fifteen vessels were blown from their moorings. There are sometimes sixty or seventy sail here: to-day, there were twelve or fourteen vessels. To see such a fleet was the next thing to seeing a town. The vessels were from different places; Clyde, Campbelltown, Newcastle, &c. One was returning to Lancaster from Hamburg. After having been shut up so long in Col, the sight of such an assemblage of moving habitations, containing such a variety of people, engaged in different pursuits, gave me much gaiety of spirit. When we had landed, Dr. Johnson said, "Boswell is now all alive. He is like Antæus; he gets new vigour whenever he touches the ground." I went to the top of a hill fronting the harbour, from whence I had a good view of it. We had here a tolerable inn. Dr. Johnson had owned to me this morning, that he was out of humour. Indeed, he showed it a good deal in the ship; for when I was expressing my joy on the prospect of our landing in Mull, he said, he had no joy, when he recollected that it would be five days before he should get to the main land. I was afraid he would now take a sudden resolution to give up seeing Icolmkill. A dish of tea, and some good bread and butter, did him service, and his bad humour went off. I told him, that I was diverted to hear all the people whom he had visited in

our Tour, say, "*Honest man!* he's pleased with every thing; he's always content!" "Little do they know," said I. He laughed, and said, "You rogue!"

We sent to hire horses to carry us across the island of Mull to the shore opposite to Inchkenneth, the residence of Sir Allan M'Lean, uncle to young Col, and Chief of the M'Leans, to whose house we intended to go the next morning. Our friend Col went to visit his aunt, the wife of Dr. Alexander M'Lean, a physician, who lives about a mile from Tobermorie.

Dr. Johnson and I sat by ourselves at the inn, and talked a good deal. I told him, that I had found, in Leandro Alberti's "Description of Italy," a good deal of what Addison has given us in his "Remarks." He said, "The collection of passages from the Classicks has been made by another Italian: it is, however, impossible to detect a man as a plagiary in such a case, because all who set about making such a collection must find the same passages; but if you find the same applications in another book, then Addison's learning in his 'Remarks' tumbles down. It is a tedious book, and, if it were not attached to Addison's previous reputation, one would not think much of it. Had he written nothing else, his name would not have lived. Addison does not seem to have gone deep in Italian literature: he shews nothing of it in his subsequent writings. He shews a great deal of French learning. There is, perhaps, more knowledge circulated in the French language than in any other. There is more original knowledge in English." "But the French (said I) have the art of accommodating literature." JOHNSON. "Yes, sir; we have no such book as Moreri's Dictionary." BOSWELL. "Their '*Ana*' are good." JOHNSON. "A few of them are good; but we have one book of that kind better than any of them; Selden's '*Table-talk*.' As to original literature, the French have a couple of tragick poets who go round the world. Racine and Corneille, and one comick poet, Moliere." BOSWELL, "They have Fenelon." JOHNSON. "Why, sir, Telemachus is pretty well." BOSWELL. "And Voltaire, sir." JOHNSON. "He has not stood his trial yet. And what makes Voltaire chiefly circulate, is collection; such as his '*Universal History*.'" BOSWELL. "What do you say to the Bishop of Meaux?" JOHNSON. "Sir, nobody reads him."\* He would not allow Massillon and Bourdaloue to go

*Second Edition*—Line 7: "morning" altered to "day"

\* I take leave to enter my strongest protest against this judgment. Bossuet I hold to be one of the first luminaries of religion and literature. If there are who do not read him, it is full time they should begin.

round the world. In general, however, he gave the French much praise for their industry.

He asked me whether he had mentioned, in any of the papers of the "Rambler," the description in Virgil of the entrance into Hell, with an application to the press; "for (said he) I do not much remember them." I told him, "No." Upon which he repeated it:

"*Vestibulum ante ipsum, primisque in faucibus orci,  
Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia Curae ;  
Pallentesque habitant Morbi, tristisque Senectus,  
Et Metus, et malasuada Fames, et turpis Egestas,  
Terribiles visu formæ, Lethumque, Laborque.*"

"Now, (said he,) almost all these apply exactly to an authour: all these are the concomitants of a printing-house." I proposed to him to dictate an essay on it, and offered to write it. He said, he would not do it then, but perhaps would write one at some future period.

The Sunday evening that we sat by ourselves at Aberdeen, I asked him several particulars of his life, from his early years, which he readily told me; and I wrote them down before him. This day I proceeded in my inquiries, also writing them in his presence. I have them on detached sheets. I shall collect authentick materials for THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL D; and, if I survive him, I shall be one who will most faithfully do honour to his memory. I have now a vast treasure of his conversation, at different times, since the year 1762, when I first obtained his acquaintance; and, by assiduous inquiry, I can make up for not knowing him sooner.\*

A Newcastle ship-master, who happened to be in the house, intruded himself upon us. He was much in liquor, and talked nonsense about his being a man for *Wilkes and liberty*, and against the ministry. Dr. Johnson was angry, that "a fellow should come into *our* company, who was fit for *no* company." He left us soon.

Col returned from his aunt, and told us, she insisted that we should come to her house that night. He introduced to us Mr. Campbell, the Duke of Argyle's factor in Tyr-yi. He was a genteel,

*Second Edition.*—Line 11, note 1:—

"Just in the gate, and in the jaws of hell,  
Revengeful cares, and sullen sorrows dwell;  
And pale diseases, and repining age;  
Want, fear, and famine's unresisted rage;  
Here toils and death, and death's half-brother, sleep,  
Forms terrible to view, their sentry keep.—DRYDEN."

\* It is no small satisfaction to me to reflect, that Dr. Johnson read this, and, after being apprized of my intention, communicated to me, at subsequent periods, many particulars of his life, which probably could not otherwise have been preserved.

agreeable man. He was going to Inveraray, and promised to put letters into the post-office for us. I now found that Dr. Johnson's desire to get on the main land, arose from his anxiety to have an opportunity of conveying letters to his friends.

After dinner, we proceeded to Dr. M'Lean's, which was about a mile from our inn. He was not at home, but we were received by his lady and daughter, who entertained us so well, that Dr. Johnson seemed quite happy. When we had supped, he asked me to give him some paper to write letters. I begged he would write short ones, and not *expatiate*, as we should set off early. He was irritated by this, and said, "What must be done, must be done; the thing is past a joke." "Nay, sir, said I, write as much as you please; but do not blame me, if we are kept six days before we get to the main land. You was very impatient in the morning; but no sooner do you find yourself in good quarters, than you forget that you are to move." I got him paper enough, and we parted in good humour.

Let me now recollect whatever particulars I have omitted. In the morning I said to him, before we landed at Tobermorie, "We shall see Dr. M'Lean, who has written the History of the M'Leans." JOHNSON. "I have no great patience to stay to hear the history of the M'Leans. I would rather hear the history of the Thrales." When on Mull, I said, "Well, sir, this is the fourth of the Hebrides that we have been upon." JOHNSON. "Nay, we cannot boast of the number we have seen. We thought we should see many more. We thought of sailing about easily from island to island; and so we should, had we come at a better season; but we, being wise men, thought it would be summer all the year where *we* were. However, sir, we have seen enough to give us a pretty good notion of the system of insular life."

Let me not forget, that he sometimes amused himself with very slight reading; from which, however, his conversation shewed that he contrived to extract some benefit. At Captain M'Lean's, he read a good deal in "The Charmer," a collection of songs.

*Friday, 15th October.*

We this morning found that we could not proceed, there being a violent storm of wind and rain, and the rivers being impassable. When I expressed my discontent at our confinement, Dr. Johnson said, "Now that I have had an opportunity of writing to the main land, I am in no such haste." I was amused with his being so

easily satisfied; for the truth was, that the gentleman who was to convey our letters, as I was now informed, was not to set out for Inveraray for some time; so that it was probable we should be there as soon as he: however, I did not undeceive my friend, but suffered him to enjoy his fancy.

Dr. Johnson asked, in the evening, to see Dr. M'Lean's books. He took down Willis "*De Anima Brutorum*," and pored over it a good deal.

Miss M'Lean produced some Erse poems by John M'Lean, who was a famous bard in Mull, and had died only a few years ago. He could neither read nor write. She read and translated two of them; one, a kind of elegy on Sir John M'Lean's being obliged to fly his country in 1715; another, a dialogue between two Roman Catholick young ladies, sisters, whether it was better to be a nun or to marry. I could not perceive much poetical imagery in the translation. Yet all of our company who understood Erse, seemed charmed with the original. There may, perhaps, be some choice of expression, and some excellence of arrangement, that cannot be shewn in translation.

After we had exhausted the Erse poems, of which Dr. Johnson said nothing, Miss M'Lean gave us several tunes on a spinnet, which, though made so long ago, as in 1667. was still very well toned. She sung along with it. Dr. Johnson seemed pleased with the musick, though he owns he neither likes it, nor has hardly any perception of it. At Mr. M'Pherson's, in Slate, he told us that "he knew a drum from a trumpet, and a bagpipe from a guttar, which was about the extent of his knowledge of musick." To-night he said, that, "if he had learnt musick, he should have been afraid he would have done nothing else than play. It was a method of employing the mind, without the labour of thinking at all, and with some applause from a man's self."

We had the musick of the bagpipe every day, at Armidale, Dunvegan, and Col. Dr. Johnson appeared fond of it, and used often to stand for some time with his ear close to the great drone.

The penurious gentleman of our acquaintance,<sup>1</sup> formerly alluded to, afforded us a topick of conversation to-night. Dr. Johnson said, I ought to write down a collection of the instances of his narrowness, as they almost exceeded belief. Col told us, that O'Kane, the famous Irish harper, was once at that gentleman's house. He

<sup>1</sup> Sir Alexander Macdonald.



could not find in his heart to give him any money, but gave him a key for a harp, which was finely ornamented with gold and silver, and with a precious stone, and was worth eighty or a hundred guineas. He did not know the value of it; and when he came to know it, he would fain have had it back; but O'Kane took care that he should not. JOHNSON. "They exaggerate the value; every body is so desirous that he should be fleeced. I am very willing it should be worth eighty or a hundred guineas; but I do not believe it." BOSWELL. "I do not think O'Kane was obliged to give it back." JOHNSON. "No, sir. If a man with his eyes open, and without any means used to deceive him, gives me a thing, I am not to let him have it again when he grows wiser. I like to see how avarice defeats itself: how, when avoiding to part with money, the miser gives something more valuable." Col said, the gentleman's relations were angry at his giving away the harp-key, for it had been long in the family. JOHNSON. "Sir, he values a new guinea more than an old friend."

Col also told us, that the same person having come up with a serjeant and twenty men, working on the high road, he entered into discourse with the serjeant, and then gave him sixpence for the men to drink. The serjeant asked, "Who is this fellow?" Upon being informed, he said, "If I had known who he was, I should have thrown it in his face." JOHNSON. "There is much want of sense in all this. He had no business to speak with the serjeant. He might have been in haste, and trotted on. He has not learnt to be a miser: I believe we must take him apprentice." BOSWELL. "He would grudge giving half a guinea to be taught." JOHNSON. "Nay, sir, you must teach him *gratis*. You must give him an opportunity to practice your precepts."

Let me now go back, and glean *Johnsoniana*. The Saturday before we sailed from Slate, I sat awhile in the afternoon with Dr. Johnson in his room, in a quiet serious frame. I observed, that hardly any man was accurately prepared for dying; but almost every one left something undone, something in confusion; that my father, indeed, told me he knew one man, (Carlisle of Limekilns,) after whose death all his papers were found in exact order; and nothing was omitted in his will. JOHNSON. "Sir, I had an uncle who died so; but such attention requires great leisure, and great firmness of mind. If one was to think constantly of death, the business of life would stand still. I am no friend to making religion appear too hard. Many good people have done harm, by giving severe notions of it. In the same way, as to learning: I never frighten young people with difficulties; on the contrary, I tell

them that they may very easily get as much as will do very well. I do not indeed tell them that they will be *Bentleys*."

The night we rode to Col's house, I said, "Lord Elibank is probably wondering what is become of us." JOHNSON. "No, no; he is not thinking of us." BOSWELL "But recollect the warmth with which he wrote. Are we not to believe a man, when he says that he has a great desire to see another? Don't you believe that I was very impatient for your coming to Scotland?" JOHNSON. "Yes, sir; I believe, you was; and I was impatient to come to you. A young man feels so, but seldom an old man." I however convinced him that Lord Elibank, who has much of the spirit of a young man, might feel so. He asked me if our jaunt had answered expectation. I said it had much exceeded it. I expected much difficulty with him, and had not found it. "And (he added) wherever we have come, we have been received like princes in their progress."

He said he would not wish not to be disgusted in the Highlands; for that would be to lose the power of distinguishing, and a man might then lie down in the middle of them. He wished only to conceal his disgust.

At Captain M'Jean's, I mentioned Pope's friend, Spence. JOHNSON. "He was a weak conceited man." BOSWELL. "A good scholar, sir?" JOHNSON. "Why, no, sir." BOSWELL. "He was a pretty scholar." JOHNSON. "You have about reached him."

Last night at the inn, when the factor in Tyr-yi spoke of his having heard that a roof was put on some part of the buildings at Icolmkill, I unluckily said, "It will be fortunate if we find a cathedral with a roof on it." I said this from a foolish anxiety to engage Dr. Johnson's curiosity more. He took me short at once. "What, sir? how can you talk so? If we shall *find* a cathedral roofed! as if we were going to a *terra incognita*, when every thing that is at Icolmkill is so well known. You are like some New-England-men who came to the mouth of the Thames, 'Come, said they, let us go up and see what sort of inhabitants there are here.' They talked, sir, as if they had been to go up the Susquehannah, or any other American river."

*Second Edition.*—Line 9: "you were."

*Third Edition.*—Line 22: This note:—"Mr. Langton thinks this must have been the hasty expression of a splenetick moment, as he has heard Dr. Johnson speak of Mr. Spence's judgment in criticism with so high a degree of respect, as to shew that this was not his settled opinion of him. Let me add that, in the preface to the 'Preceptor,' he recommends Spence's 'Essay on Pope's Odyssey,' and that his admirable 'Lives of the English Poets' are much enriched by Spence's 'Anecdotes of Pope.'"

*Saturday, 16th October.*

This day there was a new moon, and the weather changed for the better. Dr. Johnson said of Miss M'Lean, "She is the most accomplished lady that I have found in the Highlands. She knows French, musick, and drawing, sews neatly, makes shell-work, and can milk cows; in short, she can do every thing. She talks sensibly, and is the first person whom I have found, that can translate Erse poetry literally."<sup>1</sup> We set out, mounted on little Mull horses. Mull corresponded exactly with the idea which I had always had of it; a hilly country, diversified with heath and grass, and many rivulets. Dr. Johnson was not in very good humour. He said, it was a dreary country, much worse than Sky. I differed from him. "O, sir, (said he,) a most dolorous country!"

We had a very hard journey to-day. I had no bridle for my sheltie, but only a halter; and Joseph rode without a saddle. At one place, a loch having swelled over the road, we were obliged to plunge through pretty deep water. Dr. Johnson observed, how helpless a man would be, were he travelling here alone, and should meet with any accident; and said, "he longed to get to a country of saddles and bridles." He was more out of humour to-day, than he has been in the course of our Tour, being fretted to find that his little horse could scarcely support his weight,—and having suffered a loss, which, though small in itself, was of some consequence to him, while travelling the rugged steeps of Mull, where he was at times obliged to walk. The loss that I allude to was that of the large oak-stick, which, as I formerly mentioned, he had brought with him from London. It was of great use to him in our wild peregrination; for, ever since his last illness in 1766, he has had a weakness in his knees, and not been able to walk easily. It had too the properties of a measure; for one nail was driven into it at the length of a foot; another at that of a yard. In return for the services it had done him, he said, this morning, he would make a present of it to some Museum; but he little thought he was so soon to lose it. As he preferred riding with a switch, it was entrusted to a fellow to be delivered to our baggage-man, who followed us at some distance; but we never saw it more. I could not persuade him out of a suspicion that it had

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<sup>1</sup> Mr Carruthers describes the later career of this agreeable young lady. She married below her station, and on the

death of her husband became a dependent on the charity of Col. She died in 1826.

been stolen. "No, no, my friend, (said he,) it is not to be expected that any man in Mull, who has got it, will part with it. Consider, sir, the value of such a *piece of timber* here!"

As we travelled this forenoon, we met Dr. M'Lean, who expressed much regret at his having been so unfortunate as to be absent while we were at his house.

We were in hopes to get to Sir Allan Maclean's, at Inchkeneth, to-night; but the eight miles, of which our road was said to consist, were so very long, that we did not reach the opposite coast of Mull till seven at night, though we had set out about eleven in the forenoon; and when we did arrive there, we found the wind strong against us. Col determined that we should pass the night at M'Quarrie's, in the island of Ulva, which lies between Mull and Inchkeneth; and a servant was sent forward to the ferry, to secure the boat for us: but the boat was gone to the Ulva side, and the wind was so high that the people could not hear him call; and the night so dark that they could not see a signal. We should have been in a very bad situation, had there not fortunately been lying in the little sound of Ulva an Irish vessel, the *Bonnetta*, of Londonderry, Captain M'Lure, master. He himself was at M'Quarrie's, but his men obligingly came with their long-boat, and ferried us over.

M'Quarrie's house was mean, but we were agreeably surprised with the appearance of the master, whom we found to be intelligent, polite, and much a man of the world. Though his clan is not numerous, he is a very ancient Chief, and has a burial-place at Icolmkill. He told us, his family had possessed Ulva for nine hundred years; but I was distressed to hear that it was soon to be sold for payment of his debts.

Captain M'Lure, whom we found here, was of Scotch extraction, and properly a M'Leod, being descended of some of the M'Leods who went with Sir Normand of Bernera to the battle of Worcester; and, after the defeat of the royalists, fled to Ireland, and, to conceal themselves, took a different name. He told me, there was a great number of them about Londonderry; some of good property. I said, they should now resume their real name. The Laird of M'Leod should go over, and assemble them, and make them all drink the large horn full, and from that time they should be M'Leods. The captain informed us, he had named his ship the *Bonnetta*, out of gratitude to Providence; for once, when he was sailing to America with a good number of passengers, the ship in which he then sailed was becalmed for five weeks, and during all that time, numbers of the fish *Bonnetta* swam close to her, and

were caught for food; he resolved therefore that the ship he should next get should be called the *Bonnetta*.

M'Quarrie told us a strong instance of the second sight. He had gone to Edinburgh, and taken a man-servant along with him. An old woman, who was in the house, said one day, "M'Quarrie will be at home to-morrow, and will bring two gentlemen with him;" and she said, she saw his servant return in red and green. He did come home next day. He had two gentlemen with him; and his servant had a new red and green livery, which M'Quarrie had bought for him at Edinburgh, upon a sudden thought, not having had the least intention when he left home to put his servant in livery; so that the old woman could not have heard any previous mention of it. This, he assured us, was a true story.

M'Quarrie insisted that the *Mercheta Mulierum*, mentioned in our old charters, did really mean the privilege which a lord of a manor, or a baron, had, to have the first night of all his vassals' wives. Dr. Johnson said, the belief of such a custom having existed was also held in England, where there is a tenure called *Borough-English*, by which the eldest child does not inherit, from a doubt of his being the son of the tenant. M'Quarrie told us, that still, on the marriage of each of his tenants, a sheep is due to him; for which the composition is fixed at five shillings. I suppose, Ulva is the only place where this custom remains.

Talking of the sale of an estate of an ancient family, which was said to have been purchased much under its value by the confidential lawyer of that family, and it being mentioned that the sale would probably be set aside by a suit in equity, Dr. Johnson said, "I am very willing that this sale should be set aside, but I doubt much whether the suit will be successful; for the argument for avoiding the sale is founded on vague and indeterminate principles,—as that the price was too low, and that there was a great degree of confidence placed by the seller in the person who became the purchaser. Now how low should a price be? or what degree of confidence should there be to make a bargain be set aside? a bargain, which is a wager of skill between man and man. If, indeed, any fraud can be proved, that will do."

When Dr. Johnson and I were by ourselves at night, I observed of our host, "*aspectum generosum habet*:"—"et generosum animum," he added. For fear of being overheard in the small Highland houses,

*Second Edition.*—Line : Read "caught."

*Ibid.*—On line 20, this note:—"Sir William Blackstone says in his 'Commentaries,' that 'he cannot find that ever this custom prevailed in England;' and therefore he is of opinion that it could not have given rise to *Borough-English*."

I often talked to him in such Latin as I could speak, and with as much of the English accent as I could assume, so as not to be understood, in case our conversation should be too loud for the space.

We had each an elegant bed in the same room; and here it was that the circumstance occurred, as to which he has been strangely misunderstood. From his description of his chamber, it has erroneously been supposed, that, his bed being too short for him, his feet, during the night, were in the mire, whereas he has only said, that, when he undressed, he felt his feet in the mire: that is, the clay-floor of the room, on which he stood before he went into bed, was wet, in consequence of the windows being broken, which let in the rain<sup>1</sup>

*Sunday, 17th October*

Being informed that there was nothing worthy of observation in Ulva, we took boat, and proceeded to Inch Kenneth, where we were introduced by our friend Col to Sir Allan Maclean, the Chief of his clan, and to two young ladies, his daughters. Inch Kenneth is a pretty little island, a mile long, and about half a mile broad, all good land.

As we walked up from the shore, Dr. Johnson's heart was cheered by the sight of a road marked with cart-wheels, as on the main land; a thing we had not seen for a long time. It gave us a pleasure similar to that which a traveller feels, when, whilst wandering on what he fears is a desert island, he perceives the print of human feet.

Military men acquire excellent habits of having all conveniencies about them. Sir Allan M'Lean, who had been long in the army, and had now a lease of this island, had formed a commodious habitation, though it consisted but of a few small buildings, only one story high. He had, in his little apartments, more things than I could enumerate in a page or two.

Among other agreeable circumstances, it was not the least, to find here a parcel of the "Caledonian Mercury," published since we left Edinburgh; which I read with that pleasure which every man

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<sup>1</sup> The old Macquarie mansion, Mr Carruthers says, is still standing, and "Johnson's room" is shown to strangers. The old chief, four years after Johnson's visit, had to sell his estate; and, though past sixty, took service in the army

After some years' campaigning, he returned to die in his native Hebrides, at the age of 103. The history of Johnson's entertainers has a romance quite in keeping with the incidents of the Tour.

feels who has been for some time secluded from the animated scenes of the busy world.

Dr. Johnson found books here. He bade me buy Bishop Gastrell's "Christian Institutes," which was lying in the room. He said, "I do not like to read any thing on a Sunday, but what is theological; not that I would scrupulously refuse to look at any thing which a friend should shew me in a news-paper; but in general, I would read only what is theological. I read just now some of 'Drummond's Travels,' before I perceived what books were here. I then took up Derham's 'Physico-Theology.'"

Every particular concerning this island having been so well described by Dr. Johnson, it would be superfluous in me to present the publick with the observations that I made upon it, in my Journal.

I was quite easy with Sir Allan almost instantaneously. He knew the great intimacy that had been between my father and his predecessor, Sir Hector, and was himself of a very frank disposition. After dinner, Sir Allan said he had got Dr. Campbell about an hundred subscribers to his "*Britannia Elucidata*," (a work since published under the title of "A Political Survey of Great-Britain,") of whom he believed twenty were dead, the publication having been so long delayed. JOHNSON. "Sir, I imagine the delay of publication is owing to this;—that, after publication, there will be no more subscribers, and few will send the additional guinea to get their books: in which they will be wrong; for there will be a great deal of instruction in the work. I think highly of Campbell. In the first place, he has very good parts. In the second place, he has very extensive reading; not, perhaps, what is properly called learning, but history, politicks, and, in short, that popular knowledge which makes a man very useful. In the third place, he has learnt much by what is called the *vox viva*. He talks with a great many people."

Speaking of this gentleman, at Rasay, he told us, that he one day called on him, and they talked of Tull's "Husbandry." Dr. Campbell said something. Dr. Johnson began to dispute it. "Come, said Dr. Campbell, we do not want to get the better of one another: we want to increase each other's ideas." Dr. Johnson took it in good part, and the conversation then went on coolly and instructively. His candour in relating this anecdote does him much credit; and his conduct on that occasion proves how easily he could be persuaded to talk from a better motive than "for victory."

Dr. Johnson here shewed so much of the spirit of a Highlander, that he won Sir Allan's heart: indeed, he has shewn it during the

whole of our Tour. One night, in Col, he strutted about the room with a broad sword and target, and made a formidable appearance; and, another night, I took the liberty to put a large blue bonnet on his head. His age, his size, and his bushy grey wig, with this covering on it, presented the image of a venerable Senachi; and, however unfavourable to the Lowland Scots, he seemed much pleased to assume the appearance of an ancient Caledonian. We only regretted that he could not be prevailed with to partake of the social glass. One of his arguments against drinking, appears to me not convincing. He urged, that, "in proportion as drinking makes a man different from what he is before he has drunk, it is bad; because it has so far affected his reason." But may it not be answered, that a man may be altered by it *for the better*, that his spirits may be exhilarated, without his reason being affected? On the general subject of drinking, however, I do not mean positively to take the other side. I am *dubius, non improbus*.

In the evening, Sir Allan informed us that it was the custom of his house to have prayers every Sunday; and Miss M'Lean read the evening service, in which we all joined. I then read Ogden's second and ninth Sermons on Prayer, which, with their other distinguished excellence, have the merit of being short. Dr. Johnson said, that it was the most agreeable Sunday he had ever passed; and it made such an impression on his mind, that he afterwards wrote the following ode upon Inchkenneth:

## INSULA SANCTI KENNETHI.

*"Parva quidem regio, sed religione priorum  
 Nota, Caledonias panditur intra aquas;  
 Voce ubi Kennethus populos domuisse feroces  
 Dicitur, et vanos dedocuisse deos.  
 Huc ego delatus placido per cœrula cursu  
 Scire locum volui quid daret ille novi.  
 Illic Lentiades humili regnabat in aula,  
 Lentiades magnis nobilitatus avis:  
 Una duas habuit casa cum genitore puellas,  
 Quas Amor undarum fingeret esse deas:  
 Non tamen inculti gelidis latuere sub antris,  
 Accola Danubii qualia servus habet,  
 Mellia non deerant vacuæ solatia rube,  
 Sive libros poscant otia, sive lyram.*



*Luxerat illa dies, legis gens docta superne  
 Spes hominum ac curas cum procul esse jubet,  
 Ponti inter strépitus sacri non munera cultus  
 Cessarunt ; pietas hic quoque cura fuit :  
 Quid quod sacrifici versavit femina libros,  
 Legitimas faciunt pectora pura preces.  
 Quo vagor ulterius ? quod ubique requiritur hic est .  
 Illic securâ quies, hic et honestus amor."*

*Monday, 18th October.*

We agreed to pass this day with Sir Allan, and he engaged to have every thing in order for our voyage to-morrow.

Being now soon to be separated from our amiable friend young Col, his merits were all remembered. At Ulva he had appeared in a new character, having given us a good prescription for a cold. On my mentioning him with warmth, Dr. Johnson said, "Col does every thing for us : we will erect a statue to Col." "Yes, said I, and we will have him with his various attributes and characters, like Mercury, or any other of the heathen gods. We will have him as a pilot ; we will have him as a fisherman, as a hunter, as a husbandman, as a physician."

I this morning took a spade, and dug a little grave in the floor of a ruined chapel near Sir Allan M'Lean's house, in which I buried some human bones I found there. Dr. Johnson praised me for what I had done, though he owned, he could not have done it. He shewed in the chapel at Rasay, his horror at dead men's bones. He shewed it again at Col's house. In the Charter-room there was a remarkably large shin-bone, which was said to have been a bone of John Garve, one of the lairds. Dr. Johnson would not look at it ; but started away.

At breakfast, I asked, "What is the reason that we are angry at a trader's having opulence?" JOHNSON. "Why, sir, the reason is, (though I don't undertake to prove that there is a reason), we see no qualities in trade that should entitle a man to superiority. We are not angry at a soldier's getting riches, because we see that he possesses qualities which we have not. If a man returns from a battle, having lost one hand, and with the other full of gold, we feel that he deserves the gold ; but we cannot think that a fellow, by sitting all day at a desk, is entitled to get above us." BOSWELL. "But, sir, may we not suppose a merchant to be a man of an enlarged mind, such as Addison in the "Spectator" describes Sir Andrew

Freeport to have been?" JOHNSON. "Why, sir, we may suppose any fictitious character. We may suppose a philosophical day-labourer, who is happy in reflecting that, by his labour, he contributes to the fertility of the earth, and to the support of his fellow creatures; but we find no such philosophical day-labourer. A merchant may, perhaps, be a man of an enlarged mind; but there is nothing in trade connected with an enlarged mind."

I mentioned that I had heard Dr. Solander say he was a Swedish Laplander. JOHNSON. "Sir, I don't believe he is a Laplander. The Laplanders are not much above four feet high. He is as tall as you; and he has not the copper colour of a Laplander." BOSWELL. "But what motive could he have to make himself a Laplander?" JOHNSON. "Why, sir, he must either mean the word Laplander in a very extensive sense, or may mean a voluntary degradation of himself. 'For all my being the great man that you see me now, I was originally a Barbarian;' as if Burke should say, 'I came over a wild Irishman,'—which he might say in his present state of exaltation."

Having expressed a desire to have an island like Inchkenneth, Dr. Johnson set himself to think what would be necessary for a man in such a situation. "Sir, I should build me a fortification, if I came to live here, for, if you have it not, what should hinder a parcel of ruffians to land in the night, and carry off every thing you have in the house, which, in a remote country, would be more valuable than cows and sheep? add to all this the danger of having your throat cut." BOSWELL. "I would have a large dog." JOHNSON. "So you may, sir; but a large dog is of no use but to alarm." He, however, I apprehend, thinks too lightly of the power of that animal. I have heard him say, that he is afraid of no dog. "He would take him up by the hinder legs, which would render him quite helpless,—and then knock his head against a stone, and beat out his brains." Topham Beauclerk told me, that at his house in the country, two large ferocious dogs were fighting. Dr. Johnson looked steadily at them for a little while; and then, as one would separate two little boys who are foolishly hurting each other, he ran up to them, and cuffed their heads till he drove them asunder. But few men have his intrepidity, Herculean strength, or presence of mind. Most thieves or robbers would be afraid to encounter a mastiff.

I observed, that, when young Col talked of the lands belonging to his family, he always said "*my* lands." For this he had a plausible pretence; for he told me, there has been a custom in this family, that the laird resigns the estate to the eldest son when he comes of

age, reserving to himself only a certain life-rent. He said, it was a voluntary custom; but I think I found an instance in the charter-room that there was such an obligation in a contract of marriage. If the custom was voluntary, it was only curious; but if founded on obligation, it might be dangerous: for I have been told, that in Otaheité, whenever a child is born, (a son, I think), the father loses his right to the estate and honours, and that this unnatural, or rather absurd custom, occasions the murder of many children.

Young Col told us he could run down a greyhound; "for, said he, the dog runs himself out of breath, by going too quick, and then I get up with him." I accounted for his advantage over the dog, by remarking that Col had the faculty of reason, and knew how to moderate his pace, which the dog had not sense enough to do. Dr Johnson said, "He is a noble animal. He is as complete an islander as the mind can figure. He is a farmer, a sailor, a hunter, a fisher: he will run you down a dog: if any man has a *tail*, it is Col. He is hospitable, and he has an intrepidity of talk, whether he understands the subject or not. I regret that he is not more intellectual."

Dr. Johnson observed, that there was nothing of which he would not undertake to persuade a Frenchman in a foreign country. "I'll carry a Frenchman to St. Paul's Church-yard, and I'll tell him, 'by our law, you may walk half round the church; but, if you walk round the whole, you will be punished capitally.' and he would believe me at once. Now, no Englishman would readily swallow such a thing: he would go and inquire of somebody else." The Frenchman's credulity, I observed, must be owing to his being accustomed to implicit submission; whereas every Englishman reasons upon the laws of his country; and instructs his representatives who compose the legislature.

This day was passed in looking at a small island adjoining Inch-kenneth, which afforded nothing worthy of observation; and in such social and gay entertainments as our little society could furnish.

*Tuesday, 19th October.*

After breakfast we took leave of the young ladies, and of our excellent companion Col, to whom we had been so much obliged. He had now put us under the care of his Chief; and was to hasten back to Sky. We parted from him with very strong feelings of kindness and gratitude, and we hoped to have had some future opportunity of proving to him the sincerity of what we felt; but in the following

year he was unfortunately lost in the Sound between Ulva and Mull;<sup>1</sup> and this imperfect memorial, joined to the high honour of being tenderly and respectfully mentioned by Dr. Johnson, is the only return which the uncertainty of human events has permitted us to make to this deserving young man.

Sir Allan, who obligingly undertook to accompany us to Icolmkill, had a strong good boat, with four stout rowers.<sup>2</sup> We coasted along Mull till we reached Gibbon, where is what is called Mac-kinnon's cave, compared with which that at Ulinish is inconsiderable. It is in a rock of a great height close to the sea. Upon the left of its entrance there is a cascade, almost perpendicular from top to bottom of the rock. There is a tradition that it was conducted thither artificially, to supply the inhabitants of the cave with water. Dr. Johnson gave no credit to this tradition. As, on the one hand, his faith in the Christian religion is firmly founded upon good grounds, so, on the other, he is incredulous when there is no sufficient reason for belief, being in this respect just the reverse of modern infidels, who, however nice and scrupulous in weighing the evidences of religion, are yet often so ready to believe the most absurd and improbable tales of another nature, that Lord Hailes well observed, a good essay might be written *Sur la crédulité des Incrédules*.

The height of this cave I cannot tell with any tolerable exactness, but it seemed to be very lofty, and to be a pretty regular arch. We penetrated, by candlelight, a great way, by our measurement, no less than four hundred and eighty-five feet. Tradition says, that a piper and twelve men once advanced into this cave, nobody can tell how far, and never returned. At the distance to which we proceeded the air was quite pure, for the candle burnt freely, without the least appearance of the flame growing globular, but as we had only one, we thought it dangerous to venture further, lest, should it have been extinguished, we should have had no means of ascertaining whether we could remain without danger. Dr. Johnson said, this was the greatest natural curiosity he had ever seen.

We saw the island of Staffa, at no very great distance, but could not land upon it, the surge was so high on its rocky coast.

Sir Allan, anxious for the honour of Mull, was still talking of its *woods*, and pointing them out to Dr. Johnson, as appearing at a

<sup>1</sup> The catastrophe occurred on September 25. The party were crossing a ferry for Mull, "and having dined in a friend's house," says the account, "the melancholy accident happened on their return. Four out of the nine, including the host, were saved by a ferry-boat." Boswell, in his

notes on "Johnson's Tour" (*apud* Croker), says that his wife wept when she heard the news.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Walter Scott saw the ruins of the huts at Inchkeneth where Johnson had been received. Some remnants of the paper-hangings were still on the wall.

distance on the skirts of that island, as we sailed along. JOHNSON. "Sir, I saw at Tobermorie what they called a wood, which I unluckily took for *heath*. If you shew me what I shall take for *furze*, it will be something."

In the afternoon we went ashore on the coast of Mull, and partook of a cold repast, which we carried with us. We hoped to have procured some rum or brandy for our boatmen and servants, from a public-house near where we landed; but unfortunately a funeral a few days before had exhausted all their store. Mr. Campbell, however, one of the Duke of Argyle's tacksmen, who lived in the neighbourhood, on receiving a message from Sir Allan, sent us a liberal supply.

We continued to coast along Mull, and passed by Nun's Island, which it is said belonged to the nuns of Icolmkill, and from which, we were told, the stone for the buildings there was taken. As we sailed along by moonlight, in a sea somewhat rough, and often between black and gloomy rocks, Dr. Johnson said, "If this be not *roving among the Hebrides*, nothing is." The repetition of words which he had so often previously used, made a strong impression on my imagination; and, by a natural course of thinking, led me to consider how our present adventures would appear to me at a future period.

I have often experienced, that scenes through which a man has passed, improve by lying in the memory: they grow mellow. *Acti labores sunt jucundi*. This may be owing to comparing them with present listless ease. Even harsh scenes acquire a softness by length of time; and some are like very loud sounds, which do not please, or at least do not please so much, till you are removed to a certain distance. They may be compared to strong coarse pictures, which will not bear to be viewed near. Even pleasing scenes improve by time, and seem more exquisite in recollection, than when they were present; if they have not faded to dimness in the memory. Perhaps, there is so much evil in every human enjoyment, when present,—so much dross mixed with it, that it requires to be refined by time; and yet I do not see why time should not melt away the good and the evil in equal proportions;—why the shade should decay, and the light remain in preservation.

After a tedious sail, which, by our following various turnings of the coast of Mull, was extended to about forty miles, it gave us no

*Second Edition.*—On line 27 this note: "I have lately observed that this thought has been elegantly expressed by Cowley:

'Things which offend when present, and affright,  
In memory, well painted, move delight.'

small pleasure to perceive a light in the village at Icolmkill, in which almost all the inhabitants of the island live, close to where the ancient buildings stood. As we approached the shore, the tower of the cathedral, just discernible in the air, was a picturesque object.

When we had landed upon this sacred place, which, as long as I can remember, I had thought on with veneration, Dr. Johnson and I cordially embraced. We had long talked of visiting Icolmkill, and, from the lateness of the season, were at times very doubtful whether we should be able to effect our purpose. To have seen it, even alone, would have given me great satisfaction; but the venerable scene was rendered much more pleasing by the company of my great and pious friend, who was no less affected by it than I was; and who has described the impressions it should make on the mind, with such strength of thought, and energy of language, that I shall quote his words, as conveying my own sensations much more forcibly than I am capable of doing

“WE were now treading that illustrious Island, which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge, and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible, if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish, if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me, and from my friends, be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona!”\*

Upon hearing that Sir Allan M'Lean was arrived, the inhabitants, who still consider themselves as the people of M'Lean, to whom the island formerly belonged, though the Duke of Argyle has at present possession of it, ran eagerly to him.

We were accommodated this night in a large barn, the island affording no lodging that we should have liked so well. Some good hay

\* Had our Tour produced nothing else but this sublime passage, the world must have acknowledged that it was not made in vain. The present respectable President of the Royal Society<sup>1</sup> was so much struck on reading it, that he clasped his hands together, and remained for some time in an attitude of silent admiration.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Joseph Banks.

was strewed at one end of it, to form a bed for us, upon which we lay with our clothes on; and we were furnished with blankets from the village. Each of us had a portmanteau for a pillow. When I awaked in the morning, and looked round me, I could not help smiling at the idea of the Chief of the M'Leans, the great English Moralist, and myself, lying thus extended in such a situation.

*Wednesday, 20th October.*

Early in the morning we surveyed the remains of antiquity at this place, accompanied by an illiterate fellow, as Cicerone, who called himself a descendant of a cousin of Saint Columba, the founder of the religious establishment here. As I knew that many persons had already examined them, and as I saw Dr. Johnson inspecting and measuring several of the ruins of which he has since given so full an account, my mind was quiescent, and I resolved to stroll among them at my ease, to take no trouble to investigate minutely, and only receive the general impression of solemn antiquity, and the particular ideas of such objects as should of themselves strike my attention.

We walked from the Monastery of Nuns to the great church or cathedral, as they call it, along an old broken causeway. They told us, that this had been a street; and that there were good houses built on each side. Dr. Johnson doubted if it was any thing more than a paved road for the nuns. The Convent of Monks, the great church, Oran's chapel, and four other chapels, are still to be discerned. But I must own that Icolmkill did not answer my expectations; for they were high, from what I had read of it, and still more from what I had heard and thought of it, from my earliest years. Dr. Johnson said, it came up to his expectations, because he had taken his impression from an account of it subjoined to Sacheverel's "History of the Isle of Man," where it is said, there is not much to be seen here. We were both disappointed, when we were shewn what are called the monuments of the Kings of Scotland, Ireland, and Denmark, and of a King of France. There are only some grave-stones flat on the earth, and we could see no inscriptions. How far short was this of marble monuments, like those in Westminster-Abbey, which I had imaged here! The grave-stones of Sir Allan M'Lean's family, and of that of M'Quarrie, has as good an appearance as the royal ones; if they were royal, which we doubted.

*Second Edition* — Lines 38, 39: "as the royal ones; if they were royal, which we doubted" altered to "as the royal grave-stones; if they were royal, we doubted."

My easiness to give credit to what I heard in the course of our Tour, was too great. Dr. Johnson's peculiar accuracy of investigation detected much traditional fiction, and many gross mistakes. It is not to be wondered at, that he was provoked by people carelessly telling him, with the utmost readiness and confidence, what he found, on questioning them a little more, was erroneous. Of this there were innumerable instances.

I left him and Sir Allan at breakfast in our barn, and stole back again to the cathedral, to indulge in solitude and devout meditation. While contemplating the venerable ruins, I reflected with much satisfaction, that the solemn scenes of piety never lose their sanctity and influence, though the cares and follies of life may prevent us from visiting them, or may even make us fancy that their effects are only "as yesterday, when it is past," and never again to be perceived. I hoped, that, ever after having been in this holy place, I should maintain an exemplary conduct. One has a strange propensity to fix upon some point of time from whence a better course of life may begin.

Being desirous to visit the opposite shore of the island, where Saint Columba is said to have landed, I procured a horse from one M'Ginnis, who ran along as my guide. The M'Ginnises are said to be a branch of the clan of M'Lean. Sir Allan had been told that this man had refused to send him some rum, at which the knight was in great indignation. "You rascal! (said he,) don't you know that I can hang you, if I please?" Not adverting to the Chieftain's power over his clan, I imagined that Sir Allan had known of some capital crime that the fellow had committed, which he could discover, and so get him condemned; and said, "How so?" "Why, (said Sir Allan,) are they not all my people?" Sensible of my inadvertency, and most willing to contribute what I could towards the continuation of feudal authority, "Very true," said I. Sir Allan went on: "Refuse to send rum to me, you rascal! Don't you know that, if I order you to go and cut a man's throat, you are to do it?" "Yes, an't please your honour! and my own too, and hang myself too." The poor fellow denied that he had refused to send the rum. His making these professions was not merely a pretence in presence of his Chief, for after he and I were out of Sir Allan's hearing, he told me, "Had he sent his dog for the rum, I would have given it: I would cut my bones for him." It was very remarkable to find such an attachment to a Chief, though he had then no connection with the island, and had not been there for fourteen years. Sir Allan, by way of upbraiding the fellow, said, "I believe you are a Campbell."



The place which I went to see is about two miles from the village. They call it Portawherry, from the wherry in which Columba came; though, when they shew the length of his vessel, as marked on the beach by two heaps of stones, they say, "Here is the length of the Currach," using the Erse word.

Icolmkill is a fertile island. The inhabitants export some cattle and grain; and, I was told, they import nothing but iron and salt. They are industrious, and make their own woollen and linen cloth; and they brew a good deal of beer, which we did not find in any of the other islands.

We set sail again about mid-day, and in the evening landed on Mull, near the house of the Reverend Mr. Neil McLeod, who, having been informed of our coming, by a message from Sir Allan, came out to meet us. We were this night very agreeably entertained at his house. Dr. Johnson observed to me, that he was the cleanest-headed man that he had met with in the Western Islands. He seemed to be well acquainted with Dr. Johnson's writings, and courteously said, "I have been often obliged to you, though I never had the pleasure of seeing you before."

He told us, he had lived for some time in St. Kilda, under the tuition of the minister or catechist there; and had there first read Horace and Virgil. The scenes which they describe must have been a strong contrast to the dreary waste around him.

*Thursday, 21st October.*

This morning the subject of politicks was introduced. JOHNSON. "Pulteney was as paltry a fellow as could be. He was a Whig, who pretended to be honest; and you know it is ridiculous for a Whig to pretend to be honest. He cannot hold it out." He called Mr. Pitt a meteor: Sir Robert Walpole a fixed star. He said, "It is wonderful to think that all the force of government was required to prevent Wilkes from being chosen the chief magistrate of London, though the liverymen knew he would rob their shops. —knew he would debauch their daughters?"\*

\* I think it incumbent on me to make some observation on this strong satirical sally on my classical companion, Mr. Wilkes. Reporting it lately from memory, in his presence, I expressed it thus:—"They knew he would rob their shops, *if he durst*; they knew he would debauch their daughters, *if he could*," which, according to the French phrase, may be said *rencherir* on Dr. Johnson; but on looking into my Journal, I found it as above, and would by no means make any addition. Mr. Wilkes received both readings with a good humour that I cannot enough admire. Indeed both he and I (as, with respect to myself, the reader has more than

BOSWELL. "The History of England is so strange, that, if it were not so well vouched as it is, it would hardly be credible."

JOHNSON. "Sir, if it were told as shortly, and with as little preparation for introducing the different events, as the History of the Jewish Kings, it would be equally liable to objections of improbability." Mr. M'Leod was much pleased with the justice and novelty of the thought. Dr. Johnson illustrated what he had said, as follows: "Take, as an instance, Charles the First's concessions to his parliament, which were greater and greater, in proportion as the parliament grew more insolent, and less deserving of trust. Had these concessions been related nakedly, without any detail of the circumstances which gradually led to them, they would not have been believed."

Sir Allan M'Lean bragged, that Scotland had the advantage of England, by its having more water. JOHNSON "Sir, we would not have your water, to take the vile bogs which produce it. You have too much! A man who is drowned has more water than either of us," and then he laughed (But this was surely robust sophistry; for the people of taste in England, who have seen Scotland, own that its variety of rivers and lakes make it naturally more beautiful than England, in that respect.) Pursuing his victory over Sir Allan, he proceeded. "Your country consists of two things, stone and water. There is, indeed, a little earth above the stone in some places, but a very little; and the stone is always appearing. It is like a man in rags; the naked skin is still peeping out."

He took leave of Mr M'Leod, saying, "Sir, I thank you for your entertainment, and your conversation."

Mr. Campbell, who had been so polite yesterday, came this morning on purpose to breakfast with us, and very obligingly furnished us with horses to proceed on our journey to Mr M'Clean's or Lochbuy, where we were to pass the night. We dined at the house

once had occasion to observe in the course of this Journal,) are too fond of a *bon-mot* not to relish it, though we should be ourselves the object of it.<sup>1</sup>

Let me add, in justice to the gentleman here mentioned, that, at a subsequent period, he *was* elected chief magistrate of London, and discharged the duties of that high office with great honour to himself, and advantage to the city. Some years before Dr. Johnson died, I was fortunate enough to bring him and Mr Wilkes together: the consequence of which was, that they were ever afterwards on easy, and not unfriendly terms. The particulars I shall have great pleasure in relating at large in my LIFE OF DR. JOHNSON

*Second Edition.*—Line 12: "gradually" altered to "generally."

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<sup>1</sup> "When Wilkes and I sat together each glass of wine produced a flash of wit, like gunpowder thrown into the fire. Put! puff!"—*Boswelliana*

of Dr. Alexander M'Lean, another physician in Mull, who was so much struck with the uncommon conversation of Dr. Johnson, that he observed to me, "This man is just a *hogshead* of sense."

Dr. Johnson said of the "Turkish Spy," which lay in the room, that it told nothing but what every body might have known at that time; and that what was good in it, did not pay you for the trouble of reading to find it.

After a very tedious ride, through what appeared to me the most gloomy and desolate country I had ever beheld, we arrived, between seven and eight o'clock, at Moy, the seat of the Laird of Lochbuy *Buy*, in Erse, signifies yellow, and I at first imagined that the loch or branch of the sea here, was thus denominated, in the same manner as the *Red Sea*; but I afterwards learnt it derived its name from a hill above it, which, being of a yellowish hue, has the epithet of *Buy*.

We had heard much of Lochbuy's being a great roaring braggadocio, a kind of Sir John Falstaff, both in size and manners; but we found that they had swelled him up to a fictitious size, and clothed him with imaginary qualities. Col's idea of him was equally extravagant, though very different: he told us, he was quite a Don Quixote; and said, he would give a great deal to see him and Dr. Johnson together. The truth is, that Lochbuy proved to be only a bluff, comely, noisy old gentleman, proud of his hereditary consequence, and a very hearty and hospitable landlord. Lady Lochbuy was sister to Sir Allan M'Lean, but much older. He said to me, "They are quite *Antediluvians*." Being told that Dr. Johnson did not hear well, Lochbuy bawled out to him, "Are you of the Johnstons of Glencro, or of Ardnamurchan?" Dr. Johnson gave him a significant look, but made no answer;<sup>1</sup> and I told Lochbuy that he was not *Johnston*, but *Johnson*, and that he was an Englishman.

Lochbuy some years ago tried to prove himself a weak man, liable to imposition, or, as we term it in Scotland, a *facile* man, in order to set aside a lease which he had granted; but failed in the attempt. On my mentioning this circumstance to Dr. Johnson, he seemed much surprized that such a suit was admitted by the Scottish law, and observed, that "in England no man is allowed to *stultify* himself."

*Second Edition.*—On last line, this note: "This maxim, however, has been controverted. See Blackstone's COMMENTARIES, Vol. II. p. 291; and the authorities there quoted."

<sup>1</sup> "There was a tradition in the island," Mr. Carruthers says, "that the old laird, on hearing that Johnson was connected

with neither family, said bluntly, '*Then you must be a bastard.*'"

Sir Allan, Lochbuy, and I, had the conversation chiefly to ourselves to-night: Dr Johnson, being extremely weary, went to bed soon after supper.

*Friday, 22d October.*

Before Dr. Johnson came to breakfast, Lady Lochbuy said, "he was a *dungeon* of wit," a very common phrase in Scotland to express a profoundness of intellect, though he afterwards told me, that he had never heard it. She proposed that he should have some cold sheep's-head for breakfast. Sir Allan seemed displeas'd at his sister's vulgarity, and wonder'd how such a thought should come into her head. From a mischievous love of sport, I took the lady's part; and very gravely said, "I think it is but fair to give him an offer of it. If he does not choose it, he may let it alone." "I think so," said the lady, looking at her brother with an air of victory. Sir Allan, finding the matter desperate, strutted about the room, and took snuff. When Dr Johnson came in, she call'd to him, "Do you choose any cold sheep's-head, sir?" "No, MADAM," said he, with a tone of surprise and anger. "It is here, sir," said she, supposing he had refus'd it to save the trouble of bringing it in. They thus went on at cross purposes, till he confirm'd his refusal in a manner not to be misunderstand'd; while I sat quietly by, and enjoy'd my success.

After breakfast, we survey'd the old castle, in the pit or dungeon of which Lochbuy had some years before taken upon him to imprison several persons, and though he had been fin'd in a considerable sum by the Court of Justiciary, he was so little affect'd by it, that, while we were examining the dungeon, he said to me, with a smile, "Your father knows something of this," (alluding to my father's having sat as one of the judges on his trial.) Sir Allan whisper'd me, that the laird could not be persuad'd, that he had lost his heritable jurisdiction.

We then set out for the ferry, by which we were to cross to the mainland of Argyleshire. Lochbuy and Sir Allan accompanied us. We were told much of a war-saddle, on which this reputed Don Quixote used to be mounted; but we did not see it, for the young laird had apply'd it to a less noble purpose, having taken it to Falkirk fair with a drove of black cattle.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The young laird, when serving in America lost his life, in consequence of a dispute about carving a duck. This recalls Sterne's father, who was run

through the body when serving at Jamaica, owing to a dispute about a goose.

We bade adieu to Lochbuy, and to our very kind conductor Sir Allan M'Lean, on the shore of Mull, and then got into the ferry-boat, the bottom of which was strewed with branches of trees or bushes, upon which we sat. We had a good day, and a fine passage, and in the evening landed at Oban, where we found a tolerable inn. After having been so long confined at different times in islands, from which it was always uncertain when we could get away, it was comfortable to be now on the main land, and to know that, if in health, we might get to any place in Scotland or England in a certain number of days.

Here we discovered, from the conjectures which were formed, that the people on the main land were entirely ignorant of our motions; for in a Glasgow news-paper we found a paragraph, which, as it contains a just and well-turned compliment to my illustrious friend, I shall here insert :

“We are well assured that Dr. Johnson is confined by tempestuous weather to the isle of Sky; it being unsafe to venture, in a small boat, upon such a stormy surge as is very common there at this time of the year. Such a philosopher, detained on an almost barren island, resembles a whale left upon the strand. The latter will be welcome to every body, on account of his oil, his bone, &c., and the other will charm his companions, and the rude inhabitants, with his superior knowledge and wisdom, calm resignation, and unbounded benevolence.”

*Saturday, 23<sup>d</sup> October.*

After a good night's rest, we breakfasted at our leisure. We talked of Goldsmith's "Traveller," of which Dr. Johnson spoke highly; and, while I was helping him on with his great coat, he repeated from it the character of the English nation, which he did with such energy, that the tears started into his eye.

We could get but one bridle here, which, according to the maxim

*Second Edition.*—After line 30, read —

“Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,  
With daring aims irregularly great,  
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,  
I see the lords of human kind pass by,  
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,  
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from nature's hand;  
Fierce in their native hardness of soul,  
True to imagin'd right above control,  
While ev'n the peasant boasts these rights to scan,  
And learns to venerate himself as man.”

*detur digniori*, was appropriated to Dr. Johnson's sheltie I and Joseph rode with halters. We crossed in a ferry-boat a pretty wide lake, and on the further side of it, close by the shore, found a hut for our inn. We were much wet. I changed my clothes in part, and was at pains to get myself well dried. Dr. Johnson resolutely kept on all his clothes, wet as they were, letting them steam before the smoky turf fire. I thought him in the wrong; but his firmness was, perhaps, a species of heroism.

I remember but little of our conversation. I mentioned Shennstone's saying of Pope, that he had the art of condensing sense more than any body. Dr. Johnson said, "It is not true, sir. There is more sense in a line of Cowley than in a page (or a sentence, or ten lines,—I am not quite certain of the very phrase) of Pope." He maintained, that Archibald, Duke of Argyle, was a narrow man. I wondered at this; and observed, that his building so great a house at Inveraray was not like a narrow man. "Sir, (said he,) when a narrow man has resolved to build a house, he builds it like another man. But Archibald, Duke of Argyle, was narrow in his ordinary expences, in his quotidian expences."

The distinction is very just. It is in the ordinary expences of life that a man's liberality or narrowness is to be discovered. I never heard the word *quotidian* in this sense, and I imagined it to be a word of Dr. Johnson's own fabrication; but I have since found it in Dr. Young's "Night Thoughts," (Night fifth,)

"Death's a destroyer of quotidian prey"

and in my friend's Dictionary, supported by the authorities of Charles I. and Dr. Donne.

It rained very hard as we journeyed on after dinner. The roar of torrents from the mountains, as we passed along in the dusk, and the other circumstances attending our ride this evening, have been mentioned with so much animation by Dr. Johnson, that I shall not attempt to say any thing on the subject

We got at night to Inveraray, where we found an excellent inn. Even here, Dr. Johnson would not change his wet clothes.

The prospect of good accommodation cheered us much. We supped well; and after supper, Dr. Johnson, whom I had not seen taste any fermented liquor during all our travels, called for a gill of whisky. "Come, (said he,) let me know what it is that makes a Scotsman happy!" He drank it all but a drop, which I begged leave to pour into my glass, that I might say we drank whisky together. I proposed Mrs. Thrale should be our toast. He would not have *her* drunk in whisky, but rather "some insular lady:" so

we drank one of the ladies whom we had lately left. He owned to-night, that he got as good a room and bed as at an English inn.

I had here the pleasure of finding a letter from home, which relieved me from the anxiety I had suffered, in consequence of not having received any account of my family for many weeks. I also found a letter from Mr. Garrick, which was a regale as agreeable as a pine-apple would be in a desert. He had favoured me with his correspondence for many years; and when Dr. Johnson and I were at Inverness, I had written to him as follows:

“Inverness, Sunday, 29 August, 1773

“MY DEAR SIR,—Here I am, and Mr. Samuel Johnson actually with me. We were a night at Fores, in coming to which, in the dusk of the evening, we passed over the bleak and blasted heath where Macbeth met the witches. Your old preceptor repeated, with much solemnity, the speech—

‘How far is’t call’d to Fores? What are these,  
So wither’d, and so wild in their attire, &c.

This day we visited the ruins of Macbeth’s castle at Inverness. I have had great romantick satisfaction in seeing Johnson upon the classical scenes of Shakspeare in Scotland; which I really looked upon as almost as improbable as that ‘Barnam wood should come to Dunsinane.’ Indeed, as I have always been accustomed to view him as a permanent London object, it would not be much more wonderful to me to see St. Paul’s church moving along where we now are. As yet we have travelled in post-chaises, but to-morrow we are to mount on horseback, and ascend into the mountains by Fort Augustus, and so on to the ferry, where we are to cross to Sky. We shall see that Island fully, and then visit some more of the Hebrides; after which we are to land in Argyleshire, proceed by Glasgow to Auchinleck, repose there a competent time, and then return to Edinburgh, from whence the “Rambler” will depart for old England again, as soon as he finds it convenient. Hitherto, we have had a very prosperous expedition. I flatter myself, *servetur ad inum, qualis ab incepto processerit*. He is in excellent spirits, and I have a rich journal of his conversation. Look back, Davy,\* to Lichfield,—run up through the time that has elapsed since you first knew Mr. Johnson,—and enjoy with me his present extraordinary Tour. I could not resist the impulse of writing to you from

\* I took the liberty of giving this familiar appellation to my celebrated friend, to bring in a more lively manner to his remembrance the period when he was Dr. Johnson’s pupil.

this place. The situation of the old castle corresponds exactly to Shakspeare's description. While we were there to-day, it happened oddly, that a raven perched upon one of the chimney tops, and croaked. Then, I in my turn repeated

'The raven himself is hoarse,  
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan,  
Under my battlements'

"I wish you had been with us. Think what enthusiastick happiness I shall have to see Mr. Samuel Johnson walking among the romantick rocks and woods of my ancestors at Auchinleck! Write to me at Edinburgh. You owe me his verses on great George and tuneful Cibber, and the bad verses which led him to make his fine ones on Philips the musician. Keep your promise, and let me have them. I offer my very best compliments to Mrs. Garrick, and ever am

"Your warm admirer and friend,

"JAMES BOSWELL.

"To DAVID GARRICK, Esq., London."

His answer was as follows:

"Hampton, Sept. 14, 1773

"DEAR SIR, - You stole away from London, and left us all in the lurch; for we expected you one night at the club, and knew nothing of your departure. Had I paid you what I owed you, for the book you bought for me, I should only have grieved for the loss of your company, and slept with a quiet conscience; but, wounded as it is, it must remain so till I see you again, though I am sure our good friend Mr. Johnson will discharge the debt for me, if you will let him. Your account of your journey to Fores, the raven, old castle, &c. &c. made me half mad. Are you not rather too late in the year for fine weather, which is the life and soul of seeing places? I hope your pleasure will continue *qualis ab inepto*, &c.

"Your friend ——<sup>1</sup> threatens me much. I only wish that he would put his threats in execution, and, if he prints his play, I will forgive him. I remember he complained to you, that his bookseller called for the money for some copies of his ——,<sup>2</sup> which I subscribed for, and that I desired him to call agam. The truth is, that my wife was not at home, and that for weeks together I have not ten shillings in my pocket. However, had it been other-

<sup>1</sup> Mickle. The name is furnished in a letter of Johnson's to Mrs. Thale.

<sup>2</sup> Lusiad.



wise, it was not so great a crime to draw his poetical vengeance upon me. I despise all that he can do, and am glad that I can so easily get rid of him and his ingratitude. I am hardened both to abuse and ingratitude.

"You, I am sure, will no more recommend your poetasters to my civility and good offices.

"Shall I recommend to you a Play of Eschylus, (the 'Prometheus,') published and translated by poor old Morell, who is a good scholar, and an acquaintance of mine? It will be but half a guinea, and your name shall be put in the list I am making for him. You will be in very good company.

"Now for the Epitaphs!

[*These, together with the verses on George the Second, and Colley Cibber, as his Poet Laureat, of which imperfect copies have gone about, will appear in my Life of Dr. Johnson*]

"I have no more paper, or I should have said more to you My love and respects to Mr. Johnson.

"Your's ever,

"D. GARRICK.

"I can't write I have the gout in my hand

"To JAMES BOSWELL, Esq. *Edinburgh.*"

*Sunday, 24th October.*

We passed the forenoon calmly and placidly. I prevailed on Dr. Johnson to read aloud Ogden's sixth Sermon on Prayer, which he did with a distinct expression, and pleasing solemnity. He praised my favourite preacher, his elegant language and remarkable acuteness; and said, he fought infidels with their own weapons.

As a specimen of Ogden's manner, I insert the following passage from the sermon which Dr. Johnson now read. The preacher, after arguing against that vain philosophy which maintains, in conformity with the hard principle of eternal necessity, or unchangeable predetermination, that the only effect of prayer for others, although we are exhorted to pray for them. is to produce good dispositions in ourselves towards them; thus expresses himself:

"A plain man might be apt to ask, But if this then, though enjoined in the holy scriptures, is to be my real aim and intention, when I am taught to pray for other persons, why is it that I do not plainly so express it? Why is not the form of the petition brought

nearer to the meaning? Give them, say I to our heavenly father, what is good. But this, I am to understand, will be as it will be, and is not for me to alter. What is it then that I am doing? I am desiring to become charitable myself; and why may I not plainly say so? Is there shame in it, or impiety? The wish is laudable: why should I form designs to hide it?

“Or is it, perhaps, better to be brought about by indirect means, and in this artful manner? Alas! who is it that I would impose on? From whom can it be, in this commerce, that I desire to hide any thing? When, as my saviour commands me, I have *entered into my closet, and shut my door*, there are but two parties privy to my devotions, GOD and my own heart; which of the two am I deceiving?”

He wished to have more books, and, upon inquiring if there were any in the house, was told that a waiter had some, which were brought to him; but I recollect none of them, except Hervey's “Meditations.” He thought slightly of this admired book. He treated it with ridicule, and would not allow even the scene of the dying Husband and Father to be pathetic. I am not an impartial judge; for Hervey's “Meditations” engaged my affections in my early years. He read a passage concerning the moon, ludicrously, and shewed how easily he could, in the same style, make reflections on that planet, the very reverse of Hervey's, representing her as treacherous to mankind. He did this with much humour; but I have not preserved the particulars. He then indulged a playful fancy, in making a *Meditation on a pudding*, of which I hastily wrote down, in his presence, the following note; which, though imperfect, may serve to give my readers some idea of it.

#### MEDITATION ON A PUDDING.

“LET us seriously reflect of what a pudding is composed. It is composed of flour that once waved in the golden grain, and drank the dews of the morning; of milk pressed from the swelling udder by the gentle hand of the beautiful milk-maid, whose beauty and innocence might have recommended a wiser draught; who, while she stroked the udder, indulged no ambitious thoughts of wandering in palaces, formed no plans for the destruction of her fellow-creatures: milk, which is drawn from the cow, that useful animal, that eats the grass of the field, and supplies us with that which made the greatest part of the food of mankind in the age which the poets have agreed to call golden. It is made with an egg, that miracle of

nature, which the theoretical Burnet has compared to creation. An egg contains water within its beautiful smooth surface; and an unformed mass, by the incubation of the parent, becomes a regular animal, furnished with bones and sinews, and covered with feathers. Let us consider; can there be more wanting to complete the Meditation on a Pudding? If more is wanting, more may be found. It contains salt, which keeps the sea from putrefaction: salt, which is made the image of intellectual excellence, contributes to the formation of a pudding."

In a magazine I found a saying of Dr. Johnson's, something to this purpose; that the happiest part of a man's life is what he passes lying awake in bed in the morning. I read it to him. He said, "I may, perhaps, have said this; for nobody, at times, talks more laxly than I do." I ventured to suggest to him, that this was dangerous from one of his authority.

I spoke of living in the country, and upon what footing one should be with neighbours. I observed that some people were afraid of being on too easy a footing with them, from an apprehension that their time would not be their own. He made the obvious remark, that it depended much on what kind of neighbours one has, whether it was desirable to be on an easy footing with them, or not. I mentioned a certain baronet, who told me, he never was happy in the country, till he was not on speaking terms with his neighbours, which he contrived in different ways to bring about. "Lord ——— (said he) stuck long, but at last the fellow pounded my pigs, and then I got rid of him." JOHNSON. "Nay, sir, my Lord got rid of Sir John, and shewed how little he valued him, by putting his pigs in the pound"<sup>1</sup>

I told Dr. Johnson I was in some difficulty how to act at Inveraray. I had reason to think that the Duchess of Argyle<sup>2</sup> disliked me, on account of my zeal in the Douglas cause; but the Duke of Argyle had always been pleased to treat me with great civility.<sup>3</sup> They were now at the castle, which is a very short walk from our inn; and the question was, whether I should go and pay my respects there? Dr. Johnson, to whom I had stated the case, was clear that I ought; but, in his usual way, he was very shy of discovering a desire to be invited there himself. Though, from a conviction of the benefit of subordination to society, he has always

<sup>1</sup> This seems like what the wild Sir John Laide would do

<sup>2</sup> One of the beautiful Gunnings.

<sup>3</sup> It was the duke who said to Boswell's

father, in 1760, "My lord, I like your son; this boy must not be shot at for three-and-sixpence a day."—*Boswelliana*.

shewn great respect to persons of high rank, when he happened to be in their company, yet his pride of character has ever made him guard against any appearance of courting the great. Besides, he was impatient to get to Glasgow, where he expected letters. At the same time he was, I believe, secretly not unwilling to have attention paid him by so great a Chieftain, and so exalted a nobleman. He insisted I should not go to the castle this day before dinner, as it would look like seeking an invitation. "But, said I, if the duke invites us to dine with him to-morrow, shall we accept?" "Yes, sir," I think he said, "to be sure." But, he added, "He won't ask us!" I mentioned, that I was afraid my company might be disagreeable to the duchess. He treated this objection with a manly disdain: "*That*, sir, he must settle with his wife." We dined well. I went to the castle just about the time when I supposed the ladies would be retired from dinner. I sent in my name, and, being shewn in, found the amiable duke sitting at the head of his table with several gentlemen. I was most politely received, and gave his grace some particulars of the curious journey which I had been making with Dr. Johnson. When we rose from table, the duke said to me, "I hope you and Dr. Johnson will dine with us to-morrow." I thanked his grace; but told him, my friend was in a great hurry to get back to London. The duke, with a kind complacency, said, "He will stay one day; and I will take care he shall see this place to advantage." I said, I should be sure to let him know his grace's invitation. As I was going away, the duke said, "Mr. Boswell, won't you have some tea?" I thought it best to get over the meeting with the duchess this night; so respectfully agreed. I was conducted to the drawing-room by the duke, who announced my name; but the duchess, who was sitting with her daughter, Lady Betty Hamilton, and some other ladies, took not the least notice of me. I should have been mortified at being thus coldly received by a lady of whom I, with the rest of the world, have always entertained a very high admiration, had I not been consoled by the obliging attention of the duke.

When I returned to the inn, I informed Dr. Johnson of the Duke of Argyle's invitation, with which he was much pleased, and readily accepted of it. We talked of a violent contest which was then carrying on, with a view to the next general election for Ayrshire; where one of the candidates, in order to undermine the old and established interest, had artfully held himself out as a champion for the independency of the county against aristocratick influence, and had persuaded several gentlemen into a resolution to oppose every candidate who was supported by peers. "Foolish fellows!" (said

Dr. Johnson,) don't they see that they are as much dependent upon the peers one way as the other. The peers have but to *oppose* a candidate, to ensure him success. It is said, the only way to make a pig go forward, is to pull him back by the tail. These people must be treated like pigs."

*Monday, 25th October.*

My acquaintance, the Reverend Mr. John M'Aulay, one of the ministers of Inveraray, and brother to our good friend at Calder, came to us this morning, and accompanied us to the castle, where I presented Dr. Johnson to the Duke of Argyle. We were shewn through the house; and I never shall forget the impression made upon my fancy by some of the ladies' maids tripping about in neat morning dresses. After seeing for a long time little but rusticity, their lively manner, and gay inviting appearance, pleased me so much, that I thought, for the moment, I could have been a knight-errant for them.\*

We then got into a low one-horse chair, ordered for us by the duke, in which we drove about the place. Dr. Johnson was much struck by the grandeur and elegance of this princely seat. He said, "What I admire here, is the total defiance of expence." I had a particular pride in shewing him a great number of fine old trees, to compensate for the nakedness which had made such an impression on him on the eastern coast of Scotland. He thought the castle too low, and wished it had been a story higher.

When we came in, before dinner, we found the duke and some gentlemen in the hall. Dr. Johnson took much notice of the large collection of arms, which are excellently disposed there. I told what he had said to Sir Alexander M'Donald, of his ancestors not suffering their arms to rust. "Well, (said the doctor,) but let us be glad we live in times when arms *may* rust. We can sit to-day at his grace's table, without any risk of being attacked, and perhaps sitting down again wounded or maimed." The duke placed Dr. Johnson next himself at table. I was in fine spirits; and though sensible that I had the misfortune of not being in favour with the duchess, I was not in the least disconcerted, and offered her grace

\* On reflection, at the distance of several years, I wonder that my venerable fellow-traveller should have read this passage without censuring my levity.

*Second Edition.*—Lines 23, 24: "He thought the castle too low," &c., transposed to line 19, and inserted after "seat."

*Ibid.*—Line 23: after "thought," "however" inserted.

some of the dish that was before me. It must be owned that I was in the right to be quite unconcerned, if I could. I was the Duke of Argyle's guest; and I had no reason to suppose that he adopted the prejudices and resentments of the Duchess of Hamilton.

I knew it was not the rule of modern high life to drink to any body; but, that I might have the satisfaction for once to look the duchess in the face, with a glass in my hand, I with a respectful air addressed her, "My Lady Duchess, I have the honour to drink your grace's good health." I repeated the words audibly, and with a steady countenance. This was, perhaps, rather too much; but some allowance must be made for human feelings.

The duchess was very attentive to Dr. Johnson. I know not how a *middle state* came to be mentioned. Her grace wished to hear him on that point. "Madam, (said he,) your own relation, Mr. Archibald Campbell, can tell you better about it than I can. He was a bishop of the nonjuring communion, and wrote a book upon the subject." He engaged to get it for her grace. He afterwards gave a full history of Mr. Archibald Campbell, which I am sorry I do not recollect particularly. He said, Mr. Campbell had been bred a violent Whig, but afterwards "kept *better company*, and became a Tory." He said this with a smile, in pleasant allusion, as I thought, to the opposition between his own political principles and those of the duke's clan. He added, that Mr. Campbell, after the Revolution, was thrown into jail on account of his tenets; but, on application by letter to the old Lord Townshend, was released: that he always spoke of his lordship with great gratitude, saying, "though a *Whig*, he had humanity."

Dr. Johnson and I passed some time together, in June 1784, at Pembroke college, Oxford, with the Reverend Dr. Adams, the master; and I having expressed a regret that my note relative to Mr. Archibald Campbell was imperfect, he was then so good as to write with his own hand, on the blank page of my Journal opposite

*Second Edition.*—On line 16, this note:—"As this book is now become very scarce, I shall subjoin the title, which is curious:

"The Doctrines of a Middle State between Death and the Resurrection: Of Prayers for the Dead: And the Necessity of Purification; plainly proved from the holy Scriptures, and the Writings of the Fathers of the Primitive Church: and acknowledged by several learned Fathers and Great Divines of the Church of England and others since the Reformation. To which is added, an Appendix concerning the Descent of the Soul of Christ into Hell, while his Body lay in the Grave. Together with the Judgment of the Reverend Dr. Hickes concerning this Book, so far as relates to a Middle State, particular Judgment, and Prayers for the Dead as it appeared in the first Edition. And a Manuscript of the Right Reverend Bishop Overall upon the Subject of a Middle State, and never before printed. Also, a Preservative against several of the Errors of the Roman Church, in six small Treatises. By the Honourable Archibald Campbell. Folio, 1721."

to that which contained what I have now mentioned, the following paragraph ; which, however, is not quite so full as the narrative he gave at Inveraray :

“ *The Honourable Archibald Campbell was, I believe, the nephew of the Marquis of Argyle. He began life by engaging in Monmouth's rebellion, and, to escape the law, lived some time in Surinam. When he returned, he became zealous for episcopacy and monarchy : and at the Revolution adhered not only to the Nonjurors, but to those who refused to communicate with the Church of England, or to be present at any worship where the usurper was mentioned as king. He was, I believe, more than once apprehended in the reign of King William, and once at the accession of George. He was the familiar friend of Hicke and Nelson ; a man of letters, but injudicious ; and very curious and inquisitive, but credulous. He lived in 1743, or 44, about 75 years old.*”

The subject of luxury was introduced. Dr. Johnson defended it. “ We have now (said he,) a splendid dinner before us ; Which of all these dishes is unwholesome ?” The duke asserted, that he had observed the grandees of Spain diminished in their size by luxury. Dr. Johnson politely refrained from opposing directly an observation which the duke himself had made, but said, “ Man must be very different from other animals, if he is diminished by good living ; for the size of all other animals is increased by it.” I made some remark that seemed to imply a belief in *second sight*. The duchess said, “ I fancy you will be a *Methodist*.” This was the only sentence her grace deigned to utter to me ; and I take it for granted, she thought it a good hit on my *credulity* in the Douglas cause.

A gentleman in company, after dinner, was desired by the duke to go to another room, for a specimen of curious marble, which his grace wished to shew us. He brought a wrong piece, upon which the duke sent him back again. He could not refuse ; but, to avoid any appearance of servility, he whistled as he walked out of the room, to shew his independency. On my mentioning this afterwards to Dr. Johnson, he said, it was a nice trait of character.

Dr. Johnson talked a great deal, and was so entertaining, that Lady Betty Hamilton, after dinner, went and placed her chair close to his, leaned upon the back of it, and listened eagerly. It would have made a fine picture to have drawn the Sage and her at this time in their several attitudes. He did not know, all the while

how much he was honoured. I told him afterwards. I never saw him so gentle and complaisant as this day.

We went to tea. The duke and I walked up and down the drawing-room, conversing. The duchess still continued to shew the same marked coldness for me; for which, though I suffered from it, I made every allowance, considering the very warm part that I had taken for Douglas, in the cause in which she thought her son deeply interested. Had not her grace discovered some displeasure towards me, I should have suspected her of insensibility or dissimulation.

Her grace made Dr Johnson come and sit by her, and asked him why he made his journey so late in the year. "Why, madam, (said he,) you know Mr. Boswell must attend the Court of Session, and it does not rise till the twelfth of August" She said, with some sharpness, "I know nothing of Mr. Boswell." Poor Lady Lucy Douglas, to whom I mentioned this, observed, "She knew too much of Mr. Boswell" I shall make no remark on her grace's speech I indeed felt it as rather too severe; but when I recollected that my punishment was inflicted by so dignified a beauty, I had that kind of consolation which a man would feel who is strangled by a *silken cord*. Dr. Johnson was all attention to her grace. He used afterwards a droll expression, upon her enjoying the three titles of Hamilton, Brandon, and Argyle. Borrowing an image from the Turkish empire, he called her a *Duchess with three tails*.

He was much pleased with our visit at the castle of Inveraray. The Duke of Argyle was exceedingly polite to him, and, upon his complaining of the shelties which he had hitherto ridden being too small for him, his grace told him he should be provided with a good horse to carry him next day.

Mr. John M'Aulay<sup>1</sup> passed the evening with us at our inn. When Dr. Johnson spoke of people whose principles were good, but whose practice was faulty, Mr. M'Aulay said, he had no notion of people being in earnest in their good professions, whose practice was not suitable. The Doctor grew warm, and said, "Sir, are you so grossly ignorant of human nature, as not to know that a man may be very sincere in good principles, without having good practice?"

Dr. Johnson was unquestionably in the right; and whoever examines himself candidly, will be satisfied of it, though the

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<sup>1</sup> Grandfather of the late Lord Macaulay.



inconsistency between principles and practice is greater in some men than in others.

I recollect very little of this night's conversation. I am sorry that indolence came upon me towards the conclusion of our journey, so that I did not write down what passed with the same assiduity as during the greatest part of it.

*Tuesday, 26th October.*

Mr. M'Aulay breakfasted with us, nothing hurt or dismayed by his last night's correction. Being a man of good sense, he had a just admiration of Dr. Johnson.

Either yesterday morning, or this, I communicated to Dr. Johnson, from Mr. M'Aulay's information, the news that Dr. Beattie had got a pension of two hundred pounds a year. He sat up in his bed, clapped his hands, and cried, "O brave we!" a peculiar exclamation of his when he rejoices.\*

As we sat over our tea, Mr. Home's Tragedy of "Douglas" was mentioned. I put Dr. Johnson in mind, that once, in a coffee-house, at Oxford, he called to old Mr. Sheridan, "How came you, sir, to give Home a gold medal for writing that foolish play?" and defied Mr. Sheridan to shew ten good lines in it. He did not insist they should be together; but that there were not ten good lines in the whole play. He now persisted in this. I endeavoured to defend that pathetick and beautiful tragedy, and repeated the following passage:

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"Sincerity,  
Thou first of virtues! let no mortal leave  
Thy onward path, although the earth should gape,  
And from the gulph of hell destruction cry,  
To take dissimulation's winding way."

JOHNSON. "That will not do, Sir. Nothing is good but what is consistent with truth or probability, which this is not. Juvenal, indeed, gives us a noble picture of inflexible virtue:

*'Esto bonus miles, tutor bonus, arbiter idem  
Integer: ambiguae si quando citabere testis,  
Incertaeque rei, Phalaris licet imperet, ut sis*

\* Having mentioned, more than once, that my Journal was perused by Dr. Johnson, I think it proper to inform my readers that this is the last paragraph which he read.

*Falsus, et admoto dictet perjuriam lauro,  
Summum crede nefas animam præferre pudori,  
Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.'"*

He repeated the lines with great force and dignity; then added, 'And, after this, comes Johnny Home, with his *earth gaping*, and his *destruction crying*.—Pooh!"

While we were lamenting the number of ruined religious buildings which we had lately seen, I spoke with peculiar feeling of the miserable neglect of the chapel belonging to the palace of Holyrood-house, in which are deposited the remains of many of the Kings of Scotland, and of many of our nobility. I said, it was a disgrace to the country that it was not repaired; and particularly complained that my friend Douglas, the representative of a great house, and proprietor of a vast estate, should suffer the sacred spot where his mother lies interred, to be unroofed, and exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather. Dr. Johnson, who, I know not how, had formed an opinion on the Hamilton side, in the Douglas cause, slyly answered, "Sir, sir, don't be too severe upon the gentleman; don't accuse him of want of filial piety! Lady Jane Douglas was not *his* mother." He roused my zeal so much, that I took the liberty to tell him he knew nothing of the cause, which I do most seriously believe was the case.

We were now "in a country of bridles and saddles," and set out fully equipped. The Duke of Argyle was obliging enough to mount Dr. Johnson on a stately steed from his grace's stable. My friend was highly pleased, and Joseph said, "He now looks like a bishop."

We dined at the inn at Tarbat, and at night came to Rosedow,

*Second Edition.*—On line 3 this note:—

"An honest guardian, arbitrator just,  
Be thou; thy station deem a sacred trust.  
With thy good sword maintain thy country's cause;  
In every action venerate its laws:  
The he suborn'd if falsely urg'd to swear,  
Though torture wait thee, torture firmly bear;  
To forfeit honour, think the highest shame,  
And life too dearly bought by lost of fame;  
Nor to preserve it, with thy virtue give  
That for which only man should wish to live.

"For this and the other translations to which no signature is affixed, I am indebted to the friend whose observations are mentioned in the notes, pp. 66, and 416."<sup>1</sup>

*Third Edition* —On line 6 this note:—"I am sorry that I was unlucky in my quotation. But notwithstanding the acuteness of Dr. Johnson's criticism, and the power of his ridicule, the Tragedy of 'Douglas' still continues to be generally and deservedly admired."

<sup>1</sup> No doubt Mr. Malone.

the beautiful seat of Sir James Colquhoun, on the banks of Lochlond, where I, and any friends whom I have introduced, have ever been received with kind and elegant hospitality.

*Wednesday, 27th October.*

When I went into Dr. Johnson's room this morning, I observed to him how wonderfully courteous he had been at Inveraray, and said, "You was quite a fine gentleman, when with the duchess." He answered, in good humour, "Sir, I look upon myself as a very polite man:" and he was right, in a proper manly sense of the word. As an immediate proof of it, let me observe, that he would not send back the Duke of Argyle's horse without a letter of thanks, which I copied.

*To his Grace the Duke of ARGYLE.*

"MY LORD,—That kindness which disposed your grace to supply me with the horse, which I have now returned, will make you pleased to hear that he has carried me well.

"By my diligence in the little commission with which I was honoured by the duchess, I will endeavour to shew how highly I value the favours which I have received, and how much I desire to be thought,

"My lord,

"Your grace's most obedient,

"And most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"Rosedow, Oct. 29, 1773."

The duke was so attentive to his respectable guest, that on the same day, he wrote him an answer, which was received at Auchinleck :

*To Dr. JOHNSON, Auchinleck, Ayrshire.*

"SIR,—I am glad to hear your journey from this place was not unpleasant, in regard to your horse. I wish I could have supplied you with good weather, which I am afraid you felt the want of.

"The Duchess of Argyle desires her compliments to you, and is much obliged to you for remembering her commission. I am, sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"ARGYLE.

"Inveraray, Oct. 29, 1773."

I am happy to insert every memorial of the honour done to my great friend. Indeed, I was at all times desirous to preserve the letters which he received from eminent persons, of which, as of all other papers, he was very negligent; and once proposed to him, that they should be committed to my care, as his *Custos Rotularum*.

I wish he had complied with my request, as by that means many valuable writings might have been preserved, that are now lost.\*

After breakfast, Dr. Johnson and I were furnished with a boat, and sailed about upon Lochlomond, and landed on some of the islands which are interspersed. He was much pleased with the scene, which is so well known by the accounts of various travellers, that it is unnecessary for me to attempt any description of it.

I recollect none of his conversation, except that, when talking of dress, he said, "Sir, where I to have any thing fine, it should be very fine. Were I to wear a ring, it should not be a bauble, but a stone of great value. Were I to wear a laced or embroidered waistcoat, it should be very rich. I had once a very rich laced waistcoat, which I wore the first night of my tragedy."

Lady Helen Colquhoun<sup>1</sup> being a very pious woman, the conversation, after dinner, took a religious turn. Her ladyship defended the presbyterian mode of publick worship; upon which Dr. Johnson delivered those excellent arguments for a form of prayer which he has introduced into his "Journey." I am myself fully convinced that a form of prayer for publick worship is in general most decent and edifying. *Solennia verba* have a kind of prescriptive sanctity, and make a deeper impression on the mind than extemporaneous effusions, in which, as we not know what they are to be, we cannot readily acquiesce. Yet I would allow also of a certain portion of extempore address, as occasion may require. This is the practice of the French Protestant churches. And although the office of forming supplications to the throne of heaven is, in my mind, too great a trust to be indiscriminately committed to the discretion of every minister, I do not mean to deny, that sincere devotion may be experienced when joining in prayer with those who use no Liturgy.

*Second Edition.*—Line 4: For "once proposed" read "I once proposed."

\* As a remarkable instance of his negligence, I remember some years ago to have found lying loose in his study, and without the cover which contained the address, a letter to him from Lord Thulow, to whom he had made an application, as Chancellor, in behalf of a poor literary friend. It was expressed in such terms of respect for Dr. Johnson, that, in my zeal for his reputation, I remonstrated warmly with him on his strange inattention, and obtained his permission to take a copy of it; by which it has probably been preserved, as the original I have reason to suppose is lost.

<sup>1</sup> Daughter of Lord Strathnaver, son to the Earl of Sutherland.

We were favoured with Sir James Colquhoun's coach to convey us in the evening to Cameron, the seat of Commissary Smollet. Our satisfaction at finding ourselves again in a comfortable carriage was very great. We had a pleasing conviction of the commodiousness of civilization, and heartily laughed at the ravings of those absurd visionaries who have attempted to persuade us of the superior advantages of a *state of nature*.

Mr. Smollet was a man of considerable learning, with abundance of animal spirits; so that he was a very good companion for Dr. Johnson, who said to me, "We have had more solid talk here than at any place where we have been."

I remember Dr. Johnson gave us this evening an able and eloquent discourse on the *Origin of Evil*, and on the consistency of moral evil with the power and goodness of God. He shewed us how it arose from our free agency, an extinction of which would be a still greater evil than any we experience. I know not that he said any thing absolutely new, but he said a great deal wonderfully well; and perceiving us to be delighted and satisfied, he concluded his harangue with an air of benevolent triumph over an objection which has distressed many worthy minds: "This then is the answer to the question, Ποθεν το Κακον?" Mrs. Smollet whispered me, that it was the best sermon she had ever heard. Much do I upbraid myself for having neglected to preserve it.

*Thursday, 28th October.*

Mr. Smollet pleased Dr. Johnson, by producing a collection of news-papers in the time of the Usurpation, from which it appeared that all sorts of crimes were very frequent during that horrible anarchy. By the side of the high road to Glasgow, at some distance from his house, he had erected a pillar to the memory of his ingenious kinsman, Dr. Smollet; and he consulted Dr. Johnson as to an inscription for it. Lord Kames, who, though he had a great store of knowledge, with much ingenuity, and uncommon activity of mind, was no profound scholar, had it seems recommended an English inscription.<sup>1</sup> Dr. Johnson treated this with

<sup>1</sup> A stroke of Lord Kames's at his friend and admirer is too good to be passed over. Boswell was one day complaining that he was sometimes dull. "Yes, yes," cried Lord Kames, "Homer

sometimes nods." Boswell being too much elated with this, my lord added, "Indeed, Sir, it is the only chance you have of resembling Homer."—*Boswelliana*, p. 13.

great contempt, saying, "An English inscription would be a disgrace to Dr. Smollet;" and, in answer to what Lord Kames had urged, as to the advantage of its being in English, because it would be generally understood, I observed, that all to whom Dr. Smollet's merit could be an object of respect and imitation, would understand it as well in Latin; and that surely it was not meant for the Highland drovers, or other such people, who pass and repass that way.

We were then shewn a Latin inscription, proposed for this monument. Dr. Johnson sat down with an ardent and liberal earnestness to revise it, and made such additions and variations as to form it almost entirely anew. I unfortunately did not take a copy of it, as it originally stood, but I have happily preserved every fragment of what Dr. Johnson wrote:

" *Quisquis ades, viator,*  
*Vel mente felix, vel studus cultus,*  
*Immorare paululum memorie*  
 TOBIÆ SMOLLET, M. D.  
*Viro<sup>1</sup> us virtutibus*  
*Quas in homine et cive,*  
*Et laudes, et imiteris*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
*Postquam mira \* \* \**  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
*Tali tantoque viro, suo patriæ,*  
 Se \* \* \* \* \*  
*Hanc columnam,*  
*Amoris eheu! inane monumentum,*  
*In ipsiæ Lætiæ ripis,*  
*Quas primis infans vagitibus personat,*  
*Versiculisque jam fere moriturus illustravit,*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
*Ponendam curavit*  
 \* \* "

*Second Edition.*—On last line, this note:—"The epitaph which has been inscribed on the pillar erected on the banks of the Leven, in honour of Dr. Smollet, is as follows. The part which was written by Dr. Johnson, it appears, has been altered; whether for the better, the reader will judge. The alterations are distinguished by *Italicks*.

"Siste viator!  
 Si lepores ingenique venam benignam,  
 Si morum callidissimum pictorem.

<sup>1</sup> Misprint, or a mistake of Boswell's, for "*vir*."

We had this morning a singular proof of Dr. Johnson's quick and retentive memory. Hay's translation of Martial was lying in a window. I said, I thought it was pretty well done, and shewed him a particular epigram of, I think ten, but am certain of eight, lines. He read it, and tossed away the book, saying—"No, it is *not* pretty well." As I persisted in my opinion, he said, "Why, sir, the original is thus,—(and he repeated it;) and this man's translation is thus:—and then he repeated that also, exactly, though he had never seen it before, and read it over only once, and that too, without any intention of getting it by heart.

Here a post-chaise, which I had ordered from Glasgow, came for us, and we drove on in high spirits. We stopped at Dunbarton, and though the approach to the castle there is very steep, Dr. Johnson ascended it with alacrity, and surveyed all that was to be seen. During the whole of our 'Tour he shewed uncommon spirit, could not bear to be treated like an old or infirm man, and was very unwilling to accept of any assistance, insomuch that, at our landing on Icolmkill, when Sir Allan M'Lean and I submitted to be carried on men's shoulders from the boat to the shore, as it could

Unquam es miratus,  
Immoiare paululum memoriæ  
**TOBIÆ SMOLLET, M. D.**  
Viri virtutibus *hæc*  
Quas in homine et cive  
Et laudes et imiteris,  
Haud mediocriter ornati :  
Qui in literis varii versatus,  
Postquam felicitate *sibi propria*  
Sese posteris commendaverat,  
Morte acerba raptus  
Anno ætatis 51,  
Eheu ! quam procul a patria !  
Prope Liburni portum in Italia,  
Jacet sepultus.  
Tali tantoque viro, patrueli suo,  
Cui in decursu lampada  
Se potius tradidisse decuit,  
Hanc Columnnam,  
Amoris, cheu ! inane monumentum  
In ipsis Levinæ ripis,  
Quas *versiculis sub exitu vitæ illustratas*  
Primis infans vagitibus personuit,  
Ponendam curavit  
**JACOBUS SMOLLET de Bonhill**  
Abi et reminiscere,  
Hoc quidem honore,  
Non modo defuncti memoriæ,  
Verum etiam exemplo, prospectum esse ;  
Aliis enim, si modo digni sint,  
Idem erit virtutis premium !<sup>o</sup>

not be brought quite close to land, he sprang into the sea, and waded vigorously out.

On our arrival at the Saracen's Head Inn, at Glasgow, I was made happy by good accounts from home; and Dr. Johnson, who had not received a single letter since we left Aberdeen, found here a great many, the perusal of which entertained him much. He enjoyed in imagination the comforts which we could now command, and seemed to be in high glee. I remember he put a leg up on each side of the grate, and said, with a mock solemnity, by way of soliloquy, but loud enough for me to hear it, "Here am I, an ENGLISH man, sitting by a *coal fire*!"

*Friday, 29th October.*

The professors of the university being informed of our arrival, Dr. Stevenson, Dr. Reid, and Mr. Anderson, breakfasted with us. Mr. Anderson accompanied us while Dr. Johnson viewed this beautiful city. He had told me, that one day in London, when Dr. Adam Smith was boasting of it, he turned to him and said, "Pray sir, have you ever seen Brentford?"<sup>1</sup> This was surely a strong instance of his impatience, and spirit of contradiction. I put him in mind of it to-day, while he expressed his admiration of the elegant buildings, and whispered him, "Don't you feel some remorse?"

We were received in the college by a number of the professors who shewed all due respect to Dr. Johnson; and then we paid a visit to the principal, Dr. Leechman, at his own house, where Dr. Johnson had the satisfaction of being told that his name had been gratefully celebrated in one of the parochial congregations in the Highlands, as the person to whose influence it was chiefly owing, that the New Testament was allowed to be translated into the Erse language. It seems some political members of the Society in Scotland for propagating Christian Knowledge, had opposed this pious undertaking, as tending to preserve the distinction between the Highlanders and Lowlanders. Dr. Johnson wrote a long letter upon the subject to a friend, which being shewn to them, made them ashamed, and afraid of being publicly exposed; so they were forced to a compliance. It is now in my possession, and is perhaps, one of the best productions of his masterly pen.

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<sup>1</sup> Sir Walter Scott says he heard from Professor Miller that Smith and Johnson actually met at Glasgow, and had an altercation on the subject of a letter on Hume's death; that Smith had said to Johnson, "You lie," and the other replied,

"You are the son of a ——." The story is also told in Moore's diary. It is improbable that such a *rencontre* could have escaped Boswell, and Professor Miller may have transferred the scene from London to Glasgow.



Professors Reid and Anderson, and the two Messieurs Foulis, the Elzevirs of Glasgow, dined and drank tea with us at our inn, after which the professors went away; and I, having a letter to write, left my fellow-traveller with Messieurs Foulis. Though good and ingenious men, they had that unsettled speculative mode of conversation which is offensive to a man regularly taught at an English school and university. I found that, instead of listening to the dictates of the Sage, they had teized him with questions and doubtful disputations. He came in a flutter to me, and desired I might come back again, for he could not bear these men. "O ho! sir, (said I,) you are flying to me for refuge!" He never, in any situation, was at a loss for a ready repartee. He answered, with quick vivacity, "It is of two evils choosing the least." I was delighted with this flash bursting from the cloud which hung upon his mind, closed my letter directly, and joined the company.

We supped at professor Anderson's. The general impression upon my memory is, that we had not much conversation at Glasgow, where the professors, like their bretheren at Aberdeen, did not venture to expose themselves much to the battery of cannon which they knew might play upon them. Dr. Johnson, who was fully conscious of his own superior powers, afterwards praised Principal Robertson for his caution in this respect. He said to me, "Robertson, sir, was in the right. Robertson is a man of eminence, and the head of a college at Edinburgh. He had a character to maintain, and did well not to risk its being lessened."

*Saturday, 30th October.*

We set out towards Ayrshire. I sent Joseph on to Loudoun, with a message, that, if the earl was at home, Dr. Johnson and I would have the honour to dine with him. Joseph met us on the road, and reported that the earl "*jumped for joy*," and said, "I shall be very happy to see them." We were received with a most pleasing courtesy by his lordship, and by the countess his mother, who, in her ninety-fifth year, had all her faculties quite unimpaired. This was a very cheering sight to Dr. Johnson, who had an extraordinary desire for long life. Her ladyship was sensible and well-informed, and had seen a great deal of the world. Her lord had held several high offices, and she was sister to the great Earl of Stair.

I cannot here refrain from paying a just tribute to the character of John Earl of Loudoun, who did more service to the county of

Ayr in general, as well as to individuals in it, than any man we have ever had. It is painful to think that he met with much ingratitude from persons both in high and low rank: but such was his temper, such his knowledge of "base mankind,"\* that, as if he had expected no other return, his mind was never soured, and he retained his good-humour and benevolence to the last. The tenderness of his heart was proved in 1745-6, when he had an important command in the Highlands, and behaved with a generous humanity to the unfortunate. I cannot figure a more honest politician; for, though his interest in our county was great, and had been generally successful, he not only did not deceive by fallacious promises, but was anxious that people should not deceive themselves by too sanguine expectations. His kind and dutiful attention to his mother was unremitted. At his house was true hospitality, a plain but a plentiful table, and every guest, being left at perfect freedom, felt himself quite easy and happy. While I live, I shall honour the memory of this amiable man.

At night, we advanced a few miles farther, to the house of Mr. Campbell of Treesbank, who was married to one of my wife's sisters, and were entertained very agreeably by a worthy couple.

*Sunday, 31st October.*

We reposed here in tranquillity. Dr. Johnson was pleased to find a numerous and excellent collection of books, which had mostly belonged to the Reverend Mr. John Campbell, brother of our host. I was desirous to have procured for my fellow-traveller, to-day, the company of Sir John Cuninghame, of Caprington, whose castle was but two miles from us. He was a very distinguished scholar, was long abroad, and part of the time lived much with the learned Cuninghame, the opponent of Bentley as a critick upon Horace. He wrote Latin with great elegance, and, what is very remarkable, read Homer and Ariosto through, every year. I wrote to him, to request he would come to us; but unfortunately he was prevented by indisposition.

*Monday, 1st November.*

Though Dr. Johnson was lazy, and averse to move, I insisted that he should go with me, and pay a visit to the Countess of

\* "The unwilling gratitude of base mankind." POPE.

Eglintoune,<sup>1</sup> mother of the late and present earl. I assured him, he would find himself amply recompensed for the trouble; and he yielded to my solicitations, though with some unwillingness. We were well mounted, and had not many miles to ride. He talked of the attention that is necessary in order to distribute our charity judiciously. "If thoughtlessly done, we may neglect the most deserving objects; and, as every man has but a certain proportion to give, if it is lavished upon those who first present themselves, there may be nothing left for such as have a better claim. A man should first relieve those who are nearly connected with him, by whatever tie; and then, if he has any thing to spare, may extend his bounty to a wider circle."

As we passed very near the castle of Dundonald, which was one of the many residencies of the kings of Scotland, and in which, Robert the Third was born, Dr. Johnson wished to survey it particularly. It stands on a beautiful rising ground, which is seen at a great distance on several quarters, and from whence there is an extensive prospect of the rich district of Cuninghame, the western sea, and the Isle of Arran. It has long been unroofed; and, though of considerable size, we could not, by any power of imagination, figure it as having been a suitable habitation for majesty. Dr. Johnson, to irritate my old Scottish enthusiasm, was very jocular on the homely accommodation of "King *Bob*," and roared and laughed till the ruins echoed.

Lady Eglintoune, though she was now in her eighty-fifth year, and had lived in the retirement of the country for almost half a century, was still a very agreeable woman. She was of the noble house of Kennedy, and had all the elevation which the consciousness of such birth inspires. Her figure was majestick, her manners high-bred, her reading extensive, and her conversation elegant. She had been the admiration of the gay circles of life, and the patroness of poets.<sup>2</sup> Dr. Johnson was delighted with his reception here. Her principles in church and state were congenial with his. She knew all his merit, and had heard much of him from her son,

*Second Edition* —Line 15: "Robert the Third was born" altered to "Robert the Second lived and died."

*Ibid.*—Line 19: "and a part of the northern coast of Ireland" added.

<sup>1</sup> One of the most famous toasts of the day. She retained some of her charms until an advanced age. Mr. Chambers says her favourite cosmetic was "sows' milk."

<sup>2</sup> Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd" was dedicated to her. The original MS. she presented to Mr. Boswell, and it is now in the Auchinleck library.

Earl Alexander, who loved to cultivate the acquaintance of men of talents, in every department.

All who knew his lordship, will allow that his understanding and accomplishments were of no ordinary rate. From the gay habits which he had early acquired, he spent too much of his time with men, and in pursuits, far beneath such a mind as his. He afterwards became sensible of it, and turned his thoughts to objects of importance, but was cut off in the prime of his life. I cannot speak, but with emotions of the most affectionate regret, of one, in whose company many of my early days were passed, and to whose kindness I was much indebted.

Often must I have occasion to upbraid myself, that, soon after our return to the main land, I allowed indolence to prevail over me so much, as to shrink from the labour of continuing my Journal with the same minuteness as before, sheltering myself in the thought, that we had done with the Hebrides, and not considering, that Dr. Johnson's *Memorabilia* were likely to be the more valuable when we were restored to a more polished society. Much has thus been irrecoverably lost.

In the course of our conversation this day, it came out, that Lady Eglintoune was married the year before Dr. Johnson was born; upon which she graciously said to him, that she might have been his mother, and that she now adopted him; and when we were going away, she embraced him, saying, "My dear son, farewell!" My friend was much pleased with this day's entertainment, and owned that I had done well to force him out.

*Tuesday, 2d November.*

We were now in a country not only "*of saddles and bridles,*" but of post-chaises; and having ordered one from Kilmarnock, we got to Auchinleck before dinner.

My father was not quite a year and a half older than Dr. Johnson; but his conscientious discharge of his laborious duty as a judge in Scotland, where the law proceedings are almost all in writing,—a severe complaint which ended in his death,—and the loss of my mother, a woman of almost unexampled piety and goodness,<sup>1</sup>—had before this time in some degree affected his spirits, and

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<sup>1</sup> As we have seen, he had married a second time; but Mr. Boswell lived on bad terms with his stepmother, and perhaps intended this as an indirect stroke at her.

rendered him less disposed to exert his faculties; for he had originally a very strong mind, and cheerful temper. He assured me he never had felt one moment of what is called low spirits, or uneasiness without a real cause. He had a great many good stories, which he told uncommonly well, and he was remarkable for "humour, *incolumi gravitate*," as Lord Monboddo used to characterise it. His age, his office, and his character, had long given him an acknowledged claim to great attention, in whatever company he was; and he could ill brook any diminution of it. He was as sanguine a Whig and presbyterian, as Dr. Johnson was a Tory, and church of England man: and as he had not much leisure to be informed of Dr. Johnson's great merits, by reading his works, he had a partial and unfavourable notion of him, founded on his supposed political tenets; which were so discordant to his own, that, instead of speaking of him with that respect to which he was entitled, he used to call him "a *Jacobite fellow*."<sup>1</sup> Knowing all this, I should not have ventured to bring them together, had not my father, out of kindness to me, desired me to invite Dr. Johnson to his house.

I was very anxious that all should be well; and begged of my friend to avoid three topics, as to which they differed very widely, Whiggism, Presbyterianism, and — Sir John Pringle. He said courteously, "I shall certainly not talk on subjects which I am told are disagreeable to a gentleman under whose roof I am; especially, I shall not do so to *your father*."

Our first day went off very smoothly. It rained, and we could not get out; but my father shewed Dr. Johnson his library, which, in curious editions of the Greek and Roman classics is, I suppose,

<sup>1</sup> Here is a less official sketch from the *Boswelliana*:—"Lord Auchinleck and his son were very different men. My lord was solid and composed, Boswell was light and restless. My lord rode very slow, Boswell was one day impatient to get on, and begged my lord to ride a little faster, 'for,' said he, 'it is not the exercise that fatigues me, but the lingering on a beast.' His father replied, 'What's the matter, man, how a chield hings, if he dinna hing upon a gallows?'" "My father had all along so firm, so dry a mind, that religious principles, however carefully inculcated by his father and mother, and however constantly they remained on the surface, never incorporated with his thoughts. . . . He was one of the most firm and indefatigable judges that ever lived. . . . He once said.

"The great point for a judge is to conduct a case with safety and expedition, like a skilful pilot. The agents always endeavour to keep a cause afloat, but I keep my eye upon the haven, and the moment I have got her fairly in order, I give one hearty push, and then she is landed."

It is worth noting here that the deed of entail which, as we have seen, caused Mr. Boswell and his father so much trouble and anxiety, met with a disastrous fate so lately as 1851. Mr. Carruthers tells us, it was discovered that some important words had been written over an erasure, which made the whole invalid, and the proprietor, Sir James Boswell, had full power to sell, settle, or dispose of the estate in any way he pleased.

not excelled by any private collection in Great Britain. My father had studied at Leyden, and been very intimate with the Gronovii, and other learned men there. He was a sound scholar, and, in particular, had collated manuscripts and different editions of Anacreon, and others of the Greek Lyrick poets, with great care; so that my friend and he had much matter for conversation without touching on the fatal topicks of difference.

Dr. Johnson found here Baxter's Anacreon, which he told me he had long inquired for in vain, and began to suspect there was no such book. Baxter was the keen antagonist of Barnes. His life is in the "*Biographia Britannica*." My father has written many notes on this book, and Dr. Johnson and I talked of having it reprinted.

*Wednesday, 3d November.*

It rained all day, and gave Dr. Johnson an impression of that incommodiousness of climate in the west, of which he has taken notice in his Journey; but, being well accommodated, and furnished with variety of books, he was not dissatisfied.

Some gentlemen of the neighbourhood came to visit my father; but there was little conversation. One of them asked Dr. Johnson, how he liked the Highlands. The question seemed to irritate him, for he answered, "How, sir, can you ask me what obliges me to speak unfavourably of a country where I have been hospitably entertained? Who *can* like the Highlands?—I like the inhabitants very well."<sup>1</sup> The gentleman asked no more questions.

Let me now make up for present neglect, by again gleaning from the past. At Lord Monboddo's, after the conversation upon the decrease of learning in England, his lordship mentioned "Hermes" by Mr. Harris of Salisbury, as the work of a living authour, for whom he had a great respect. Dr. Johnson said nothing at the time; but when we were in our post-chaise, told me, he thought Harris "a coxcomb." This he said of him, not as a man, but as an authour; and I give his opinions of men and books, faithfully, whether they agree with my own, or not. I do admit, that there always appeared to me something of affectation in Mr. Harris's manner of writing; something of a habit of clothing plain thoughts in analytick and categorical formality. But all his writings are

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<sup>1</sup> This speech got into the Scotch newspapers of the day.

imbued with learning; and all breathe that philanthropy and amiable disposition, which distinguished him as a man.\*

At another time, during our Tour, he drew the character of a rapacious Highland Chief, with the strength of Theophrastus or La Bruyere; concluding with these words: "Sir, he has no more the soul of a Chief, than an attorney who has twenty houses in a street, and considers how much he can make by them."<sup>1</sup>

He this day, when we were by ourselves, observed, how common it was for people to talk from books; to retail the sentiments of others, and not their own; in short, to converse without any originality of thinking. He was pleased to say, "You and I do not talk from books."

*Thursday, 4th November.*

I was glad to have at length a very fine day, on which I could shew Dr. Johnson the *Place* of my family, which he has honoured with so much attention in his Journey. He is, however, mistaken in thinking that the Celtick name, Auchinleck, has no relation to the natural appearance of it. I believe every Celtick name of a place will be found very descriptive. *Auchinleck* does not signify a *stony field*, as he has said, but a *field of flag-stones*; and this place has a number of rocks, which abound in strata of that kind. The "sullen dignity of the old castle," as he has forcibly expressed it, delighted him exceedingly. On one side of the rock on which its ruins stand, runs the river Lugar, which is here of considerable breadth, and is bordered by other high rocks, shaded with wood. On the other side runs a brook, skirted in the same manner, but on a smaller scale. It is impossible to figure a more romantick scene.<sup>2</sup>

\* This gentleman, though devoted to the study of grammar and dialecticks, was not so absorbed in it as to be without a sense of pleasantry, or to be offended at his favourite topicks being treated lightly. I one day met him in the street, as I was hastening to the House of Lords, and told him. I was sorry I could not stop, being rather too late to attend an appeal of the Duke of Hamilton against Douglas. "I thought (said he) their contest had been over long ago." I answered, "The contest concerning Douglas's filiation was over long ago; but the contest now is, who shall have the estate." Then, assuming the air of "an ancient sage philosopher," I proceeded thus: "Were I to *predicate* concerning him, I should say, the contest formerly was, *What is he?* The contest now is, *What has he?*"—"Right, (replied Mr. Harris, smiling,) you have done with *quality*, and have got into *quantity*."

*Second Edition.*—Line 27: *Read* "I cannot figure," &c.

<sup>1</sup> No doubt the penurious Sir A. Macdonald.

<sup>2</sup> "The view here," says Mr. Grose, "is extremely beautiful, the river running

down a deep, rocky, and well-wooded glen. Woods, particularly the fir, seem to thrive here, some firs in the garden measuring nearly six feet in height. In

I felt myself elated here, and expatiated to my illustrious Mentor on the antiquity and honourable alliances of my family, and on the merits of its founder, Thomas Boswell, who was highly favoured by his sovereign James IV. of Scotland, and fell with him at the battle of Floddon-field; and, in the glow of what, I am sensible, will, in a commercial age, be considered as genealogical enthusiasm, did not omit to mention, what I was sure my friend would not think lightly of, my relation to the Royal Personage, whose liberality, on his accession to the throne, had given him comfort and independence. I have, in a former page, acknowledged my pride of ancient blood, in which I was encouraged by Dr. Johnson: my readers therefore will not be surprized at my having indulged it on this occasion.

Not far from the old castle is a spot of consecrated earth, on which may be traced the foundations of an ancient chapel, dedicated to St. Vincent, and where, in old times, was the "place of graves" for the family. It grieves me to think that the remains of sanctity here, which were considerable, were dragged away, and employed in building a part of the house of Auchinleck, of the middle age; which was the family residence, till my father erected that "elegant modern mansion," of which Dr. Johnson speaks so handsomely. Perhaps this chapel may one day be restored.

Dr. Johnson was pleased, when I shewed him some venerable old trees, under the shade of which my ancestors had walked. He exhorted me to plant assiduously, as my father had done to a great extent.

As I wandered with my revered friend in the groves of Auchinleck, I told him, that, if I survived him, it was my intention to erect a monument to him here, among scenes which, in my mind, were all classical; for in my youth I had appropriated to them many of the descriptions of the Roman poets. He could not bear to have death presented to him in any shape; for, his constitutional melancholy made the king of terrors more frightful. He turned off the subject, saying, "Sir, I hope to see your grand-children!"

This forenoon he observed some cattle without horns, of which he has taken notice in his Journey, and seems undecided whether they be of a particular race. My learned friend's doubts appear to

the adjacent grounds there are the walls of a later mansion, seemingly of the time of Mary or James VI. These, though at present unroofed, might easily be made habitable. They at present belong to James Boswell, Esq., well-

known to the public by several ingenious publications. He resides in a handsome seat adjoining." There is a picture of the Auchinleck ruins given in the "Antiquities of Scotland."



have had no foundation; for my respectable neighbour, Mr. Fairlie, who, with all his attention to agriculture, finds time both for the classicks and his friends, assures me they are a distinct species, and that, when any of their calves have horns, a mixture of breed can be traced. In confirmation of his opinion, he pointed out to me the following passage in Tacitus,—“*Ne armentis quidem suus honor, aut gloria frontis;*” (De mor. Germ. § 5.) which he wondered had escaped Dr. Johnson.

On the front of the house of Auchinleck is this inscription :

“ ———— *Quod petis, hic est ;  
Est Ulubris ; animus si te non deficit æquus.*”

It is characteristick of the founder; but the *animus æquus* is, alas! not inheritable, nor the subject of devise. He always talked to me as if it were in a man's own power to attain it; but Dr. Johnson told me that he owned to him, when they were alone, his persuasion that it was in a great measure constitutional, or the effect of causes which do not depend on ourselves, and that Horace boasts too much, when he says, *æquum mi animum ipse parabo.*

*Friday, 5th November.*

The Reverend Mr. Dun, our parish minister, who had dined with us yesterday, with some other company, insisted that Dr. Johnson and I should dine with him to-day. This gave me an opportunity to shew my friend the road to the church, made by my father at a great expence, for above three miles, through a range of well enclosed farms, with a row of trees on each side of it. He called it the *Via sacra*, and was very fond of it. Mr. Dun, though a man of sincere good principles, as a presbyterian divine, discovered a narrowness of information concerning the dignitaries of the church of England, among whom may be found men of the greatest learning, virtue, and piety, and of a truly apostolick character. He talked before Dr. Johnson, of fat bishops and drowsy deans; and, in short, seemed to believe the illiberal and profane scoffings of professed satyrists, or vulgar railers. Dr. Johnson was so highly

*Second Edition.*—From line 26, altered to “Dr. Johnson, though he held notions far distant from those of the Presbyterian clergy, yet could associate on good terms with them. He, indeed, occasionally attacked them. One of them discovered a narrowness of principle,” &c.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This alteration was no doubt made in consequence of the remonstrances of the clergyman whose name had been given.

offended, that he said to him, "Sir, you know no more of our church than a Hottentot." I was sorry that he brought this upon himself.

*Saturday, 6th November.*

I cannot be certain, whether it was on this day, or a former, that Dr. Johnson and my father came in collision. If I recollect right, the contest began while my father was shewing him his collection of medals; and Oliver Cromwell's coin unfortunately introduced Charles the First, and Toryism. They became exceedingly warm, and violent, and I was very much distressed by being present at such an altercation between two men, both of whom I revered; yet I durst not interfere. It would certainly be very unbecoming in me to exhibit my honoured father, and my respected friend, as intellectual gladiators, for the entertainment of the publick, and therefore I suppress what would, I dare say, make an interesting scene in this dramattick sketch,—this account of the transit of Johnson over the Caledonian Hemisphere.

Yet I think I may, without impropriety, mention one circumstance, as an instance of my father's address. Dr. Johnson challenged him, as he did us all at Talisker, to point out any theological works of merit written by Presbyterian ministers in Scotland. My father, whose studies did not lie much in that way, owned to me afterwards, himself, that he was somewhat at a loss how to answer, but that luckily he recollected having read in catalogues the title of "Durham on the Galatians;" upon which he boldly said, "Pray, sir, have you read Mr. Durham's excellent commentary on the Galatians?" "No, sir," said Dr. Johnson. By this lucky thought my father kept him at bay, and for some time enjoyed his triumph, but his antagonist soon made a retort, which I forbear to mention.<sup>1</sup>

In the course of their altercation, Whiggism and Presbyterianism, Toryism and Episcopacy, were terribly buffeted. My worthy hereditary friend, Sir John Pringle, never having been mentioned, happily escaped without a bruise.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Walter Scott (*ap. Croker*) records one passage of the quarrel. When Johnson asked what good Cromwell had ever done to his country, the judge replied, "God I doctor, he gart kings ken that they had a lithe in their necks." His contemptuous complaint of his son is well known: "There's nae hope for

Jamie, mon; Jamie is gaen clean gyte wi' the land-louping scoundriel of a Corsican: and whose tail do you think he has pawnd himself to now, mon? A *dominie*, mon—an auld dominie: he kept a schùle and cau'd it an acadamy."

My father's opinion of Dr. Johnson may be conjectured from the name he afterwards gave him, which was URSA MAJOR. But it is not true, as has been reported, that it was in consequence of my saying that he was a *constellation* of genius and literature. It was a sly abrupt expression to one of his brethren on the bench of the Court of Session, in which Dr. Johnson was then standing; but it was not said in his hearing.

*Sunday, 7th November.*

My father and I went to publick worship in our parish-church, in which I regretted that Dr. Johnson would not join us; for, though we have there no form of prayer, nor magnificent solemnity, yet, as God is worshipped in spirit and in truth, and the same doctrines preached as in the church of England, my friend would certainly have shewn more liberality, had he attended. I doubt not, however, but he employed his time in private to very good purpose. His uniform and fervent piety was manifested on many occasions during our Tour, which I have not mentioned. His reason for not joining in Presbyterian worship, has been recorded in a former page.\*

*Monday, 8th November.*

Notwithstanding the altercation that had passed, my father, who had the dignified courtesy of an old Baron, was very civil to Dr. Johnson, and politely attended him to the post-chaise, which was to convey us to Edinburgh.

Thus they parted. They are now in another, and a higher, state of existence: and as they were both worthy christian men, I trust they have met in happiness. But I must observe, in justice to my friend's political principles, and my own, that they have met in a place where there is no room for *Whiggism*.

We came at night to a good inn at Hamilton. I recollect no more.

*Tuesday, 9th November.*

I wished to have shewn Dr. Johnson the Duke of Hamilton's house, commonly called the *Palace* of Hamilton, which is close by the town. It is an object which, having been pointed out to me as

a splendid edifice, from my earliest years, in travelling between Auchinleck and Edinburgh, has still great grandeur in my imagination. My friend consented to stop, and view the outside of it, but could not be persuaded to go into it.

We arrived this night at Edinburgh, after an absence of eighty-three days. For five weeks together, of the tempestuous season, there had been no account received of us. I cannot express how happy I was on finding myself again at home.

*Wednesday, 10th November.*

Old Mr. Drummond, the bookseller, came to breakfast. Dr. Johnson and he had not met for ten years. There was respect on his side, and kindness on Dr. Johnson's. Soon afterwards Lord Elibank came in, and was much pleased at seeing Dr. Johnson in Scotland. His lordship said, "hardly any thing seemed to him more improbable." Dr. Johnson had a very high opinion of him. Speaking of him to me, he characterized him thus: "Lord Elibank has read a great deal. It is true, I can find in books all that he has read; but he has a great deal of what is in books, proved by the test of real life." Indeed, there have been few men whose conversation discovered more knowledge enlivened by fancy. He published several small pieces of distinguished merit; and has left some in manuscript, in particular an account of the expedition against Carthagena, in which he served as an officer in the army. His writings deserve to be collected. He was the early patron of Dr. Robertson, the historian, and Mr. Home, the tragick poet; who, when they were ministers of country parishes, lived near his seat. He told me, "I saw these lads had talents, and they were much with me." I hope they will pay a grateful tribute to his memory.

The morning was chiefly taken up by Dr. Johnson's giving him an account of our Tour. The subject of difference in political principles was introduced. JOHNSON. "It is much increased by opposition. There was a violent Whig, with whom I used to contend with great eagerness. After his death I felt my Toryism much abated." I suppose he meant Mr. Walmsley, of Lichfield, whose character he has drawn so well in his "Life of Edmund Smith."

Mr. Nairne came in, and he and I accompanied Dr. Johnson to Edinburgh castle, which he owned was "a great place." But I must mention, as a striking instance of that spirit of contradiction to which he had a strong propensity, when Lord Elibank was

some days after talking of it with the natural elation of a Scotchman, or of any man who is proud of a stately fortress in his own country, Dr. Johnson affected to despise it, observing, that "it would make a good *prison* in ENGLAND."

Lest it should be supposed that I have suppressed one of his sallies against my country, it may not be improper here to correct a mistaken account that has been circulated, as to his conversation this day. It has been said, that, being desired to attend to the noble prospect from the Castle-hill, he replied, "Sir, the noblest prospect that a Scotchman ever sees, is the high road that leads him to London." This lively sarcasm was thrown out at a tavern in London, in my presence, many years before.<sup>1</sup>

We had with us to-day at dinner, at my house, the Lady Dowager Colvill, and Lady Anne Erskine, sisters of the Earl of Kelly; the Honourable Archibald Erskine, who has now succeeded to that title; Lord Elibank; the Reverend Dr. Blair; Mr. Tytler, the acute vindicator of Mary Queen of Scots, and his son, the advocate.

"Fingal" being talked of, Dr. Johnson, who used to boast that he had, from the first, resisted both Ossian and the Giants of Patagonia, averred his positive disbelief of its authenticity. Lord Elibank said, "I am sure it is not M'Pherson's. Mr. Johnson, I keep company a great deal with you; it is known I do. I may borrow from you better things than I can say myself, and give them as my own; but, if I should, every body will know whose they are." The Doctor was not softened by this compliment. He denied merit to "Fingal," supposing it to be the production of a man who has had the advantages that the present age affords; and said, "nothing is more easy than to write enough in that style, if once you begin." \* Young Mr. Tytler stepped briskly forward, and

*Second Edition.*—Line 17: "and his son, the advocate" altered to "and some other friends."

\* I desire not to be understood as agreeing *entirely* with the opinions of Dr. Johnson, which I relate without any remark. The many imitations, however, of "Fingal," that have been published, confirm this observation in a considerable degree.

*Second Edition.*—Last line: From "Young Mr. Tytler" to "ready braced" altered to "One gentleman in company expressing his opinion 'that 'Fingal' was certainly genuine, for that he had heard a great part of it repeated in the original,' Dr. Johnson indignantly asked him whether he understood the original; to which an answer being given in the negative, 'Why, then, (said Dr. Johnson,) we see to what *this* testimony comes:—thus it is.'"<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Captain Topham, in his "Letters," records that the general report of Johnson's behaviour on the Tour was, that he had been most offensive in his criticisms of the inhabitants and their cus-

oms, though he praised the country.

<sup>2</sup> Here was another highly personal sketch withdrawn. "Young Mr. Tytler" later became a Scotch judge, under the title of Lord Woodhouselee.

said, " 'Fingal' is certainly genuine ; for I have heard a great part of it repeated in the original." Dr. Johnson indignantly asked him, "Sir, do you understand the original?" TYTLER. "No, sir." JOHNSON. "Why, then, we see to what this testimony comes:— Thus it is." He afterwards said to me, "Did you observe the wonderful confidence with which young Tytler advanced, with his front ready *brased*?"

I mention this as a remarkable proof how liable the mind of man is to credulity, when not guarded by such strict examination as that which Dr. Johnson habitually practised. This gentleman's talents and integrity are unquestionable ; yet, had not Dr. Johnson made him advert to the consideration, that he who does not understand a language, cannot know that something which is recited to him is in that language, he might have believed, and reported to this hour, that he had "heard a great part of 'Fingal' repeated in the original."

For the satisfaction of those on the north of the Tweed, who may think Dr. Johnson's account of Caledonian credulity and inaccuracy too strong, it is but fair to add, that he admitted the same kind of ready belief might be found in his own country. "He would undertake (he said) to write an epick poem on the story of 'Robin Hood,' and half England, to whom the names and places he should mention in it are familiar, would believe and declare they had heard it from their earliest years."

One of his objections to the authenticity of "Fingal," during the conversation at Ulnish, is omitted in my Journal, but I perfectly recollect it. "Why is not the original deposited in some publick library, instead of exhibiting attestations of its existence? Suppose there were a question in a court of justice, whether a man be dead or alive : You aver he is alive, and you bring fifty witnesses to swear it : I answer, Why do you not produce the man?" This is an argument founded on one of the first principles of the *law of evidence*, which Gilbert would have held to be irrefragable.

I do not think it incumbent on me to give any precise decided opinion upon this question, as to which I believe more than some, and less than others. The subject appears to have now become very uninteresting to the publick. That "Fingal" is not from beginning to end a translation from the Galick, but that *some passages have been supplied* by the editor to connect the whole, I have heard admitted by very warm advocates for its authenticity. If this be the case, why are not these distinctly ascertained? Antiqua-

*Second Edition.*—Line 10 : "This gentleman's talents," &c, altered to "The talents and integrity of the gentleman who made the remark are unquestionable."

ries, and admirers of the work, may complain, that they are in a situation similar to that of the unhappy gentleman whose wife informed him, on her death-bed, that one of their reputed children was not his; and, when he eagerly begged her to declare which of them it was, she answered, "*That you shall never know;*" and expired, leaving him in irremediable doubt as to them all.

I beg leave now to say something upon *second sight*, of which I have related two instances, as they impressed my mind at the time. I own, I returned from the Hebrides with a considerable degree of faith in the many stories of that kind which I heard with a too easy acquiescence, without any close examination of the evidence: but, since that time, my belief in those stories has been much weakened, by reflecting on the careless inaccuracy of narrative in common matters, from which we may certainly conclude that there may be the same in what is more extraordinary. It is but just, however, to add, that the belief in second sight is not peculiar to the Highlands and isles.

Some years after our Tour, a cause was tried in the Court of Session, where the principal fact to be ascertained was, whether a ship-master, who used to frequent the Western Highlands and Isles, was drowned in one particular year, or in the year after. A great number of witnesses from those parts were examined on each side, and swore directly contrary to each other, upon this simple question. One of them, a very respectable Chieftain, who told me a story of second sight, which I have not mentioned, but which I too implicitly believed, had in this case, previous to his publick examination, not only said, but attested under his hand, that he had seen the ship-master in the year subsequent to that in which the court was finally satisfied he was drowned. When interrogated with the strictness of judicial inquiry, and under the awe of an oath, he recollected himself better, and retracted what he had formerly asserted, apologising for his inaccuracy, by telling the judges, "A man will *say* what he will not *swear*." By many he was much censured, and it was maintained that every gentleman would be as attentive to truth without the sanction of an oath, as with it. Dr. Johnson, though he himself was distinguished at all times by a scrupulous adherence to truth, controverted this proposition; and, as a proof that this was not, though it ought to be, the case, urged the very different decisions of elections under Mr. Grenville's Act, from those formerly made. "Gentlemen will not pronounce upon oath, what they would have said, and voted in the house, without that sanction."

However difficult it may be for men who believe in preternatural

communications, in modern times, to satisfy those who are of a different opinion, they may easily refute the doctrine of their opponents, who impute a belief in *second sight* to *superstition*. To entertain a visionary notion that one sees a distant or future event, may be called *superstition*; but the correspondence of the fact or event with such an impression on the fancy, though certainly very wonderful, *if proved*, has no more connection with superstition, than magnetism or electricity.

After dinner, various topics were discussed; but I recollect only one particular. Dr. Johnson compared the different talents of Garrick and Foote, as companions, and gave Garrick greatly the preference for elegance, though he allowed Foote extraordinary powers of entertainment. He said, "Garrick is restrained by some principle; but Foote has the advantage of an unlimited range. Garrick has some delicacy of feeling; it is possible to put him out; you may get the better of him; but Foote is the most incompressible fellow that I ever knew: when you have driven him into a corner, and think you are sure of him, he runs through between your legs, or jumps over your head, and makes his escape."

Dr. Erskine and Mr. Robert Walker, two very respectable ministers of Edinburgh,<sup>1</sup> supped with us, as did the Reverend Dr. Webster. The conversation turned on the Moravian missions, and on the Methodists. Dr. Johnson observed in general, that missionaries were too sanguine in their accounts of their success among savages, and that much of what they tell is not to be believed. He owned that the Methodists had done good; had spread religious impressions among the vulgar part of mankind: but, he said, they had great bitterness against other Christians, and that he never could get a Methodist to explain in what he excelled others; that it always ended in the indispensable necessity of hearing one of their preachers.

*Thursday, 11th November.*

Principal Robertson came to us as we sat at breakfast: he advanced to Dr. Johnson, repeating a line of Virgil, which I forget. I suppose either

*"Post varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,—"*

*Second Edition.*—Note on last line:—

"Through various hazards and events we move."

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<sup>1</sup> Both are sketched in "Guy Manner- ing."



or

“—*multum ille et terris jactatus, et alto.*”

Every body had addressed us with some studied compliment on our return. Dr. Johnson said, “I am really ashamed of the congratulations which we receive. We are addressed as if we had made a voyage to Nova Zembla, and suffered five persecutions in Japan.” And he afterwards remarked, that, “to see a man come up with a formal air, and a Latin line, when we had no fatigue and no danger, was provoking.” I told him, he was not sensible of the danger, having lain under cover in the boat during the storm: he was like the chicken, that hides its head under its wing, and then thinks itself safe.

Lord Elibank came to us, as did Sir William Forbes. The rash attempt in 1745 being mentioned, I observed, that it would make a fine piece of History. Dr. Johnson said it would. Lord Elibank doubted whether any man of this age could give it impartially. JOHNSON. “A man, by talking with those of different sides, who were actors in it, and putting down all that he hears, may in time collect the materials of a good narrative. You are to consider, all history was at first oral. I suppose Voltaire was fifty years in collecting his ‘Louis XIV.’ which he did in the way that I am proposing.” ROBERTSON. “He did so. He lived much with all the great people who were concerned in that reign, and heard them talk of every thing; and then either took Mr. Boswell’s way, of writing down what he heard, or, which is as good, preserved it in his memory; for he has a wonderful memory.” With the leave, however, of this elegant historian, no man’s memory can preserve facts or sayings with such fidelity as may be done by writing them down when they are recent. Dr. Robertson said, “it was now full time to make such a collection as Dr. Johnson suggested; for many of the people who were then in arms, were dropping off; and both Whigs and Jacobites were now come to talk with moderation.” Lord Elibank said to him, “Mr. Robertson, the first thing that gave me a high opinion of you, was your saying in the Select Society,\* while parties ran high, soon after the year 1745, that you did not think worse of a man’s moral character for his having been in rebellion. This was venturing to utter a liberal sentiment, while both sides had a detestation of each other.”

Dr. Johnson observed, that being in rebellion from a notion of

*Second Edition* —Note on line 2:—

“‘Long labours both by sea and land he bore.’”—DRYDEN.

\* A society for debate in Edinburgh, consisting of the most eminent men,

another's right, was not connected with depravity; and that we had this proof of it, that all mankind applauded the pardoning of rebels; which they would not do in the case of robbers and murderers. He said, with a smile, that "he wondered that the phrase of *unnatural* rebellion should be so much used, for that all rebellion was natural to man."

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As I kept no Journal of any thing that passed after this morning, I shall, from memory, groupe together this and the other days, till that on which Dr. Johnson departed from London. They were in all nine days; on which he dined at Lady Colvill's, Lord Hailes's, Sir Adolphus Oughton's, Sir Alexander Dick's, Principal Robertson's, Mr. M'Laurin's, and thrice at Lord Elbank's seat in the country, where we also passed two nights. He supped at the Honourable Alexander Gordon's, now one of our judges, at Mr. Nairne's, Dr. Blair's, and Mr. Tytler's; and at my house thrice,—one evening with a numerous company, chiefly gentlemen of the law; another with Mr. Menzies of Cudares, and Lord Monboddo, who disengaged himself on purpose to meet him; and the evening on which we returned from Lord Elbank's, he supped with my wife and me, by ourselves.

He breakfasted at Dr. Webster's, at old Mr. Drummond's, and at Dr. Blacklock's; and spent one forenoon at my uncle Dr. Boswell's, who shewed him his curious museum; and, as he was an elegant scholar, and a physician bred in the school of Boerhaave, Dr. Johnson was pleased with his company.

On the mornings when he breakfasted at my house, he had, from ten o'clock till one or two, a constant levee of various persons, of very different characters and descriptions. I could not attend him, being obliged to be in the Court of Session; but my wife was so good as to devote the greater part of the morning to the endless task of pouring out tea for my friend and his visitors.

Such was the disposition of his time at Edinburgh. He said one evening to me, in a fit of languor, "Sir, we have been harrassed by invitations." I acquiesced. "Ay, sir, he replied; but how much worse would it have been, if we had been neglected?"

From what has been recorded in this Journal, it may well be supposed that a variety of admirable conversation has been lost, by

*Third Edition.*—Line 14: After "one of our judges," "by the title of Lord Rockville" added. After "Mr. Nairne's," "now also one of our judges, by the title of Lord Dunsinan; at" added.

my neglect to preserve it. I shall endeavour to recollect some of it, as well as I can.

At Lady Colvill's, to whom I am proud to introduce any stranger of eminence, that he may see what dignity and grace is to be found in Scotland, an officer observed, that he had heard Lord Mansfield was not a great English lawyer. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, supposing Lord Mansfield not to have the splendid talents which he possesses, he must be a great English lawyer, from having been so long at the bar, and having passed through so many of the great offices of the law. Sir, you may as well maintain that a carrier, who has driven a pack-horse between Edinburgh and Berwick for thirty years, does not know the road, as that Lord Mansfield does not know the law of England."

At Mr. Nairne's, he drew the character of Richardson, the authour of "Clarissa," with a strong yet delicate pencil. I lament much that I have not preserved it: I only remember that he expressed a high opinion of his talents and virtues, but observed, that "his perpetual study was to ward off petty inconveniencies, and procure petty pleasures; that his love of continual superiority was such, that he took care to be always surrounded by women, who listened to him implicitly, and did not venture to controvert his opinions; and that his desire of distinction was so great, that he used to give large vails to the Speaker Onslow's servants, that they might treat him with respect."

On the same evening, he would not allow that the private life of a judge, in England, was required to be so strictly decorous as I supposed. "Why then, sir, (said I,) according to your account, an English judge may just live like a gentleman." JOHNSON. "Yes, sir,—if he *can*."

At Mr. Tytler's, I happened to tell that one evening, a great many years ago, when Dr. Blair and I were sitting together in the pit of Drury-lane play-house, in a wild freak of youthful extravagance, I entertained the audience *prodigiously*, by imitating the lowing of a cow. A little after I had told this story, I differed from Dr. Johnson, I suppose too confidently, upon some point, which I now forget. He did not spare me. "Nay, sir, (said he,) if you cannot talk better as a man, I'd have you bellow like a cow."\*

\* As I have been scrupulously exact in relating anecdotes concerning other persons, I shall not withhold any part of this story, however ludicrous. I was so successful in this boyish frolick, that the universal cry of the galleries was, "*Encore the cow! Encore the cow!*" In the pride of my heart, I attempted imitations of some other animals, but with very inferior effect. My reverend friend, anxious for my *fame*, with an air of the utmost gravity and earnestness, addressed me thus: "My dear sir, I would *confine* myself to the *cow!*"

At Dr. Webster's, he said, that he believed hardly any man died without affectation. This remark appears to me to be well-founded, and will account for many of the celebrated death-bed sayings which are recorded.

One of the evenings at my house, when he told that Lord Lovat boasted to an English nobleman, that though he had not his wealth, he had two thousand men whom he could at any time call into the field, the Honourable Alexander Gordon observed, that those two thousand men brought him to the block. "True, sir, said Dr. Johnson; but you may just as well argue, concerning a man who has fallen over a precipice, to which he has walked too near, 'His two legs brought him to that.' Is he not the better for having two legs?"

At Dr. Blair's I left him, in order to attend a consultation, during which he and his amiable host were by themselves. I returned to supper, at which were Principal Robertson, Mr. Nairne, and some other gentlemen. Dr. Robertson and Dr. Blair, I remember, talked well upon subordination and government; and, as my friend and I were walking home, he said to me, "Sir, these two doctors are good men, and wise men." I begged of Dr. Blair to recollect what he could of the long conversation that passed between Dr. Johnson and him alone, this evening, and he obligingly wrote to me as follows:

"March 3, 1785.

"DEAR SIR,—As so many years have intervened, since I chanced to have that conversation with Dr. Johnson in my house, to which you refer, I have forgotten most of what then passed, but remember that I was both instructed and entertained by it. Among other subjects, the discourse happening to turn on modern Latin poets, the Doctor expressed a very favourable opinion of Buchanan, and instantly repeated, from beginning to end, an ode of his, intitled '*Calendæ Maiaæ*,' (the eleventh in his '*Miscellaneorum Liber*,') beginning with these words, '*Salvete sacris delirus sacræ*,' with which I had formerly been unacquainted; but, upon perusing it, the praise which he bestowed upon it, as one of the happiest of Buchanan's poetical compositions, appeared to me very just. He also repeated to me a Latin ode he had composed in one of the Western Islands, from which he had lately returned. We had much discourse concerning his excursion to those islands, with which he expressed himself as having been highly pleased; talked in a favourable manner of the hospitality of the inhabitants; and particularly spoke much of his happiness in having you for his companion; and said, that the

longer he knew you, he loved and esteemed you the more. This conversation passed in the interval between tea and supper, when we were by ourselves. You, and the rest of the company who were with us at supper, have often taken notice that he was uncommonly bland and gay that evening, and gave much pleasure to all who were present. This is all that I can recollect distinctly of that long conversation.

“Yours sincerely,

“HUGH BLAIR.”

At Lord Hailes's, we spent a most agreeable day; but again I must lament that I was so indolent as to let almost all that passed evaporate into oblivion. Dr. Johnson observed there, that “it was wonderful how ignorant many officers of the army are, considering how much leisure they have for study, and the acquisition of knowledge.” I hope he was mistaken; for he maintained that many of them were ignorant of things belonging immediately to their own profession; “for instance, many cannot tell how far a musket will carry a bullet;” in proof of which, I suppose, he mentioned some particular person, for Lord Hailes, from whom I solicited what he could recollect of that day, writes to me as follows:

“As to Dr. Johnson's observation about the ignorance of officers in the length that a musket will carry, my brother, Colonel Dalrymple, was present, and he thought that the doctor was either mistaken, by putting the question wrong, or that he had conversed on the subject with some person out of service.

“Was it upon that occasion that he expressed no curiosity to see the room at Dumfermline, where Charles I. was born? ‘I know that he was born, (said he;) no matter where.’ Did he envy us the birth-place of the king?”

Near the end of his Journey, Dr. Johnson has given liberal praise to Mr. Braidwood's academy for the deaf and dumb. When he visited it, a circumstance occurred which was truly characteristic of our great Lexicographer. “Pray, (said he,) can they pronounce any *long* words?” Mr. Braidwood informed him they could. Upon which Dr. Johnson wrote one of his *sesquipedalia verba*, which was pronounced by the deaf and dumb, and he was satisfied. My readers may perhaps wish to know what the word was; but I cannot gratify their curiosity. Mr. Braidwood told me, it remained long in his school, but had been lost before I made my inquiry.\*

\* One of the best criticks of our age “does not wish to prevent the admirers of

Dr. Johnson one day visited the Court of Session. He thought the mode of pleading there too vehement, and too much addressed to the passions of the judges. "This (said he) is not the Areopagus."

At old Mr. Drummond's, Sir John Dalrymple quaintly said, the two noblest animals in the world were, a Scotch Highlander and an English Sailor. "Why, sir, said Dr. Johnson, I shall say nothing as to the Scotch Highlander; but as to the English Sailor, I cannot agree with you." Sir John said, he was generous in giving away his money. JOHNSON. "Sir, he throws away his money, without thought, and without merit. I do not call a tree generous, that sheds its fruit at every breeze." Sir John having affected to complain of the attacks made upon his "Memoirs," Dr. Johnson said, "Nay, sir, do not complain. It is advantageous to an authour, that his book should be attacked as well as praised. Fame is a shuttlecock. If it be struck only at one end of the room, it will soon fall to the ground. To keep it up, it must be struck at both ends." Often have I reflected on this since; and, instead of being angry at many of those who have written against me, have smiled to think that they were unintentionally subservient to my fame, by using a battle door to make me *virum volitare per ora*.

At Sir Alexander Dick's, from that absence of mind to which every man is at times subject, I told, in a blundering manner, Lady Eglintoune's complimentary adoption of Dr. Johnson as her son; for I unfortunately stated that her ladyship adopted him as her son, in consequence of her having been married the year *after* he was born. Dr. Johnson instantly corrected me. "Sir, don't you perceive that you are defaming the countess? For, supposing me to be her son, and that she was not married till the year after my birth, I must have been her *natural* son." A young lady of quality, who was present, very handsomely said, "Might not the son have justified the fault?" My friend was much flattered by this compliment, which he never forgot. When in more than ordinary spirits, and talking of his journey in Scotland, he has called to me, "Boswell, what was it that the young lady of quality said of

the incorrect and nerveless style, which generally prevailed for a century before Dr. Johnson's energetick writings were known, from enjoying the laugh that this story may produce, in which he is very ready to join them." He, however, requests me to observe, "that my friend very properly chose a *long* word on this occasion, not, it is believed, from any predilection for polysyllables, (though he certainly had a due respect for them,) but in order to put Mr. Braidwood's skill to the strictest test, and to try the efficacy of his instruction by the most difficult exertion of the organs of his pupils.'

me at Sir Alexander Dick's?" Nobody will doubt that I was happy in repeating it.

My illustrious friend, being now desirous to be again in the great theatre of life and animated exertion, took a place in the coach, which was to set out for London on Monday the 22d of November. Sir John Dalrymple pressed him to come on the Saturday before, to his house at Cranston, which, being twelve miles from Edinburgh, upon the middle road to Newcastle, (Dr. Johnson had come to Edinburgh by Berwick, and along the naked coast,) it would make his journey easier, as the coach would take him up at a more seasonable hour than that at which it sets out. Sir John, I perceived, was ambitious of having such a guest; but, as I was well assured, that at this very time he had joined with some of his prejudiced countrymen in railing at Dr. Johnson, and had said, "he wondered how any gentleman of Scotland could keep company with him," I thought he did not deserve the honour: yet, as it might be a convenience to Dr. Johnson, I contrived that he should accept the invitation, and engaged to conduct him. I resolved that, on our way to Sir John's, we should make a little circuit by Roslin Castle and Hawthornden, and wished to set out soon after breakfast; but young Mr. Tytler came to shew Dr. Johnson some essays which he had written; and my great friend, who was exceedingly obliging when thus consulted, was detained so long that it was, I believe, one o'clock before we got into our post-chaise. I found that we should be too late for dinner at Sir John Dalrymple's, to which we were engaged: but I would by no means lose the pleasure of seeing my friend at Hawthornden,—of seeing *Sam Johnson* at the very spot where *Ben Jonson* visited the learned and poetical Drummond.

We surveyed Roslin-castle, the romantick scene around it, and the beautiful Gothick chapel, and dined and drank tea at the inn; after which we proceeded to Hawthornden, and viewed the caves; and I all the while had *Rare Ben* in my mind, and was pleased to think that this place was now visited by another celebrated wit of England.

By this time "the waining night was growing old," and we were yet several miles from Sir John Dalrymple's. Dr. Johnson did not seem much troubled at our having treated the baronet with so little attention to politeness; but when I talked of the grievous disappointment it must have been to him that we did not come to the *feast* that he had prepared for us, (for he told us he had killed a seven-year-old sheep on purpose,) my friend got into a merry mood, and jocularly said, "I dare say, sir, he has been very sadly distressed: Nay, we do not know but the consequence may

have been fatal. Let me try to describe his situation in his own historical style. I have as good a right to make him think and talk, as he has to tell us how people thought and talked a hundred years ago, of which he has no evidence. All history, so far as it is not supported by contemporary evidence, is romance. Stay now. Let us consider!" He then (heartily laughing all the while) proceeded in his imitation, I am sure to the following effect, though now, at the distance of almost twelve years, I cannot pretend to recollect all the precise words :

"Dinner being ready, he wondered that his guests were not yet come. His wonder was soon succeeded by impatience. He walked about the room in anxious agitation ; sometimes he looked at his watch, sometimes he looked out at the window with an eager gaze of expectation, and revolved in his mind the various accidents of human life. His family beheld him with mute concern. 'Surely (said he, with a sigh,) they will not fail me.' The mind of man can bear a certain pressure ; but there is a point when it can bear no more. A rope was in his view, and he died a Roman death."\*

It was very late before we reached the seat of Sir John Dalrymple, who, certainly with some reason, was not in very good humour.<sup>1</sup> Our conversation was not brilliant. We supped, and went to bed in ancient rooms, which would have better suited the climate of Italy in summer, than that of Scotland in the month of November.

I recollect no conversation of the next day, worth preserving, except one saying of Dr. Johnson, which will be a valuable text for many decent old dowagers, and other good company, in various circles, to descant upon. He said, "I am sorry I have not learnt to play at cards. It is very useful in life : it generates kindness, and consolidates society." He certainly could not mean deep play.

My friend and I thought we should be more comfortable at the inn at Blackshields, two miles farther on. We therefore went thither in the evening, and he was very entertaining ; but I have preserved nothing but the pleasing remembrance, and his verses on

\* "Essex was at that time confined to the same chamber of the Tower from which his father Lord Capel had been led to death, and in which his wife's grandfather had inflicted a voluntary death upon himself. When he saw his friend carried to what he reckoned certain fate, their common enemies enjoying the spectacle, and reflected that it was he who had forced Lord Howard upon the confidence of Russel, he retired, and, by a *Roman death*, put an end to his misery."

Dalrymple's "Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland," Vol. I. p. 36.

<sup>1</sup> This account was published in the lifetime of the host. He later became a judge.



George the Second and Cibber, and his epitaph on Parnell, which he was then so good as to dictate to me.

We breakfasted together next morning, and then the coach came, and took him up. He had, as one of his companions in it, as far as Newcastle, the worthy and ingenious Dr. Hope, botanical professor at Edinburgh. Both Dr. Johnson and he used to speak of their good fortune in thus accidentally meeting; for they had much instructive conversation, which is always a most valuable enjoyment, and, when found where it is not expected, is peculiarly relished.

I have now completed my account of our Tour to the Hebrides. I have brought Dr. Johnson down to Scotland, and seen him into the coach which in a few hours carried him back into England. He said to me often, that the time he spent in this Tour was the pleasantest part of his life, and asked me if I would lose the recollection of it for five hundred pounds. I answered I would not; and he applauded my setting such a value on an accession of new images in my mind.

Had it not been for me, I am persuaded Dr. Johnson never would have undertaken such a journey; and I must be allowed to assume some merit, from having been the cause that our language has been enriched with such a book as that which he published on his return; a book which I never read but with the utmost admiration, as I had such opportunities of knowing from what very meagre materials it was composed.

But my praise may be supposed partial; and therefore I shall insert two testimonies, not liable to that objection, both written by gentlemen of Scotland, to whose opinions I am confident the highest respect will be paid; Lord Hailes, and Mr. Dempster.

To JAMES BOSWELL, Esq.

“SIR,—I have received much pleasure, and much instruction, from perusing ‘The Journey’ to the Hebrides.

“I admire the elegance and variety of description, and the lively picture of men and manners. I always approve of the moral, often of the political, reflections. I love the benevolence of the author.

“They who search for faults, may possibly find them in this, as well as in every other work of literature.

“For example, the friends of the old family say that *the æra of planting* is placed too late, at the Union of the two kingdoms. I am known to be no friend of the old family; yet I would place

the æra of planting at the Restoration; after the murder of Charles I. had been expiated in the anarchy which succeeded it.

“Before the Restoration, few trees were planted, unless by the monastic drones: their successors, (and worthy patriots they were,) the barons, first cut down the trees, and then sold the estates. The gentleman at St. Andrews, who said that there were but two trees in Fife, ought to have added, that the elms of Balmerino were sold within these twenty years, to make pumps for the fire-engines.

“In J. Major *de Gestis Scotorum*, L. i. C. 2. last edition, there is a singular passage:

“Davidi Cranstoneo conterraneo, dum de prima theologiæ licentia foret, duo ei consocii et familiares, et mei cum eo in artibus auditores, scilicet Jacobus Almain Senonensis, et Petrus Bruxcellensis, Prædicatoris ordinis, in Sorbonæ curia die Sorbonico commilitonibus suis publice objecerunt, quod pane avenaceo plebei Scoti, sicut a quodam religioso intellexerant, vescebantur, ut virum, quem cholericum noverant, honestis salibus tentarent, qui hoc inficiari tanquam patriæ dedecus nisus est.”

“Pray introduce our countryman, Mr. Licentiate David Cranston, to the acquaintance of Mr. Johnson.

“The syllogism seems to have been this:  
They who feed on oatmeal are barbarians;  
But the Scots feed on oatmeal:

Ergo—

The licentiate denied the *minor*.

“I am, sir,

“Your most obedient servant,

“DAV. DALRYMPLE.

“Newhailes, 6th Feb. 1775.”

To JAMES BOSWELL, Esq. Edinburgh.

“Dunnichen, 16th February, 1775.

“MY DEAR BOSWELL,—I cannot omit a moment to return you my best thanks for the entertainment you have furnished me, my family, and guests, by the perusal of Dr. Johnson’s ‘Journey to the Western Islands;’—and now for my sentiments of it. I was well entertained. His descriptions are accurate and vivid. He carried me on the Tour along with him. I am pleased with the justice he has done to your humour and vivacity. ‘The noise of the wind being all its own,’ is a *bon-mot*, that it would have been a pity to have omitted, and a robbery not to have ascribed to its author.

“There is nothing in the book, from beginning to end, that a Scotchman need to take amiss. What he says of the country is true,

and his observations on the people are what most naturally occur to a sensible, observing, and reflecting inhabitant of a *convenient* Metropolis, where a man on thirty pounds a year may be better accommodated with all the little wants of life, than Col or Sir Allan. He reasons candidly about the *second sight*; but I wish he had enquired more before he ventured to say he even doubted of the possibility of such an unusual and useless deviation from all the known laws of nature. The notion of the second sight I consider as a remnant of superstitious ignorance and credulity, which a philosopher will set down as such, till the contrary is clearly proved, and then it will be classed among the other certain, though unaccountable, parts of our nature, like dreams, and—I do not know what.

“In regard to the language, it has the merit of being all his own. Many words of foreign extraction are used, where, I believe, common ones would do as well, especially on similar occasions. Yet I believe he could not express himself so forcibly in any other stile. I am charmed with his researches concerning the Erse language, and the antiquity of their manuscripts. I am quite convinced; and I shall rank Ossian, and his Fingals, and Oscars, amongst the Nursery Tales, not the true history of our country, in all time to come.

“Upon the whole, the book cannot displease, for it has no pretensions. The author neither says he is a Geographer, nor an Antiquarian, nor very learned in the History of Scotland, nor a Naturalist, nor a Fossilist. The manners of the people, and the face of the country, are all he attempts to describe, or seems to have thought of. Much were it to be wished, that they who have travelled into more remote, and of course more curious, regions, had all possessed his good sense. Of the state of learning, his observations on Glasgow university shew he has formed a very sound judgement. He understands our climate too, and he has accurately observed the changes, however slow and imperceptible to us, which Scotland has undergone, in consequence of the blessings of liberty and internal peace. I could have drawn my pen through the story of the old woman at St. Andrews, being the only silly thing in the book. He has taken the opportunity of engraving into the work several good observations, which I dare say he had made upon men and things, before he set foot on Scotch ground, by which it is considerably enriched.\* A long journey, like a tall Maypole, though not very beautiful itself, yet is pretty enough,

\* Mr. Orme, one of the ablest historians of this age, is of the same opinion. He said to me, “There are in that book thoughts, which, by long revolution in the great mind of Johnson, have been formed and polished,—like pebbles rolled in the ocean!”

when ornamented with flowers and garlands: it furnishes a sort of cloak-pins for hanging the furniture of your mind upon; and whoever sets out upon a journey, without furnishing his mind previously with much study and useful knowledge, erects a May-pole in December, and puts up very useless cloak-pins.

"I hope the book will induce many of his countrymen to make the same jaunt, and help to intermix the more liberal part of them still more with us, and perhaps abate somewhat of that virulent antipathy which many of them entertain against the Scotch; who certainly would never have formed those *combinations* which he takes notice of, more than their ancestors, had they not been necessary for their mutual safety, at least for their success, in a country where they are treated as foreigners. They would find us not deficient, at least in point of hospitality, and they would be ashamed ever after to abuse us in the mass.

"So much for the Tour. I have now, for the first time in my life, passed a winter in the country; and never did three months roll on with more swiftness and satisfaction. I used not only to wonder at, but pity, those whose lot condemned them to winter any where but in either of the capitals. But every place has its charms to a cheerful mind. I am busy, planting and taking measures for opening the summer-campaign in farming; and I find I have an excellent resource, when revolutions in politicks perhaps, and revolutions of the sun for certain, will make it decent for me to retreat behind the ranks of the more forward in life.

"I am glad to hear the last was a very busy week with you. I see you as counsel in some causes which must have opened a charming field for your humorous vein. As it is more uncommon, so I verily believe it is more useful than the more serious exercise of reason; and, to a man who is to appear in publick, more eclat is to be gained, sometimes more money too, by a *bon-mot*, than a learned speech. It is the fund of natural humour which Lord North possesses, that makes him so much a favourite of the house, and so able, because so amiable, a leader of a party.

"I have now finished *my Tour of Seven Pages*. In what remains, I beg leave to offer my compliments, and those of *ma tres, chere femme*, to you and Mrs. Boswell. Pray unbend the busy brow and frolick a little in a letter to,

"My dear Boswell,

"Your affectionate friend,

"GEORGE DEMPSTER."\*

\* Every reader will, I am sure, join with me in warm admiration of the truly patriotick writer of this letter. I know not which most to applaud,—that good

I shall also present the publick with a correspondence with the Laird of Rasay, concerning a passage in the "Journey to the Western Islands," which shews Dr. Johnson in a very amiable light.

To JAMES BOSWELL, *Esq.*

"Rasay, April 10th, 1775.

"DEAR SIR,—I take this occasion of returning you my most hearty thanks for the civilities shown to my daughter by you and Mrs. Boswell. Yet, though she has informed me that I am under this obligation, I would very probably have deferred troubling you with making my acknowledgements at present, if I had not seen Doctor Johnson's 'Journey to the Western Isles,' in which he has been pleased to make a very friendly mention of my family, for which I am surely obliged to him, as being more than an equivalent for the reception you and he met with. Yet there is one paragraph I should have been glad he had omitted, which I am sure was owing to misinformation; that is, that I had acknowledged M'Leod to be my chief, though my ancestors disputed the pre-eminence for a long tract of time.

"I never had occasion to enter seriously on this argument with the present laird or his grandfather, nor could I have any temptation to such a renunciation from either of them. I acknowledge the benefit of being chief of a clan is in our days of very little significance, and to trace out the progress of this honour to the founder of a family, of any standing, would perhaps be a matter of some difficulty.

"The true state of the present case is this: the M'Leod family consists of two different branches; the M'Leods of Lewis, of which I am descended, and the M'Leods of Harris. And though the former have lost a very extensive estate by forfeiture in King James the sixth's time, there are still several respectable families of it existing, who would justly blame me for such an unmeaning cession, when they all acknowledge me head of that family; which though in fact it be but an ideal point of honour, is not hitherto so far disregarded in our country, but it would determine some of my friends to look on me as a much smaller man than either they or myself judge me at present to be. I will, therefore, ask it as a favour of you to acquaint the Doctor with the difficulty he has brought me to. In travelling among rival clans such a silly tale as this might easily be whispered into the ear of a passing stranger;

sense and liberality of mind which could see and admit the defects of his native country, to which no man is a more zealous friend;—or that candour which induced him to give just praise to the minister whom he honestly and strenuously opposed.

but as it has no foundation in fact, I hope the Doctor will be so good as to take his own way in undeceiving the publick, I principally mean my friends and connections, who will be first angry at me, and next sorry to find such an instance of my littleness recorded in a book which has a very fair chance of being much read. I expect you will let me know what he will write you in return, and we here beg to make offer to you and Mrs. Boswell of our most respectful compliments. I am,

“Dear Sir,

“Your most obedient humble servant,

“JOHN M'LEOD.”

*To the Laird of RASAY.*

“London, May 8, 1775.

“DEAR SIR,—The day before yesterday I had the honour to receive your letter, and I immediately communicated it to Dr. Johnson. He said he loved your spirit, and was exceedingly sorry that he had been the cause of the smallest uneasiness to you. There is not a more candid man in the world than he is, when properly addressed, as you will see from his letter to you, which I now enclose. He has allowed me to take a copy of it, and he says you may read it to your clan, or publish it if you please. Be assured, sir, that I shall take care of what he has entrusted to me, which is to have an acknowledgement of his error inserted in the Edinburgh newspapers. You will, I dare say, be fully satisfied with Dr. Johnson's behaviour. He is desirous to know that you are; and therefore when you have read his acknowledgement in the papers, I beg you may write to me; and if you choose it, I am persuaded a letter from you to the Doctor also will be taken kind. I shall be at Edinburgh the week after next.

“Any civilities which my wife and I had it in our power to shew to your daughter, Miss M'Leod, were due to her own merit, and were well repaid by her agreeable company. But I am sure I should be a very unworthy man if I did not wish to shew a grateful sense of the hospitable and genteel manner in which you was pleased to treat me. Be assured, my dear sir, that I shall never forget your goodness, and the happy hours which I spent in Rasay.

“You and Dr. M'Leod were both so obliging as to promise me an account in writing, of all the particulars which each of you remember, concerning the transactions of 1745-6. Pray do not forget this, and be as minute and as full as you can; put down every thing; I have a great curiosity to know as much as I can, authentically.

“I beg that you may present my best respects to Lady Rasay, my compliments to your young family, and to Dr. M’Leod; and my hearty good wishes to Malcolm, with whom I hope again to shake hands cordially. I have the honour to be,

“Dear sir,

“Your obliged and faithful humble servant,

“JAMES BOSWELL.”

ADVERTISEMENT, written by Dr. Johnson, and inserted by his desire in the Edinburgh newspapers:—Referred to in the foregoing letter.\*

“*THE* authour of ‘*The Journey to the Western Islands,*’ having related that the M’Leods of Rasay acknowledge the chieftainship or superiority of the M’Leods of Sky, finds that he has been misinformed or mistaken. He means in a future edition to correct his errour, and wishes to be told of more, if more have been discovered.”

Dr. Johnson’s letter was as follows :

*To the Laird of RASAY.*

“DEAR SIR,—Mr. Boswell has this day shewn me a letter, in which you complain of a passage in “the Journey to the Hebrides.” My meaning is mistaken. I did not intend to say that you had personally made any cession of the rights of your house, or any acknowledgement of the superiority of M’Leod of Dunvegan. I only designed to express what I thought generally admitted,—that the house of Rasay allowed the superiority of the house of Dunvegan. Even this I now find to be erroneous, and will therefore omit or retract it in the next edition.

“Though what I had said had been true, if it had been disagreeable to you, I should have wished it unsaid; for it is not my business to adjust precedence. As it is mistaken, I find myself disposed to correct it, both by my respect for you, and my reverence for truth.

“As I know not when the book will be reprinted, I have desired Mr. Boswell to anticipate the correction in the Edinburgh papers. This is all that can be done.

“I hope I may now venture to desire that my compliments may be made, and my gratitude expressed, to Lady Rasay, Mr. Malcolm M’Leod, Mr. Donald M’Queen, and all the gentlemen and all the ladies whom I saw in the island of Rasay; a place which I

\* The original MS. is now in my possession.

remember with too much pleasure and too much kindness, not to be sorry that my ignorance, or hasty persuasion, should, for a single moment, have violated its tranquillity.

"I beg you all to forgive an undesigned and involuntary injury, and to consider me as,

"Sir, your most obliged,

"And most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"London, May 6, 1775."

It would be improper for me to boast of my own labours; but I cannot refrain from publishing such praise as I received from such a man as Sir William Forbes, of Pitsligo, after the perusal of the original manuscript of my Journal.<sup>1</sup>

To JAMES BOSWELL, *Esq.*

"Edinburgh, March 7, 1777.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I ought to have thanked you sooner, for your very obliging letter, and for the singular confidence you are pleased to place in me, when you trust me with such a curious and valuable deposit as the papers you have sent me. Be assured, I have a due sense of this favour, and shall faithfully and carefully return them to you. You may rely that I shall neither copy any part, nor permit the papers to be seen.

"They contain a curious picture of society, and form a journal on the most instructive plan that can possibly be thought of; for I am not sure that an ordinary observer would become so well acquainted either with Dr. Johnson, or with the manners of the Hebrides, by a personal intercourse, as by a perusal of your Journal.

"I am very truly,

"Dear Sir,

"Your most obedient,

"And affectionate humble servant,

"WILLIAM FORBES."

\* Rasay was highly gratified, and afterwards visited and dined with Dr. Johnson, at his house in London.

*Second Edition*—Line 19: On "me" this note:—"In justice both to Sir William Forbes, and myself, it is proper to mention, that the papers which were submitted to his perusal contained only an account of our Tour from the time that Dr. Johnson and I set out from Edinburgh (p. 229), and consequently did not contain the eulogium on Sir William Forbes, (p. 211), which he never saw till this book appeared in print; nor did he even know, when he wrote the above letter, that this Journal was to be published."

<sup>1</sup> Lord Thurlow's encomium may be added:—"I surely have the art of writing agreeably. The Lord Chancellor told me he had read every word of my

Hebridian Journey; he could not help it: adding, 'Could you give a rule how to write a Book, a man *must* read.'"—*Letter to Temple.*



When I consider how many of the persons mentioned in this Tour are now gone to "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns," I feel an impression at once awful and tender. *Requiescant in pace!*

It may be objected by some persons, as it has been by one of my friends, that he who has the power of thus exhibiting an exact transcript of conversations is not a desirable member of society. I repeat the answer which I made to that friend:—"Few, very few, need be afraid that their sayings will be recorded. Can it be imagined that I would take the trouble to gather what grows on every hedge, because I have collected such fruits as the *Nonpareil* and the *BON CHRETIEN*?"

On the other hand, how useful is such a faculty, if well exercised! To it we owe all those interesting apothegms and *memorabilia* of the ancients, which Plutarch, Xenophon, and Valerius Maximus, have transmitted to us. To it we owe all those instructive and entertaining collections which the French have made under the title of *Ana*, affixed to some celebrated name. To it we owe the *Table-Talk* of Selden,<sup>1</sup> the "Conversation" between Ben Jonson and Drummond of Hawthornden, Spence's "Anecdotes" of Pope, and other valuable remains in our own language. How delighted should we have been, if thus introduced into the company of Shakspeare and of Dryden, of whom we know scarcely any thing but their admirable writings! What pleasure would it have given us, to have known their petty habits, their characteristick manners, their modes of composition, and their genuine opinion of preceding writers and of their contemporaries! All these are now irrecoverable. Considering how many of the strongest and most brilliant effusions of exalted intellect must have been lost, how much is it to be regretted that all men of distinguished wisdom and wit have not been attended by friends of taste enough to relish, and abilities enough to register, their conversation!

*Second Edition.*—Note on line 4: "While these sheets were passing through the press my valuable friend, Sir Alexander Dick, mentioned in p. 226, has been added to the number."

*Ibid.*—Line 27: *Read* "all these are now irrevocably lost."

*Ibid.*—Line 29: *Read* "must have perished."

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<sup>1</sup> "I am first to publish the Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides in company with him, which will exhibit a specimen of that wonderful conversation in which wisdom and wit were equally conspicuous. My talent for recording conversation is handsomely acknowledged by your lordship upon the blank leaf of Selden's

'Table Talk,' with which you were so good as to present me. The 'Life' will be a large work enriched with letters and other original pieces of Dr. Johnson's composition, and as I wish to have the most ample collection I can make, it will be some time before it is nearly ready for publication."

*"Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona  
 Multi, sed omnes illacrymabiles  
 Urgentur, ignotique longa  
 Nocte, carent quia vate sacro."*

They whose inferior exertions are recorded, as serving to explain or illustrate the sayings of such men, may be proud of being thus associated, and having their names carried down to posterity, by being appended to an illustrious character.

Before I quit this subject, I think it proper to say, that I have suppressed every thing that I thought could really hurt any one

*Second Edition.*—Line 9: "I quit this subject" altered to "I conclude."

*Ibid.*—On line 10, this note:—"Having found, on a revision of the first edition of this work, that, notwithstanding my best care, a few observations had escaped me, which arose from the instant impression, the publication of which might perhaps be considered as passing the bounds of a strict decorum, I immediately ordered that they should be omitted in the subsequent editions. I was pleased to find that they did not amount in the whole to a page. If any of the same kind are yet left, it is owing to inadvertence alone, no man being more unwilling to give pain to others than I am."

*Third Edition.*—Add to this note: "A contemptible scribbler, of whom I have learned no more than that, after having disgraced and deserted the clerical character, he picks up in London a scanty livelihood by scurrilous lampoons under a feigned name, has impudently and falsely asserted that the passages omitted were *defamatory*, and that the omission was not voluntary, but compulsory. The last insinuation I took the trouble publicly to disprove,<sup>1</sup> yet, like one of Pope's dunces, he persevered in 'the lie o'erthrown.' As to the charge of defamation, there is an obvious and certain mode of refuting it. Any person who thinks it worth while to compare one edition with the other, will find that the passages omitted were not in the least degree of that nature, but exactly such as I have represented them in the former part of this note, the hasty effusion of momentary feelings, which the delicacy of politeness should have suppressed."

<sup>1</sup> "Mr. Urban," wrote Mr. Boswell to the editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, on March 9, 1786—"It having been asserted in a late scurrilous publication that some passages relating to a noble lord, which appeared in the first edition of my 'Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides,' were omitted in the second edition of that work, in consequence of a letter from his lordship, I think myself called upon to declare that that assertion is false

"In a note, p. 527, of my second edition, I mentioned that 'having found, on a revision of this work, that, notwithstanding my best care, a few observations had escaped me which arose from the instant impression, the publication of which might, perhaps, be considered as passing the bounds of a strict decorum, I immediately ordered that they should be omitted in the present edition.'

"I did not then think it necessary to be more explicit. But as I now find that I have been misunderstood by some, and

grossly misrepresented by others, I think it proper to add that soon after the publication of the first edition of my work, from the motive above mentioned alone, without any application from any person whatever, I ordered twenty-six lines relative to the noble lord to be omitted in the second edition, for the loss of which I trust twenty-two additional pages are a sufficient compensation; and this was the sole alteration that was made in my book relative to that nobleman, nor was any application made to me by the nobleman alluded to, at any time to quote any alteration in my journal.

"To any serious criticism or ludicrous banter to which my journal shall be liable, I shall never object, but receive both the one and the other with perfect good humour; but I cannot suffer a malignant and injurious falsehood to pass uncontradicted

"Yours, &c.,

"JAMES BOSWELL."

now living. With respect to what *is* related, I thought it my duty to "extenuate nothing, nor set down aught in malice;" and with those lighter strokes of Dr. Johnson's satire, proceeding from a warmth and quickness of imagination, not from any malevolence of heart, and which, on account of their excellence, could not be omitted, I trust that they who are the object of them have good sense and good temper enough not to be displeased.

"I believe," says Sir Walter Scott, "the scribbler alluded to was William Thompson, author of the 'Man in the Moon,' who was once a member of the Kirk." Such a notion seems extraordinary, as Boswell's description points exactly to the notorious Dr. Walcott, who "disgraced and deserted the clerical character," and picked up in London a scanty livelihood under the "feigned name" of Peter Pindar. He wrote "an Epistle to James Boswell, Esq.," in which he indicated the various incidents of the Tour, referring, in foot-notes, to the proper pages. The passage alluded to by Mr. Boswell compensated for its offensive character, by a prophecy curiously fulfilled:—

"Thou curious scrapmonger shalt live  
in song,  
When death hath stilled the rattle of  
thy tongue;  
Let Lord M'Donald threat thy breech  
to kick,  
And o'er thy shrinking shoulders  
shake his stick."

In a note on these lines it is stated that a "letter of severe remonstrance" was sent to Mr. Boswell; but though this was not literally true, there can be little doubt but that the displeasure of Lord Macdonald had been in some way conveyed to him. That Boswell was nervously anxious to propitiate him is shown by the introduction in the Appendix to the second edition of Lord Macdonald's very indifferent Latin ode.

I am indebted to Lord Houghton for the "Memoir of James Boswell," published by the Grampian Club, and which has reached me with the last sheet of this edition. It includes the memoir by Dr. Rogers, and the *Boswelliana*, a portion only of which has hitherto been made public. Some passages in the latter are interesting, as showing the original shape in which Boswell jotted down the remarks of his great friend.

Thus in the *Boswelliana*, Dr. Blair asked Johnson, if he thought any man could describe barbarous manners so well if he had not lived at the time and seen them. "Any man, sir," replied Mr. Johnson,—“any man, woman, or child, might have done it.” In the "Life" it runs, "Johnson replied, 'Yes, sir, many men, many women, and many children'"

"Mr. Samuel Johnson said, 'Sherry cannot abide me, for I always ask him, "Pray, sir, what do you propose to do?"' . . . talking of his enthusiasm for the advancement of education, 'Sir,' said Mr. Johnson, 'it won't do. He cannot carry through the scheme. He is like a man attempting to stride the English Channel. Sir, the cause bears no proportion to the effect. It is setting up a candle at Whitechapel, to give light at Westminster.'"—*Boswelliana*

In the "Life," these passages run: "Sheridan cannot bear me *I bring his declamation to a point I ask him a plain question, What do you mean to teach? Besides, Sir, what influence can Mr. Sheridan have upon the language of this great country by his narrow exertions!* Sir, it is burning a farthing candle at Dover to show light at Calais."

These passages are interesting as clearing up the question as to the process adopted by Boswell in his office of reporter. It is evident that what he set down were merely catch-words and sentences which later were to set his memory at work: the lines given in italics being evidently thus furnished. But what are we to say of the substitution of Dover and Calais for Whitechapel and Westminster—for the emendation of "teach" for "do," and the like? As the rough draught was of course nearer the date of the conversation, the Whitechapel version seems to have been the original one, and two such opposite objects of comparison could hardly have been confounded.

Before the Grampian Club volume had

I have only to add, that I shall ever reflect with great pleasure on a Tour which has been the means of preserving so much of the enlightened and instructive conversation of one whose virtues will, I hope, ever be an object of imitation, and whose powers of mind were so extraordinary, that ages may revolve before such a man shall again appear.

been published, the Rev Mr Elwin, to whom I have been so much indebted in these inquiries, had expressed his belief to me, that the success of Boswell's reports had been owing not only to their general accuracy, but to the wonderful tact of the author in selecting the *essence* of a conversation, or even of a particular declaration, putting aside as surplusage all repetitions, or what might amount to a less forcible statement of what had gone before. This critical view is completely sustained by the rough notes in these *Boswelliana*—the present instance is a specimen where several passages are dropped out, viz. "Sir, it won't do. He cannot carry through the scheme. He is like a man attempting to stride

the English Channel. Sir, the cause bears no proportion to the effect." It is evident that Boswell saw that these passages did not represent the vigorous style of his friend, and that he thought he must have misapprehended or misreported him. "Striding the English Channel" was not at all in point, and it may then have flashed upon him that Johnson had used this illustration (of the Channel) in connection with the candle. Some such process as this may have been adopted, and I find that the other passages have all been treated after the same principle. This amounts to an intellectual operation, and is very different from the vulgar idea of Boswell's being a "mere shorthand reporter."

Second Edition.—

A P P E N D I X .

No. I.

*In justice to the ingenious Dr. BLACKLOCK, I publish the following letter from him, [which did not come to my hands till this edition was nearly printed off (Third Edition),] relative to a passage in p. 225.*

TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

HAVING lately had the pleasure of reading your account of the journey which you took with Dr. Samuel Johnson to the Western Isles, I take the liberty of transmitting my ideas of the conversation which happened between the doctor and myself concerning Lexicography and Poetry, which, as it is a little different from the delineation exhibited in the former edition of your Journal, cannot, I hope, be unacceptable; particularly since I have been informed that a second edition of that work is now in contemplation, if not in execution: and I am still more strongly tempted to encourage that hope, from considering that, if every one concerned in the conversations related, were to send you what they can recollect of these colloquial entertainments, many curious and interesting particulars might be recovered, which the most assiduous attention could not observe, nor the most tenacious memory retain. A little reflection sir, will convince you, that there is not an axiom in Euclid more intuitive nor more evident than the doctor's assertion that poetry was of much easier execution than lexicography. Any mind therefore endowed with common sense, must have been extremely absent from itself, if it discovered the least astonishment from hearing that a poem might be written with much more facility than the same quantity of a dictionary.

The real cause of my surprise was what appeared to me much more paradoxical, that he could write a sheet of dictionary *with as much pleasure* as a sheet of poetry. He acknowledged, indeed, that the latter was much easier than the former. For in the one case, books and a desk were requisite; in the other, you might compose when lying in bed, or walking in the fields, &c. He did

not, however, descend to explain, nor to this moment can I comprehend, how the labours of a mere Philologist, in the most refined sense of that term, could give equal pleasure with the exercise of a mind replete with elevated conceptions and pathetic ideas, while taste, fancy, and intellect were deeply enamoured of nature, and in full exertion. You may likewise, perhaps, remember, that when I complained of the ground which Scepticism in religion and morals was continually gaining, it did not appear to be on my own account, as my private opinions upon these important subjects had long been inflexibly determined. What I then deplored, and still deplore, was the unhappy influence which that gloomy hesitation had, not only upon particular characters, but even upon life in general; as being equally the bane of action in our present state, and of such consolations as we might derive from the hopes of a future.

I have the pleasure of remaining with sincere esteem and respect,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

Edinburgh, Nov. 12, 1785.

I am very happy to find that Dr. Blacklock's apparent uneasiness on the subject of Scepticism was not on his own account, (as I supposed) but from a benevolent concern for the happiness of mankind. With respect, however, to the question concerning poetry, and composing a dictionary, I am confident that my state of Dr. Johnson's position is accurate. One may misconceive the motive by which a person is induced to discuss a particular topick (as in the case of Dr. Blacklock's speaking of Scepticism); but an assertion, like that made by Dr. Johnson, cannot be easily mistaken. And indeed it seems not very probable, that he who so pathetically laments the *drudgery* to which the unhappy lexicographer is doomed, and is known to have written his splendid imitation of Juvenal with astonishing rapidity, should have had "as much pleasure in writing a sheet of a dictionary as a sheet of poetry." Nor can I concur with the ingenious writer of the foregoing letter, in thinking it an axiom as evident as any in Euclid, that, "poetry is of easier execution than lexicography." I have no doubt that Bailey, and the "mighty blunderbuss of law," Jacob, wrote ten pages of their respective Dictionaries with more ease than they could have written five pages of poetry.

If this book should again be reprinted, I shall, with the utmost

readiness, correct any errors I may have committed, in stating conversations, provided it can be clearly shewn to me that I have been inaccurate. But I am slow to believe, (as I have elsewhere observed) that any man's memory, at the distance of several years, can preserve facts or sayings with such fidelity as may be done by writing them down when they are recent: and I beg it may be remembered, that it is not upon *memory*, but upon what was *written at the time*, that the authenticity of my Journal rests.

---

No. II.

The following verses, written by Sir Alexander (now Lord) Macdonald, and addressed and presented to Dr. Johnson, at Armidale, in the Isle of Sky, should have appeared in the proper place, if the author of this Journal had been possessed of them;<sup>1</sup> but this edition was almost printed off, when he was accidentally furnished with a copy by a friend.

*Viator, o qui nostra per æquora  
Visurus agros Skiaticos venis,  
En te salutantes tributim  
Undique conglomerantur oris*

*Donaldiana,—quotquot in insulis  
Compescit arctis limitibus mare;  
Alitque jamdudum, ac alendos  
Piscibus indigenas fovebit.*

*Ciere fructus siste, Procelliger,  
Nec tu laborans perge, precor, ratis,  
Ne conjugem plangat marita,  
Ne doleat soboles parentem.*

*Nec te vicissim pœniteat virum  
Luxisse;—vestro scimus ut æstuant  
In corde luctantes dolores,  
Cum feriant inopina corpus.*

---

*Third Edition.*—"Verses written by Sir Alexander (now Lord Macdonald), addressed and presented to Dr. Johnson, at Armidale, in the Isle of Sky."

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Boswell did not, however, insert these lines in their proper place when he came to issue his third edition.

*Quidni ! peremptum clade tuentibus  
Plus semper illo qui moritur pati  
Datur, doloris dum profundos  
Pervia mens aperit recessus.*

*Valete luctus ;—hinc lacrymabiles  
Arcete visus :—ibimus, ibimus  
Superbienti qua theatro  
Fingalæ memorantur aulæ.*

*Illustris hospes ! mox spatiabere  
Qua mens ruinæ ducta meatibus  
Gaudebit explorare cœtus  
Buccina qua cecinit triumphos.*

*Audin ? resurgens spirat anhelita  
Dux usitato, suscitât efficax  
Poeta manes, ingrutque  
Vi solitâ redivivus horror.*

*Ahæna quassans tela gravi manu  
Sic ibat atrox Ossiani pater :  
Quiescat urnâ, stet fidelis  
Phersonius vigil ad favillam.<sup>1</sup>*

---

<sup>1</sup> The "corrections and additions" (abbreviated in the present edition into *Cor. et Ad.*) were published in 1793, in a

quarto pamphlet of 42 pp., and sold for two shillings and sixpence.





*Preparing for the Press, in one Volume Quarto,*

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL D.

By *JAMES BOSWELL*, Esq.

**M**R. Boswell has been collecting materials for this work for more than twenty years, during which he was honoured with the intimate friendship of Dr. Johnson; to whose memory he is ambitious to erect a literary monument, worthy of so great an authour, and so excellent a man. Dr. Johnson was well informed of his design, and obligingly communicated to him several curious particulars. With these will be interwoven the most authentick accounts that can be obtained from those who knew him best, many sketches of his conversation on a multiplicity of subjects, with various persons, some of them the most eminent of the age, a great number of letters from him at different periods, and several original pieces dictated by him to Mr. Boswell, distinguished by that peculiar energy, which marked every emanation of his mind.

*Second Edition* —Added: “Mr. Boswell takes this opportunity of gratefully acknowledging the many valuable communications which he has received to enable him to render his Life of Dr. Johnson more complete. His thanks are particularly due to the Rev. Dr. Adams, the Rev. Dr. Taylor, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Langton, Dr. Brocklesby, the Rev. Thomas Warton, Mr. Hector of Birmingham, Mrs. Porter, and Miss Seward.

“He has already obtained a large collection of Dr. Johnson’s letters to his friends, and shall be much obliged for such others as yet remain in private hands; which he is the more desirous of collecting, as all the letters of that great man, which he has yet seen, are written with peculiar precision and elegance, and he is confident that the publication of the whole of Dr. Johnson’s epistolary correspondence will do him the highest honour.”

## E R R A T A.

Vol. 1, p. 195. In *Second Edition*, date of letter to O'Conor altered to "April 9, 1757."

P. 196, do., date of letter to Warton altered to "1757."

P. 268, for "July 18," "July 19" should be read. (Mr. Boswell's mistake.)

P. 382, line 14, for "drives" read "drove."

P. 397, line 32, for "wrote" read "written."

P. 432, line 2, for "been a witness against" read "connected with"

Vol. 2, p. 61, line 6, for "1773" read "1776." (Also Mr. Boswell's mistake.)

P. 224, for "Sept. 12," read "Sept. 21."

P. 393, in *Second Edition*, "May 23" altered to "May 25."

P. 506, for "March 21, 1781," read "1782"

Vol. 3, p. 69, for "May 17," read "May 18."

P. 133, for "Oct. 20," read "Oct. 27."<sup>1</sup>

There are also these errata in the Editor's portion of the work :—

Note to Advertisement, p. h, *dele* "by Mr. Croker," and for "author's edition," read "author's first edition."

Vol. 1, p. 40, last line of first column of note, after "they had" insert "laud."

P. 159, note 1 to be placed above the "rule" or line. So with p 164, note 1, and p. 325, note 1.

At p. 150, after second line of *Cor. et Ad.*, and at p. 146, after line 23 of *Cor. et Ad.*, a "rule" across the page.

P. 212, before second par. of *Cor. et Ad.*, place the words *Second Edition*.

P. 233, line 6 of note 1, after "oath," insert "more."

P. 307, date of letter, "October 16, 1765," omitted.

P. 451, line 4 of note, for "they," read "Johnson's letters."

P. 528, line 10 of note 1, for "Mr.," read "Mrs."

P. 533, line 4 of note 1, for "vast pile. The, &c.," read "vast pile, the, &c."

Vol. 2, p. 458, last line of *Cor. et Ad.*, put reference 3 on line 10 of same

Vol. 3, p. 12, line 5 of note 1, *dele* ", and commence quotation at "I have."

P. 58, line 26 of second column of notes, after "passage," insert "above."

P. 97, after line 9 of note 1, read "*Maloniana*."

<sup>1</sup> These corrections and additions, the reader may, to use Mr. Boswell's words, "make with his pen before perusing the following Life."

In his two editions Mr. Boswell fell into mistakes as to dates, often putting the wrong day of the week to the correct day of the month, and *vice versâ*. Some of these passages have been amended by Malone and Croker. On the other hand, Boswell, in his second edition, wrongly altered some dates, in the belief that he was correcting mistakes. As at p. 179, Vol. 2, of the present edition, where June 9th was changed by him to July 9th, a date retained by Malone and sub-

sequent editors; though it is evident from the context, both of that and the following letter that the date must be fixed in June. On the ground of these uncertainties, and the somewhat capricious alterations made by several hands, the original dates have been retained; but where the mistake is obvious on the face of it, the error is either pointed out in a note, or in the foregoing list of *errata*.

To the list of Mr. Croker's alterations of the text more examples could be added, notably one at p. 654 of his single volume edition, where a note of Malone's and a letter to Dr. Vyse are made part of Boswell's text.

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<sup>1</sup> This is Mr. Boswell's own Index, the paging being altered to suit the present edition; and the reader will see that it bears signs of having been prepared by Mr. Boswell himself. In the second edition he made various additions, as well as alterations, which are characteristic in their way. Thus, "Lord Bute" is changed into "the Earl of Bute," and "Francis Barber" into "Mr. Francis Barber." After Mrs. Macaulay's name he added, "Johnson's acute and unanswerable refutation of her levelling reveries," and after that of Hawkins he put "contradicted and corrected." There are also various little compliments introduced where previously he had merely given the name. Such as "Temple, Mr., the authour's old and most intimate friend, p." &c.; "Vilette, Reverend Mr, his just claims on the publick;" "Smith, Cap-

tain, his attention to Johnson at Warley-camp," "Somerville, Mr., the authour's warm and grateful remembrance of him," "Hall, General, his politeness to Johnson at Warley-camp," "Heberden, Dr., his kind attendance on Johnson." On the other hand, Lord Eliot's "politeness to Johnson," which stands in the first edition, is cut down in the second to the bald "Eliot, Lord;" while "Loughborough, Lord, his talents and great good fortune," may have seemed a little offensive, and was expunged. The Literary Club was reverentially put in capitals. There are also such odd entries as "Brutus, a ruffian, p." &c.

It should be added here, that there are many slips, both in dates and pages, scattered through the volumes, most of which, if not all, have been corrected.

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